

AN INTRODUCTORY
HISTORY OF ENGLAND

VOL. III

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE GREAT WAR

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WITH MAPS

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PREFACE

THE two Volumes now published bring to an end my 'Introductory History of England.' I ask pardon of my readers for having outrun the limits within which I at first hoped to compress the work. I also ask pardon for another change, not so much of plan as of execution; the book has somewhat unconsciously 'grown up.' It began as a book for boys, and has ended as one for young men. The fact is that certain persons, for whom it was commenced eleven years ago, have set it a bad example by growing up themselves.

I have, as before, to thank numerous friends for assistance, and especially for careful reading of the proofs. Whatever merit may be found in the chapter on India is wholly due to the brilliant suggestions of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow of St. John's College, and Mr. Wakeling, Fellow of Brasenose, have also enlightened and guided me on Indian affairs. Mr. Pollard, Fellow of All Souls College, who was the inspirer of my last volume, after declaring that he 'knew nothing about this period,' contributed some excellent criticisms on the first four chapters. Professor Lodge of Edinburgh took hold of my original Charles II. and, like the gentleman in the old Scottish ballad,

hacked him into pieces sma',

until, when he came South again, I hardly knew him

for the same King. The Professor also carefully revised the whole book.

The Rev. A. H. Johnson, Fellow of All Souls College, went through the chapter on 'Men and Machines.' Mr. Temperley of Peterhouse, Cambridge—although inclined, on account of my preference for Lord Castlereagh as against his hero, Canning, to offer me my choice of weapons on Putney Heath—gave me some valuable notes on various points of Eighteenth Century History. And Mr. Moreton-Macdonald of Largs has exercised, with his accustomed kindness, his own special function as corrector of my style.

But my deepest obligation is to my old pupil Mr. Christopher Atkinson, Fellow of Exeter College. His colossal stores of learning on the History of the British Army and the British Navy have been put wholly at my disposal, and, if these volumes are not a complete failure in their treatment of these matters, it is entirely due to him. May I be allowed to remind him that many people as well as myself regard the excessive modesty, which prevents him from giving to the World the fruits of his researches, as a positive crime?

OXFORD, *Easter*, 1909.

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AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1660—1792

CHAPTER I

THE RESTORATION

MR. GREEN has well said that the entry of Charles II. into London marks the commencement of the life of Modern England, the life which we live and know. The Age of Heroics is over, and the Age of Common Sense begins. Our habits of thought and speech become attuned to this ; we become apt to speak slightly of great things, though we may not always feel indifferent to them. The ways of society become modern ; the aristocracy is less strenuous, the middle classes less educated, the lower classes more unrestful, the boundaries between classes more sharply defined. Internally there are fewer great quarrels, many more little squabbles. There are no more great Kings ; the nearest approach to a great King is a foreigner. In Parliament Party is in a fair way to become faction, and, before the Age of Common Sense gives way to the (present) Age of Hysterics, it has become faction. Kings early become the play-

things of this spirit of faction ; soon all other interests of the State, great and small, will also become its play-things. The result will be that national unity will be split and squandered, and national efficiency arrested.

As the centuries pass it becomes increasingly difficult for a historian to arrive at a critical judgment on events. Little as we know of the facts of the Middle Ages, the few facts that we know are fairly plain and we all draw pretty much the same inferences from them. About the Heroic Age, *i.e.* the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, we know a good deal, and on the whole the judgments of reasonable men about them do not differ very much. But as for the period before us, which I have called the Age of Common Sense, though we know or can ascertain all the main facts clearly, our judgments are likely to differ very much more ; there are some people who would not even admit it to have been an Age of Common Sense. The biographer of the late Lord Granville says, " The final judgment on the affairs of a bygone period has to be founded on something besides the critical study of State papers and the accurate comparison of the dates of the despatches of ministers, which frequently afford but an imperfect and soulless record, and are not the true key to the ideas and passions from which spring the great events of history." And this is admirably true. The true key, however, can only be employed by those very few persons who possess the faculty of acquiring all the knowledge possible on a period, and then bringing everything within it to the test of reason and expediency. Now, if I may be allowed an Irish bull, it's impossible for any one man to acquire all the knowledge possible on the Eighteenth Century, and of course infinitely more impossible in the case of the

Nineteenth. Moreover, the nearer we get to our own time the more we shall inevitably, though unconsciously, be under the influence of 'legends'; some wonderful man, some Clarendon or Macaulay, endowed with unrivalled gifts of style, has some political cause to serve, and he sets to work to write a history of his own time, or of a time near to his own, in order to inflame the passions of his readers in favour of his own cause. And, as Lord Granville's biographer would probably acknowledge, these will be the histories men will read; the legends indeed are apt to crumble when the scientific historian comes along and 'compares the dates of despatches,' etc; but I am inclined to think that the life of a really great historical legend may easily run into a couple of centuries. Alas! I am no scientific historian; but I am also no creator of legends: my only legend is that of *Diva Britannia*; the other legends which would have tempted me are dead beyond recall. Therefore, though I think clearly and feel strongly on many questions of Eighteenth Century politics, I shall try to limit myself to presenting the facts as simply as possible, and telling my readers to stand by and to suspend their judgment on the legends.

It seems to me that four things were 'restored' in 1660: and of these the first was Parliamentary Government, the expression of the will of the old Constituencies. No solution of the 'Problem of Sovereignty,' so often tossed up during the recent strife, was devised; but it was tolerably certain that the Houses would be stronger and the Crown weaker than before the strife. Next was restored Property and the Rule of the Common Law. This had not been very seriously upset, but it had been at least endangered, and some wild talk had been flying

about. Thirdly the Church was restored, and restored in a form differing little in externals from Laud's church, but entirely without the aggressive sacerdotal spirit of that church; it was to be the church of sober common sense in religious matters. Lastly, as the best guarantee for all these things, was restored, with all its old external splendour, with all the vague and historic magic of its name, the Crown.

Cynical, kindly, immoral, keen-witted and a thorough modern 'man of the world,' Charles II. had the slackest notions of religion, indeed the slackest notions of everything. His political creed was almost that of a later statesman, 'that there was nothing new, nothing true and that nothing very much mattered,' except indeed that he did not intend to go on his travels again. An ill-educated man who seldom opened a book, he was yet, in the best and worst senses of the word, clever; he delighted to pick the brains of others in conversation, and often picked them to much purpose. He was far too clever to refuse the opportunities which his factious Parliaments often gave him of thwarting them; occasionally they beat him badly, as in 1673, but, if he knew when he must give way, he also knew when the game was in his hands; he then played it with some gusto, and, in the great crisis of 1678-81, with consummate skill and coolness, which proves him to have possessed statecraft, if not statesmanship, of a very high order. But always he played it as a game; he had no sort of belief in his own divine right, though it was preached at him with great vigour by most of his clergy—who can hardly have believed it themselves; it was to them an excellent political 'cry,' and that was all. Yet it would, I think, be a mistake to imagine Charles merely as an idle, dissolute fellow, who

sauntered through life with an epigram on his lips and took no interest in the business of governing.¹ He was neither a drinker nor a gambler, though he spent much of his time at Newmarket watching horse-races and foot-races, or hawking and hunting; he was fond of walking from Whitehall to Hampton Court, and he took very scrupulous care of his own health. His immorality has, I suspect, been very much exaggerated, perhaps because it was so openly displayed and set such a bad example to his courtiers; and his activity has been accordingly underrated. He took the keenest interest in physical science and all experimental philosophy, in all matters concerning trade, the Navy and the Colonies, and above all in foreign politics. In this last branch of his duties he fought his Parliaments, when they disagreed with him, more tenaciously and more successfully than he fought them on matters of religious toleration. The House of Lords, in which he was frequently to be seen warming his long legs at the fire, with a knot of Peers listening to his stories, was, he declared, 'as diverting as a play.' He was an excellent chairman of his Privy Council. But he was a lax administrator, and had none of the Tudor gift of looking into detail himself; and, as none of those who worked under him were in the least afraid of him, he was often badly served. No really great names come to the front in politics during the reign; that of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, is probably the greatest, and he is so far typical of the age that he works ostensibly for no great cause, and is mainly occupied in trimming be-

¹ "Charles II.," says Defoe, "was perhaps, of all kings that ever reigned, the Prince that best understood the country and the people that he governed . . . the best acquainted with the World of all the Princes of his age."

6 CHARLES AND HIS PARLIAMENTS

tween the extremes of either party : he will serve England whether it be under King Charles, King James or King William. This is in truth a great Cause, and in 1689 ultimately triumphs : but to its contemporaries it appeared an obscure one ; men require a name to conjure with, a fetish to worship, somewhat more visible ; and, in the absence of a great cause, men's moral levels sink.

The Parliaments of Charles II. are mainly excited on questions of religion and foreign politics, and in these they are a faithful reflection of the intelligence of the country. The Great Strife has left behind it as its main legacy an entire detestation of Popery ; and a King who has spent much of his eleven years of exile in Popish countries will soon become to Parliaments an object of suspicion. But the Parliaments and the country are torn in half by two contrary desires ; that of resisting the spread of Popery as represented by Louis XIV. of France, and that of crippling our commercial rivals the Dutch. Charles was entirely with his people in the latter of these objects ; and he also saw, as they did not, that it could not be pursued simultaneously with the former, on which he was anything but keen. If any religion attracted him it was Catholicism, and he probably died a Roman Catholic. But he was not likely to run risks for that or any other form of faith : his grandfather (Henri IV. of France) said,¹ ' Paris is worth a mass ' ; Charles thought that the Crown of England was worth abstention from the mass. If any country attracted him both on the intellectual, and also on the administrative side, it was France. For that self-worshipping prig and bore Louis XIV. he is

¹ Or is reputed to have said ; there is as little authority for this as for many other famous French *bons mots*.

not likely to have felt any personal regard ; but the bore's Court was the centre of European civilization and urbanity ; and Charles was cynically ready to take large bribes from the bore, and then to evade fulfilling the considerations for which they had been given. He was 'paid, not sold' ; some statesmen have been sold without being paid. On the whole Charles did not play the hand badly for England. Holland, though not actually beaten in the two great wars of the reign, gradually ceased after them to be a first-class Power, which comes to much the same thing ; soon afterwards she became the little boat towed in the wake of the big English ship.

To suppose that the country at large was much affected by the immorality of the Court or by the cynical game of party politics would be a very great mistake. Loyalty to the Crown was the most conspicuous feeling, and 'Church and King' the most cherished toast of the sons and grandsons of the very men who had fought against Charles I. and Laud. Dread of Popery made it, of course, increasingly difficult to drink the toast in the days of James II., but loyalty would probably have triumphed even then if James had not added to his Popery the misfortune of being an immeasurable ass. Commercial and agricultural prosperity were no longer accompanied, as in the days before the war, by 'over-government' ; subject to certain protective Acts of Parliament, you were allowed to grow rich in your own way, and to employ your capital where you pleased. Indeed the decay of the Privy Council is one of the most interesting results of the Great Rebellion ; all its judicial powers were gone, and all its supervision, so admirably exercised in Tudor times over corporations and trading companies, over Justices of the Peace and local authorities generally.

The result was that local authorities did much as they pleased until the creation of 'Boards' and 'Departments of Government' in the Nineteenth Century. The Privy Council had, it is true, a Committee for 'trade and plantations' (*i.e.* Colonies), and valuable expert advice was often given to it by colonists, merchants and bankers; but Parliament usurped the supremacy over this body, as indeed it was usurping control of all the executive government. Whether Parliament was a fit assembly to discuss questions of the development of material progress is open to doubt; but unquestionably it reflected the ideas of the intelligent classes of the day on this subject. And unquestionably the reign of Charles II. saw a great increase of English commerce and prosperity.

Statistics are both tiresome and fallacious, but it is worth remembering that our exports doubled during this reign from two to four million pounds' worth; they did not double again till 1740. And, with a population of barely five millions, of which three-fourths were still 'agricultural persons' of some sort or other, this figure was not bad. At the end of the reign we had actually become a corn-exporting country, and a law was passed in 1689 giving a 'bounty' on export (*i.e.* a lump sum of money paid down to the exporter) when the price was less than forty-eight shillings per quarter. And this was before the introduction of scientific farming on any serious scale. High roads were, it is true, beginning to be largely improved; the first Turnpike Act dates from 1663. Rents don't seem to have increased much, but they were always going up a little; arable might average 5s. 6d. per acre, good meadow land 8s. 6d. Wages, too, were going up steadily, and the Justices no longer bothered themselves to regulate them; agricultural

wages were, in the best counties, nearly tenpence a day before Charles died. Pauperism, on the other hand, was increasing very much, and, as each parish had to provide for 'its own' poor, it became the first object of the overseer to shift on to another parish any man who was likely to become chargeable to the rates. Hence came endless quarrels about 'settlement,' and Laws of Settlement were passed defining how a man could become entitled to relief in a particular parish. This curious phenomenon of the increase of prosperity side by side with the increase of pauperism is one of the most disappointing in English history.

It is to foreign commerce that the riches of the period were mainly due. The marriage of King Charles with Katharine of Portugal not only introduced us to coffee and to tea—a drink 'good for colds and defluxions' as Mrs. Pepys' 'potticary' told her—and to the strong red poison called Oporto wine, but also brought us Bombay and Tangier, and, indirectly, a share in the gold and silver dug from the mines of Brazil. It was the golden age of the East India Company, of the Hudson Bay and the Levant Companies. These were the only three 'monopolistic' companies left, and no new ones were created,¹ Parliament preferring to foster existing trade by an elaborate system of protective duties rather than to push it by attempts to create new branches. And so 'joint stock' companies sprang up in London

¹ The African Company, reconstructed in 1672, is more apparently than really an exception to this rule, from the first the 'Interlopers,' *i.e.* traders who did not hold shares in it, undersold its members on the Guinea coast, and the monopoly which it claimed had no parliamentary sanction; in 1698 Parliament definitely declared the trade to be free

for the monopoly of all sorts of trades ; but these possessed no monopoly of the trade they exercised, and were governed by no rules except those of their own making. The Dutch and French were our two great rivals, and, if we gradually began to push them both out, it was mainly because of the freedom from government regulations which British subjects enjoyed. On the whole the principle laid down, to which all laws until the close of the Eighteenth Century were intended to conform, was that known as the 'Balance of Trade'; let this country export more goods than it imports, and it will get the balance paid to it in gold and silver, which it still foolishly thought to be the only real wealth. One or two people saw further ; Sir William Petty ('Treatise of Taxes,' 1662) said that 'labour is the father and land the mother of all wealth.' Nicholas Barbon or Barebones, son of our old friend Praise-God, was a true free trader ; 'there can be no import without an export to pay for it,' said he. Sir Dudley North was another forerunner of free trade. But the ruling spirits were men like Thomas Mun¹ and Sir Josiah Child, greatest of East India merchants, and to them a Balance, owed and paid to this country in gold and silver, was the law and the prophets.

The only really new industry planted in England was that of silk weaving, largely recruited from French Protestants whom the stupid bigotry of Louis XIV. was driving out: these settled principally in the East End of London ; they taught us also, to the disgust of English weavers who rioted and broke their looms, many new tricks in linen weaving, and they introduced ox-tail

¹ Mun died in 1641, but his great work, 'England's Treasure in Foreign Trade,' was only published by his son in 1664, and was more read than that of any contemporary economist.

soup. The only seriously new branch of foreign trade was the Slave Trade, which developed, from the ports of Bristol, Liverpool and London, to an enormous extent. The growth of London at the expense of all the smaller ports of the East and South coast is one of the most curious features of modern English history ; for, if you look at it reflectively, you will see that London faces the narrow seas and not the high seas ; its early greatness dates from the days when our main trade was with Bruges, Antwerp and North Germany, and you would have expected that, when commerce became oceanic, some Western port would have taken its place. But the exact reverse came about, and London now began to replace Amsterdam as 'the Exchange of the World,' whatever that high-sounding phrase (repeated in all good books) may mean.

All this extension of commerce was, however, not without its drawbacks. The old Privy Council had tried to ensure that manufacturers should produce good articles, whereas, now that there was no supervision, the 'age of shoddy' had begun : France, our special rival in the Levant, perhaps taught us this game ; she was already stamping her cloth 'Drap de Londres,' in order to deceive the confiding Turk at Aleppo. And if the regulations of the old Privy Council had tended to cramp trade, they had at least tended to force it into channels conducive to national power rather than to mere wealth ; but from this time onwards there was a dangerous temptation to assume that wealth and power are synonymous, which they are not. Woe to the Nation that prefers dividends to power ! and treble woe to the Nation that believes dividends and power to be the same thing ! Still, as long as the Navigation Acts, carefully re-enacted

by Charles II., were maintained in full force, the supply of sailors and ships for the Navy would never fail ; and as long as England fed herself from her own soil, the supply of ploughboys to fight in her Armies would not wholly fail.

To a certain extent the period saw the beginning of the supremacy of town over country ; it soon became the fashion for the upper classes, even when unconnected with the Court, to spend a portion of the year in London, usually in a hired house or lodgings : ' flying coaches,' performing journeys of fifty miles a day for ten shillings per passenger, made travelling a comparatively easy matter. But as late as 1715 it was still a twelve days' journey from London to Bodmin ; Lady Essex Robartes undertakes it ' with great fear.' Even London streets were not over safe ; they were still very ill paved and lighted, and ' gentlemen of the road ' did a roaring trade in the suburbs, for police simply did not exist, and the watchmen were useless. The Duke of Ormond was assaulted in St. James' Street and carried almost to Tyburn by a notorious ruffian called Blood, who seems to have intended to hang him. The Thames, however, was still the great highway of London, whether for business or pleasure, and was still silver, though the use of coal in place of wood was soon to make the capital smoky ; people seldom crossed London Bridge on foot, though it was a favourite amusement to watch adventurous fellows in skiffs ' shooting the bridge,' *i.e.* the rapids made in the tideway by its numerous arches with their clumsy pediments. Few Londoners, I imagine, kept a ' yatch ' of their own as Roger North did, but, when Mr. Pepys had Navy business at Greenwich or Deptford, he nearly always went by water, though he was afraid of shooting

the bridge. You could walk in safety in 'Foxhall' Gardens and hear the nightingales sing; you could go and gape at Charles feeding his ducks and teaching his spaniels to swim in St. James' Park; your wives and daughters could walk in the Ring in Hyde Park and see the grand company in their coaches 'doing the proper thing' and looking, one hopes, less bored than they do to-day. You could read the *London Gazette*, the oldest still-existing newspaper, which began life as the *Oxford Gazette* in the Plague year. Above all, for the price of a cup of coffee in the great coffee house in Covent Garden, you could hear the first wits of the day conversing. You were more likely to hear them quoting Butler's 'Hudibras' than either of the three masterpieces of John Milton. Yet Mr. Dryden, whose great poems on the 'Annus Mirabilis' of 1666 won him the Laureateship in 1670, would tell you that the blind poet of Bunhill Fields, some of whose works had been burnt by the hangman in 1661, had just published (1667) a poem called 'Paradise Lost,' 'which cuts us all out and the Ancients too.' 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes' followed in 1671. The Theatre, to which the Court is passionately devoted, is not to be commended, though Mr. Dryden himself writes for it, as well as Etherege, Wycherley, Sedley and others whose comedies are not fit for young persons to read; now for the first time female parts on the stage are taken by women, and the reputation of actresses is not good. Before the end of the reign you may hear at the Chapel Royal some of the anthems, and in 'chamber concerts' other pieces of the greatest of English musical composers, Henry Purcell.

But, in spite of Milton and Dryden, the bent of the

best minds of the age is to mathematics and natural science, sometimes, as in the case of the great scholars Dr. Wilkins and Dr. Willis, to science flavoured with theology; oftener with antiquarianism. It is pre-eminently an age of accurate research and proof, as well as of speculation. The Society of which we saw the origin at Oxford in our last volume, now becomes the 'Royal Society,' which we still know, and membership of it becomes the highest honour which Science has to bestow. Prince Rupert, in the intervals of perfecting guns and gunpowder, is studying mezzotint engraving and imparting its secrets to John Evelyn, who will publish an account of it in his 'Sculptura.'¹ Wood, Ashmole and Plot are making Oxford famous as the home of antiquarian investigations; Sir William Dugdale, the Herald, is editing his vast collections on the history of the Monasteries, and incurring suspicion of Popery for mentioning such things; and, though the University may burn as seditious the works of Thomas Hobbes and George Buchanan, the influence of Hobbes has permeated everywhere, and, to him who has read Hobbes, Divine Right may remain a pious opinion, but Contract seems to be a surer basis for government. Isaac Newton was just twenty-four when he sat under an apple tree at Woolsthorpe in 1666 and observed an apple fall; he decided that it must have fallen owing to the 'attraction of the earth,' and in 1687 published the 'Principia,' which revolutionized natural science. He was also soon to invent a terrible thing called an 'infinitesimal calculus,' for which it is difficult for any non-mathematician to pardon him. Among preachers and divines were South,

¹ Rupert is also traditionally credited with the invention of some sort of steam engine.

Stillingfleet and Barrow, and the saintly Ken, whom Charles II. rewarded with a bishopric for rebuking his immoral life. Men were reading Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' and Bunyan's 'Holy War' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' however sound might be their churchmanship; above all, every one was reading that wonderful anonymous book called 'The Whole Duty of Man.'

I have mentioned these points merely to show that the popular conception of the age, as an immoral and vulgar one, is very far from the truth. And there is another point also to which attention must be called; if it was an age of bad government, it was an age of good law and good lawyers. Sir Matthew Hale, successively Chief Baron and Chief Justice, did much, by his judgments as well as his writings, to elucidate the principles of the Common Law. Sir Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor in 1673, was the first specialist in the rules of Equity, and the first to reduce these rules to a system. The 'Statute of Frauds' still exercises the ingenuity of pleaders in Contract cases; our system of administering estates still rests on the 'Statute of Distributions.' Free bequest of all landed property was made possible by the Act which abolished the feudal tenures; an Act of 1677 abolished the death penalty, 'in pursuance of any ecclesiastical censure,' and so made it impossible to burn heretics. The Habeas Corpus Act of 1679 put upon a sound statutory basis the old Common Law right of every accused person to be brought to trial at the earliest opportunity. The criminal trials, especially at the end of Charles' reign, have a bad reputation from the violent language employed by Chief Justices Scroggs and Jeffreys; but, if we examine these trials fairly, we shall see that they were in many respects distinctly better conducted than such matters were before the Civil War.

It is true that the law of evidence was in its infancy, and that, in a trial for treason, the guilt of the accused was always assumed until he could prove his innocence. But he was no longer subject to a preliminary and private examination; he could now claim to be confronted with witnesses, to cross-examine them and to call witnesses on his own behalf. Finally, to this reign belongs the great ruling (in Bushell's case, 1670) that a jury is not responsible to any man for the verdict it gives.

But it is time to turn to 'Political History.' Much of what is technically called the 'Restoration Settlement' was the work of the Convention which Monk had called in April, '60, and which continued to sit till the end of the year; but, when this body was dissolved, some of the questions were still unsettled and so remained over for the first Parliament of King Charles, commonly called 'the Long Parliament of the Restoration,' which met in May, 1661, and sat on until 1679. On the whole I think we shall be impressed by the essentially fair character of the settlement; nobody was perfectly satisfied with it, which is not a bad criterion of its fairness. Perhaps the first and most immediately pressing question was, what was to be done with the Army? 'Oh, get rid of it,' said everybody. Among all the things that the Restoration meant, it meant most of all the triumph of civilian over soldier, and of sober man over fanatic. To throw away an Army of 65,000 men, the finest fighting machine in the Europe of the day, was surely an astonishing waste, yet it was a waste imperatively demanded by public opinion. The deep hatred of soldiers, which Cromwell's Army had excited, remained ingrained in English minds for over a century; to some extent an aftertaste of that hatred remains and paralyses England still. The disbandment was a very

difficult transaction to carry through, for there were large arrears of pay to be met, but by the end of 1660 it had been all but completed: the revival of trade which accompanied the Restoration enabled the men to find employment; Ireland and America were calling for sturdy Protestant colonists. A lucky little insurrection of Fifth Monarchists, in January 1661, led to the disbandment being stopped before it was completed, and Monk's own regiment, now the 'Coldstream Guards,' was saved. To this were added a new regiment of Guards, now the Grenadier Guards, largely made up of returned Royalist exiles, two more troops of 'Life Guards,' and a regiment now known as the 'Blues.' These regiments are still on our Army List. We shall see that, during Charles' reign, considerable additions were made to them in the teeth of public opinion; *e.g.*, the garrison of Dunkirk was, after the sale of that fortress in 1662, sent to Tangier, which, as part of the dowry of Charles' Queen, we retained till 1684; the garrison then came home to England. A regiment of Marines was also raised for the Dutch War in 1664. At first the Army did not amount to above 5,000 men, well paid and, on the whole, recruited without difficulty, although the moral and social standard of Cromwell's Army was never again reached; but, as there was legally¹ no 'martial law' in time of peace, and no barracks, the Army of Charles II. ought to have been a very difficult body to keep in discipline.

The question of amnesty was second in the scale of importance, and here we are upon less agreeable ground.

¹ Charles did issue 'Articles of War' and they seem to have been obeyed, but they were quite unconstitutional. On the whole, discipline does appear to have been well kept.

Many cross currents of opinion have to be considered, if we are to estimate it fairly : the current of vengeance, the current of precaution, the current of legality, and, strange as it may seem to us, the current of atonement. We may dismiss at once the idea that there was any need for precaution : nothing, of course, could guarantee the King, or any king, against a stray dagger or bullet ; but the Monarchy and all that it safeguarded needed at first no precautions. Still, 'precaution' was a useful argument to press into the service of vengeance against the Regicides. As regards retaliation, it was regicide alone that was to be avenged ; that was the 'Sin of the Nation,' and the Nation really believed it to be so. Many a humble and many a noble family had lives lost on field or scaffold to avenge, but all had to forgo all retribution. None were to die but those who had actually signed the death warrant or assisted at the execution of Charles I. The mere Law demanded that all of these should die. The Declaration of Breda, however, had thrown the burden of responsibility wholly on to the shoulders of the two Houses of Parliament ; and it is obvious that the King showed great prudence in adhering to that plan. But the result was that those who had warm friends in these Houses got off with minor penalties, while those who had no friends were left to justice. There was a long and unseemly wrangle between the Houses, and, in the end, thirteen persons suffered death as regicides, namely ten of the late King's judges, two Colonels who had kept guard at the scaffold, and Hugh Peters who had preached at it. Sir Harry Vane's execution in '62 was more unjustifiable, except perhaps as a matter of precaution ; he was probably the ablest and most dangerous living republican. People betted heavily on the results of the

trials; John Verney, far away at Aleppo, has been laying 30 to 3 on Vane's case. Several regicides were imprisoned for life; many had already escaped abroad to Switzerland or to America. The tradition of a regicide Republic, as a not unworthy ideal of government, lingered in obscure places for many years to come, stimulated the 'Rye House Plot' of 1683, and was not wholly without influence on the Revolution of 1688; but when at that date the only surviving regicide exile, Ludlow, returned to England, he was at once warned to fly again, fled and died in disgust.

Thirdly we must consider the question of the restoration of property. An immense amount of sentimental nonsense has been talked against the settlement adopted on this question, which was indeed eminently fair. Those who had lost all for the Royalist cause recovered their lands; those who, by 'compounding' with the usurping Government, had made terms for themselves, at whatever expense, recovered nothing. The former class consisted practically only of those few who had gone into exile, and the purchasers of the land of exiles had little ground of complaint when they were now deprived; they had bought the land, so to speak, 'with all faults,' including the great probability of a return of the exiles to power. More doubtful as a measure of statesmanship was the restoration of the remnant of the old Crown lands: the rents from a large estate are a very mediæval and uneconomic means of feeding a Government; under the old Common Law it was impossible to prevent the Crown from giving its lands away, and the next three Kings proceeded to impoverish themselves freely by so doing: while, until such lands were taken over by the 'Woods and Forests Office,' they were always badly managed.

Fourthly, before we come to the most serious question, that of religion, we may lump under one head the question of the retention of the reforms of the Long Parliament ; and, from looking at this, we shall see what a long road had been travelled since 1640. Neither Star Chamber nor High Commission was to come back ; the feudal tenures were not to come back. Though the Triennial Act was repealed in 1664, it was repealed only in order to prevent the necessity of a *new* Parliament being called every three years ; it was never for a moment supposed that the King would be able to do without a Parliament.¹ On the other hand, a Statute expressly declared that the command of all armed forces was for ever vested in the Crown : another Statute ' of Tumultuous Petitions ' laid down that not more than twelve persons were to present any petition to King or Parliament ; this was a distinct blow at the Radical methods, of bringing external pressure to bear on Parliament, which Pym had favoured in 1641-2. Of similar nature was the Licensing Act restricting the number of printers ; this was periodically renewed with one interval till 1695, since when authors and printers have been restrained from publishing their thoughts only by the Law of Libel, and by certain Acts against blasphemy and indecency. Finally Parliament provided for the Crown in a manner by no means liberal. Customs and Excise (a tax copied from the Dutch in 1643) were granted for the King's life. A hearth tax, two shillings on every chimney of every one who was rated to the poor, was added, and was exceedingly unpopular ; it was

¹ " The sitting and holding of Parliament shall not be intermitted or discontinued above three years at the most " : 16 Car. II. c. 1.

supposed to bring in £200,000 a year, and never brought in nearly that sum ; so much was it hated that people bricked up their chimneys and shivered rather than pay it. The repeal of it was almost the only thing that the middle classes demanded of William III. on his march to London. With these grants *plus* the revenue from Crown lands and Post Office, the King's income was supposed to be £1,200,000 a year ; but, in spite of the great increase in the Customs and Excise, it never seems to have reached that figure except on paper ; and it certainly never came to enough to cover the increasing cost of living like a King, of governing and defending the Nation. No loophole, however, was given to the Crown for unparliamentary taxation, nor did Charles ever attempt anything of the kind. Thus far, on the whole, the settlement was essentially a parliamentary one.

When we come to the religious settlement, we shall see that here too the will of Parliament prevailed. The Convention, largely Presbyterian in its membership, treated this topic wholly from the point of view of property. An advowson or a benefice is a freehold ; no man can be deprived of his freehold except by a judgment at law (see Magna Carta) ; so, if the vicar of Tubney has been turned out of his parsonage by the usurping Government, and one of Cromwell's chaplains put in his place, the vicar, if alive, must be restored, whatever his religious opinions or those of the intruded chaplain be. If, however, the vicar is dead, and the chaplain has been presented by the proper patron of the living, the chaplain is left there. And this was as far as the Convention went. But this did not protect a non-Episcopalian minister against any future Acts an Episcopalian Parliament might pass

Now it seems as if there were two courses open to the Government: (i) so to modify the Prayer Book and the Episcopal constitution of the Church as to 'comprehend' the more moderate opponents of that Church; (ii) to make no alteration in either, but to grant a large measure of toleration to those who objected to either. The King would perhaps have preferred the former plan, and his leading Minister, Edward Hyde, now Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon, thought at first it might be politic to do something of the kind. A conference was called at the Savoy whereat the leading Presbyterians met the leading Anglicans, as a result of which some slight alterations of the Prayer Book were made, including the introduction of the 'General Thanksgiving.' The vacant sees were, however, speedily filled up, and, though one Presbyterian, Reynolds, accepted a bishopric, the other Bishops were mostly Laudians; Juxon went to Canterbury and Cosin to Durham, Sheldon to London, Morley to Winchester. And, to the surprise of both King and Chancellor, the Parliament of 1661 appeared more Episcopal than the Bishops, who once more took their seats in the House of Lords.¹ The Lower House, in fact, consisted largely of those interests which had been most outraged during the rebellion; and of these the Anglican Church was the first. The cry was consequently one for rigid repression of all Dissent from that Church. Not only should there be no comprehension, but no toleration of Dissenters. We may rejoice that there was no comprehension; any serious revision of the Prayer Book would have destroyed it, and would ultimately have

¹ In the second Session of this Parliament. The Restoration of the lands belonging to the Bishops and the Chapters as corporations was a natural, but perhaps an unfortunate corollary.

satisfied few. But it was a terrible mistake to refuse toleration. Dissent was far too strong to be killed by any measure of repression; and yet it would probably have died out under a régime of perfect toleration. Dissent continued to be a religious, but became also largely a political, and even a social force, a force at the command of any one who objected to government by the landed classes; and now, when that government has gone, Dissent exists mainly as a protest against an Established Church. If the Church were disestablished to-morrow, the Dissenting congregations would rapidly dwindle, for they would have nothing to dissent from, and religion would probably perish in five-sixths of the country districts. Toleration, granted in 1660, would have prevented one of the most pernicious cleavages in modern English society.

This High Anglican Parliament must bear the responsibility, nor can it plead wholly religious motives for its mistake. Its first Act, the Corporation Act of 1661, imposed a political, as well as a religious test upon all persons holding municipal office. To be an alderman or a town councillor you had to take the Sacrament according to the Prayer Book rite (what a blasphemous use of the holiest act of worship!), and also to swear that it was unlawful to resist the King upon any pretext whatever. Now the Act was passed because aldermen and town councillors practically elected the borough members of Parliament. The Act of Uniformity followed in the same Session; every beneficed clergyman must declare his unfeigned consent to everything in the Prayer Book, must be reordained if he have not already received episcopalian orders, or must vacate his benefice before August, 1662. Two thousand ministers 'came out'

rather than accept the tests. Even Clarendon, High Anglican as he was, and several of the Bishops tried to modify this Act in the Lords. The King was very angry at these two laws, which certainly made him eat his promises of toleration for 'tender consciences,' and at the end of the year he tried to get Parliament to recognize his 'Dispensing' power with a view to granting 'Indulgence' to Dissenters. This at once raised a great constitutional question, which will be with us more or less till we have got rid of the Stuarts altogether :—Can a King, by virtue of his prerogative, 'dispense with' a particular law in a particular case? Well, it seems that he can; *e.g.* he can certainly pardon a man for disobedience to a law; and there are plenty of precedents for his doing more than that. In the hands of an unscrupulous King this comes to mean that he can set aside all laws that he doesn't like and yet dare not openly veto. For the moment Charles would not risk his great popularity, and, when Parliament protested, he dropped the attempt for the time. In '64 the Houses went on to pass a 'Conventicle Act,' *i.e.* a prohibition of all public meetings for religious worship, except according to the Prayer Book rite, and, in the next year, a 'Five Mile Act,' prohibiting the deprived ministers from coming near the towns in which they had formerly ministered, unless they would take a strong 'non-resistance' oath and another oath that they would never seek to alter the government in Church and State. These Acts, taken altogether, have got the name of the 'Clarendon Code.' As a matter of fact Clarendon was directly responsible for little of them; he accepted them, perhaps too willingly, when they had been passed; and he objected, on legal grounds, to the Declaration of In-

dulgence ; but he was certainly no persecutor, any more than his master was, and these were persecuting Acts.

In an England which was losing its high ideals they probably led to a good deal of sporadic perjury. Oaths imposed for such evidently political purposes lost their sanctity ; many Dissenters took the Sacrament, so to speak, 'officially.' When the Devon Justices actually went so far as to refuse to license alehouses except to such publicans as could produce a certificate that they had received the Sacrament twice during the past year, they were reducing Tests and Sacraments alike to an absurdity. The Conventicle Act was not very vigorously enforced ; the famous twelve-year-long imprisonment of the tinker, John Bunyan, began before the Acts were passed, and the best opinion now is that he did not write the 'Pilgrim's Progress' (first published in 1678) in prison. Not only the bulk of the apprentices, but many of the rich merchants of London remained Presbyterian for more than a generation, and do not seem to have suffered any persecution. Even in the King's Privy Council, side by side with old Anglicans like Ormond, Southampton and Clarendon, were Presbyterians such as Manchester, Robartes, Northumberland and Monk, now Duke of Albemarle. Such men were not necessarily turncoats ; they were merely men who waived their ideals for the sake of peace and order.

The real Executive Government, however, lay in the inner ring of the Privy Council, the 'Committee for Foreign Affairs,' sometimes called the 'Juncto,' the 'Cabal,' the 'Cabinet,' consisting of some half-dozen persons. It met where the King pleased—often in the drawing-room of the reigning mistress ; when Clarendon

had the gout, as he often had, it met in his bedroom. Anything like a 'Prime Minister' was a very unpopular idea; Clarendon expressly disclaimed the title, but there was generally one man to whom Charles confided most of his designs, and Clarendon, though never a favourite, was virtually Premier for seven years. During his Ministry the most important events were the marriage of the King with the good, if stupid, Portuguese Princess Katharine in '62, the sale of Dunkirk to the French in the same year, the last serious visitation of the Plague in '65, the Great Fire of London, and the First Dutch War.

For and against the retention of Dunkirk much might be said; and for it especially that, although a bad harbour, too shallow for large ships, in hostile hands it would be certain to become a nest of privateers, in many subsequent Treaties with France the dismantling of its fortifications was an English demand. But, on the other hand, the expense of its maintenance was very serious, and the price of its sale (£200,000) a considerable item to an Exchequer already impoverished. The Portuguese marriage was sensible; it meant the maintenance of the Cromwellian foreign policy, and a French alliance; Katharine brought as her dowry Tangier and Bombay, both of which acquisitions increased the growing hostility of the Dutch. The Plague of 1665 was probably the most serious visitation of the kind since 1348, and the reason seems to be that there had been hardly a drop of rain for four months; the city was therefore particularly foul. It began in the Western suburbs North of the Strand and worked its way Eastwards, and it swept away perhaps a fifth of the half-million persons inhabiting London and its suburbs. By June all the carriers to the country had stopped plying; the dearth

of food and of fuel was severely felt. The Court and the Parliament fled to Oxford. By September the deaths were one thousand a day. There was a Lord Mayor's Fund, as there would be to-day, for the relief of the sufferers. The Eastern counties also suffered severely; and the infection lingered about for sixteen months.

On September 1st, 1666, the Great Fire began 'in Pudding Lane at a baker's shop where a Dutch Rogue lay'; at first we were sure it was the Dutch who had done it, but soon we changed our minds and said it was the Papists. The service of pumpers was totally inadequate, though we are not told that, as at a subsequent fire in the Temple, men tried to extinguish the flames with beer in default of water. Carts to remove goods were not to be had for love or money. The Lord Mayor lost his head and 'ran about with a handkercher round his neck, crying out, "Lord! what can I do?"' The King and courtiers, who had turned tail to the plague, came to the rescue now, and superintended the blowing up of houses with gunpowder, and by the 6th the fire was stayed. Two-thirds of London were in ashes, including St Paul's Cathedral and fifty other churches. This visitation had, at least, cleaned out many an unsavoury den and prevented future plagues. If Sir Christopher Wren's plans for the rebuilding of the city had been accepted, twenty-four great streets would have radiated from his new St. Paul's, and London would have become the most beautiful, instead of the ugliest capital in Europe; but the London merchants were in too great a hurry to get back to their warehouses, and the city grew up again anyhow.¹

The First Dutch War remains, perhaps, the most im-

¹ *Vide infra*, vol. iv. p. 183.

portant event of these seven years. Causes of quarrel were never wanting between the two great commercial nations, who competed with each other on the African and American coasts as well as in the Far East. Holland had, moreover, recently refused our mediation in her war with Portugal. Both Clarendon and to some extent the King¹ were at first averse to fighting, but the traders of London carried the Government off its legs. Five millions were voted for it by Parliament, and an Act was passed specially guarding against the application of this money to other purposes; not an unnecessary precaution, for when, in '68, a parliamentary audit of the accounts was made, it was found that over one-third of this sum had found its way to objects other than the Navy. The war was popular at first, and hostilities on the West African and American coasts preceded its declaration. We captured, among other things, the city of New Amsterdam on the Hudson River, and renamed it 'New York.' This was in compliment to Prince James, Duke of York, already, by his marriage with Clarendon's daughter Anne, father of two coming Queens—Mary and Anne—and Lord High Admiral of England. He, being already in opposition to his father-in-law, was in favour of war.

The Navy was by no means in a bad condition; to the period of this war belong the steady substitution of 'first rates' for smaller ships, the growth of a class of professional sailors as opposed to 'Generals at Sea,' of which growth we have already seen the germ during the Interregnum, and the tactical order of fighting in

¹ Charles, however, was deeply interested in numerous branches of our commerce which were feeling Dutch competition very severely.

'line ahead,' close-hauled to the wind, with a definite interval between each ship. James was a really good administrator at the Admiralty. He introduced during his tenure of office a regular half-pay system for officers not in immediate employment; he also created the 'Victualling Yard.' He was well served by Samuel Pepys, 'Clerk of the Acts of the Navy,' and author of the famous Diary, and by other members of the Board of Admiralty—such as Narborough, Deane and Pett. But from the very first, the administration had to fight against debt ($1\frac{1}{4}$ millions inherited from the Protectorate) and impecuniosity. The contractors were fraudulent, the food of the sailors was always running short, and their wages often in arrear. Nevertheless, when, in March, 1665, war was declared, over one hundred ships were ready for sea, and the best Dutch Admiral, de Ruyter, was far away in America. It was 'foggy Opdam' whom James blockaded at Texel in May, and whom he and Rupert met in the fierce battle of Solebay, off Southwold, in June. Our victory was complete, and James displayed conspicuous valour; the Dutch loss was twenty-four to one in ships, and five to one in men. But, after the victory, the Duke went to bed, and the remnants of the Dutch Fleet were allowed to escape; Hawke or Nelson would not have gone to bed. The Plague prevented further activity that year, and, by the opening of '66, France, which was carefully nursing the nucleus of a Fleet at Toulon, had allied herself with the Dutch. Monk and Rupert put to sea at the end of May with eighty sail, but Rupert was foolishly detached to intercept the French Fleet; and so Monk was left, in far inferior force, to meet de Ruyter half-way over from the North Foreland. He fought a most

desperate fight for four days, on the last of which¹ Rupert, who had got as far as the Isle of Wight and found no Frenchmen, joined him again. We lost ten and they five ships; in the next battle, on August 4th, our victory was complete, and the sorely crippled Dutch fled behind their sandbanks. Negotiations for peace began in October, but civilian advice had prevailed over expert advice, and, after the last battle, the King had laid up his big ships in harbour without even taking the precaution of fortifying the mouth of the River. And, as the negotiations were unduly spun out, the Dutch in the following June made a spring at Sheerness, seized it, sailed up the Medway, and burnt sixteen of our ships at the gates of Chatham Dockyard: the roar of their guns could be heard and the flare of the burning vessels seen from Whitehall; for a month more they blockaded the mouth of the River. Charles hastened to conclude peace on any terms, and was lucky to be able to retain New York and New Jersey (July, '67).

A month later Clarendon fell, a scapegoat for the misfortunes which closed the war. Charles, with the most heartless indifference, tossed him to his enemies to worry, advised him cynically to fly the country, and, when he had fled, supported his enemies in an Act for his banishment, by which his return was to be made high treason. To the King Clarendon had become a bore; he was always telling him home-truths—*e.g.* that he was letting the House of Commons get too much power, that he neglected the Queen for Lady Castlemaine, etc. He was no great statesman; of foreign policy he had no grasp at all, in domestic policy he had

¹ Rupert joined Monk in the late evening of the third day, but was not engaged till the fourth.

drifted back towards the ideas of Strafford, whom he had helped to the scaffold ; but he was a man of stainless honour, and upheld the traditions of a more strenuous and honourable age. The charges brought against him are ridiculous, and perhaps illustrate the deterioration of the standard of the House of Commons ; yet they are not more ridiculous than those which Eliot brought against Buckingham in 1626. Clarendon had no popularity to fall back upon ; the ' man in the street ' believed that he had made private profit from the sale of Dunkirk. In his second exile in France the old Minister brought to a close and revised his majestic ' History of the Great Rebellion,' which he had begun in 1646 at Scilly and Jersey. He died at Rouen in 1674.

The first period of Charles' reign was now at an end, and in the next, that is, until 1674, it can be said that he had no leading Minister at all. The intervening period is usually described as that of the ' Cabal ' Ministry ; but, in fact, this Cabal or Cabinet consisted of a shifting body of men. Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was Secretary of State, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, now Lord Ashley, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Thomas Clifford First Treasury-Commissioner ; Lauderdale was the oracle on Scottish affairs, and the versatile and immoral Duke of Buckingham (son of our old friend of 1628), though holding no executive office, was perhaps as much consulted as any one. The Great Seal was given to Sir Orlando Bridgman, until Ashley became Earl of Shaftesbury and Chancellor for one year, 1672-3. Monk, till his death in '70, and Monk's cousin Morice as Secretary of State, Archbishop Sheldon and Brother James were all from time to time members of the inner Cabinet. In finance at least these gentlemen were singularly unsuc-

cessful; from the fall of Clarendon onwards the King fell deeper and deeper into debt. For twenty-one months of this period—April, 1671, to February, 1673—Parliament was prorogued; when it sat its Sessions were always short and stormy, and the two Houses, by quarrelling with each other, generally gave the King good excuse for proroguing them. Charles lived mainly upon subsidies from his good brother of France, to whom he made all sorts of fine promises which he did not intend to fulfil; also he helped himself by a partial bankruptcy, in the shape of a suspension, and then a reduction of the interest on a sum of over a million borrowed from the London goldsmiths. These tradesmen acted as bankers and money-lenders—*i.e.* they received the deposits of private persons and allowed them 5 per cent. interest; then they lent money to the Government, charging, in Clarendon's more stable Ministry, 8 per cent., and after that 12 per cent. In January, '72, Charles, by the advice of Clifford, suspended the payment of this interest, and soon afterwards said he would pay half of it only; great outcry; the goldsmiths suspended payment of interest to their clients also, and many people were very hard hit. Partial repayments of interest were made in 1677 and again in 1701, but the capital was never repaid, and became the foundation of the 'National Debt.'

A transient 'Triple Alliance' was negotiated in 1668 with Holland and Sweden, which soon became a cloak for a more serious secret Treaty with France, concluded at Dover, after much haggling, in May, '70. By this astonishing document, which was only gradually revealed to, or guessed at by a few of the leading Ministers (Shaftesbury never knew of it for certain), Charles promised to declare himself a Catholic 'at a convenient

opportunity.' If England rebelled at this, Louis was to lend him troops; England and France were to join in robbing the Dutch Republic at once, and the Spanish Monarchy on the death of the reigning Carlos II. England's share of the latter was unspecified, but Minorca and South America were indicated as desirable; of the former she was to have the islands and ports at Scheldt-mouth, Walcheren, Cadzant and Sluys. Above all, Louis was to pay, pay, pay, and Charles was to keep Parliament in the dark. How far Charles was sincere in the direction of Popery, it is very difficult to say; the Catholics seem to have put some confidence in him up till 1674. To me it seems as if he merely intended to blind Louis until Holland should be humbled. Busy Ministers came and went, bogus Treaties were shown to Buckingham and Shaftesbury. Arlington and Clifford, recent converts to Popery, were in the secret. James was also known to be a recent convert, although he did not as yet¹ openly declare himself to be one; he had lost his wife a year before, and he was soon to marry the good and beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena. War was declared on Holland in March, '72; 'Delenda est Carthago' said Shaftesbury—a phrase which he was not allowed to forget. Ten thousand troops were raised and encamped at Yarmouth under a French Commander, Schomberg,² ready to be transported to the Scheldt if the Fleet should be victorious. The French and English Fleets joined in the Channel, some ninety sail, under James and the Earl of Sandwich.

¹ Not till 1676.

² Schomberg was of German and English extraction, but he was in the French service at this time. He became a Marshal of France in 1675.

They met the Dutch off Southwold on June 1st, and a fierce drawn battle was the result, the French ships giving little assistance. It was the same story next year, when Rupert and the Frenchman d'Estrées again met de Ruyter off the Dutch coast ; the French Fleet, for reasons of its own, hung back and all the brunt fell on Rupert ; no losses of ships were sustained by either side, but the English Fleet was the more damaged, and de Ruyter's object, to avert an invasion, was attained. Louis' Army had meanwhile overrun the Southern territory of the Republic, and the Republic had had to save itself by calling young William of Orange to the head of its forces and government. William turned on at Arnheim the tap which controlled the waters of Yssel and Rhine, and put his country under two feet of water. The French Army had to retreat.

Public opinion in England veered right round during this war ; the Navy had borne the strain gallantly on the water, but very badly in its administrative departments ; want of money was at the root of all. Louis was thought to be leading us by the nose ; in reality Charles had got him to do on land the work which we were too weak to complete by sea. Holland henceforth gradually ceased to be a first-class Power, and, though her commerce continued to increase far into the Eighteenth Century, England was soon able to compete successfully with that commerce in every quarter of the globe save one.¹ Parliament, when it met in the autumn of 1673 and again at the beginning of 1674, cried out for peace, and the Peace of 1674 recognized the *status quo*, all to the advantage of England. The object of young Prince William was henceforth to draw nearer and

¹ To wit the Spice Islands ; *vide infra*, vol. iv p. 117.

nearer to the English alliance, and in 1677 he succeeded in marrying his cousin, Mary Stuart, elder daughter of Prince James and Anne Hyde.

As a step towards carrying out the most secret article of the Treaty of Dover, Charles had issued, in the same month in which he declared war on Holland, a Declaration of Indulgence, suspending all manner of penal laws against Dissenters from the English Church, Protestant and Catholic alike. The sturdy Protestants, who, moreover, had better hopes from a Bill which had already been introduced into the Lower House in 1668, did not rise to this fly; any toleration for themselves if accompanied by one for Papists, was to them a source of fear, and this shows that they can't have been very badly persecuted. Shaftesbury as Chancellor warmly supported the Declaration, but Parliament, when it met in February, '73, utterly protested against anything of the kind. The King withdrew the thing in the most submissive manner, and it was a serious defeat for the Monarchy. Parliament went further, and passed, without a moment's hesitation, the first 'Test Act,' making the reception of the Sacrament according to the Prayer Book rite, and a strong declaration against the Catholic doctrine, absolute necessities for all persons holding office under the Crown. James had to resign the Admiralty—a great loss to the Navy, for which he had done much—and Clifford the Treasurership.¹ Sir Thomas Osborne became Treasurer and was made Earl of Danby. Shaftesbury went into opposition and began to build up the party soon to be openly called the 'Whigs.'

That party rested its claims on the maintenance of the tradition of Eliot and Hampden—a son of the latter

¹ He had been made Lord Treasurer in April, 1672.

was one of its foremost members. Its favourite toast in after years was, 'The Cause for which Hampden bled on the field and Sidney¹ perished on the scaffold!' The continuity of the said Cause cannot altogether be denied; Eliot and Hampden were in some measure the political ancestors of Shaftesbury and Sidney; however much they had desired a united Nation, they had merely succeeded in dividing it. But they had, at least, been clean from personal motives; they had never clamoured for the spoils of office. In the early years of the Parliament of 1661, too, there was a knot of men verging towards Whiggish actions, if not towards Whiggish principles; Lord Robartes in the Upper and Sir William Coventry in the Lower House are examples, and this 'Country Party,' as it was then generally called, had recruited itself from many discontented old Cavaliers and courtiers; it had, indeed, achieved a signal victory over Charles in 1673, but that was because of the shadow of Popery on the wall, which instantly rallied a majority against the Crown. Shaftesbury's motives, however, I take to have been ambitious and factious—the triumph of his party by any and every means. That there were good Whigs, who followed him in ignorance of this, I do not for a moment deny, still less do I deny that the Whig party, when settled in the saddle, became more respectable and occasionally governed England well. But they, even more than the Tories who opposed them, were born in faction and were never able to free themselves from their birth-stain.

Shaftesbury is an extraordinarily interesting figure—a 'breathing corpse' if you looked at his person, suffering from a constant running sore,—a man of deep

¹ Algernon Sidney, executed 1683.

reading, classical, historical, philosophical and theological, the friend of the great philosopher John Locke, a Royalist in the Civil War, a trusted administrator of the Protector, an intimate friend of Charles II. for the first twelve years of his reign, tolerant in advance of his age, perhaps because of his latitudinarian principles; the first man who, from the House of Lords, swayed at once a majority in the House of Commons and in the City of London, and who waged, almost successfully, for seven years, a contest against one of the wariest and most unscrupulous Kings who ever sat on a throne. His first allies were perhaps the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Wharton; soon there gathered round him the Earls of Essex, of Carlisle (a Howard), and Salisbury (a Cecil); Lord Falconbridge, Cromwell's son-in-law; good old Holles,¹ William Lord Russell, Lord Grey of Wark and Lord Howard of Escrick; the last two were men of disreputable character who betrayed their own side after its defeat. George Savile, Viscount and subsequently Marquis of Halifax, of whom anon, was prepared to go a long way with this party, but not the whole way. It is Shaftesbury, then, who is the first true party leader, prepared to go the whole way, to do anything in order to catch votes, and it must be admitted that he used very dirty tools. He was not, as later Whigs professed to be, the champion of Holland, or of Flanders, or of liberty abroad; foreign politics, the naval strength and honour of England, are merely cards in his hand. It is noticeable that, while the party soon came to command an immense majority in the Commons, it had, in that House, only one man of note—William, Lord Russell; its most

¹ The last surviving leader of Eliot's party of 1629.

famous Commoner, Algernon Sidney, could never get a seat in Parliament. In the Lords, before 1689, it never had a majority at all; it relied, therefore, mainly on the rank and file of the Lower House—many of whom had been enthusiastic Royalists in 1661. It speaks, therefore, volumes either for the suspicion engendered by Charles' want of system in government, or for the abilities of Shaftesbury, that these men, mainly rich country squires and merchants, were content to follow the latter as they did in his campaign against the Crown.

Somewhere about the year 1674-5 King Charles began to give his mind to home politics more seriously than before. He was well served by Secretary Coventry and other administrators, and the wealth and credit of the country were growing steadily in spite of the immorality of the Court and the factiousness of the Parliament. He got in Danby a Treasurer of conspicuous ability, whose views on home politics were those of Clarendon, and who, in foreign matters, favoured and made an alliance with Holland—just the thing, one would have thought, to appeal to the Parliament which had denounced the alliance with France. Danby, who had no scruples, no friends 'except his own impudence,' and none too much money at his disposal, attempted to build up a counter-party in the Commons by direct bribery of honourable members, and was no doubt the first Minister of the Crown to bribe on any serious scale. He played his game well, but Charles was playing a deeper game still, and never gave him a free hand. Charles was still negotiating with Louis for supplies, and was holding over Louis' head the threat of a close alliance with Holland, Spain and the

Emperor, against whom Louis continued to fight until the Peace of Nimeguen in August, '78. Against these negotiations Danby protested in vain. The real object of the King was to keep England neutral in this war, and to be paid for doing so. With this view he agreed, in the autumn of '77, to the marriage of his niece Mary of York with her cousin William of Orange, and even gave the bride away; with the same view he promised to Louis, from time to time during the decade '70-'80, successive prorogations and dissolutions of Parliament, and winked at that monarch's aggressions on the Southern borders of Flanders, which a more patriotic King would have instantly opposed.

Parliament, indeed, sat little during Danby's tenure of office; there was a prorogation of over a year, March, '74, to April, '75. It is to be noticed that these prorogations were made easy to the King by fierce quarrels between the Houses, whenever they met, mainly on points of 'privilege'. Danby was allowed in the latter month to bring in a Test Bill to exclude from both Houses of Parliament both Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, but Shaftesbury led a fierce opposition against him, and gave thereby the first proof of his power: he intrigued with old republican exiles in Holland; he founded the 'Green Ribbon Club,' nominally for the purpose of burning the Pope in effigy, really as a centre, in which the parliamentary and non-parliamentary opposition to Charles could meet and lay plans of agitation. There was a very brief Session in '76, followed by a fifteen months' prorogation, and, at the next meeting, in February, '77, Shaftesbury began to raise the cry for a new Parliament; he and his friends maintained that a prorogation for over a year should, *ipso facto*, cause

a dissolution. This time his effort was in vain. Together with three other Peers he was sent to the Tower by the Lords themselves; he remained there for over a year, and had to make an abject submission in order to be let out. Charles and Danby appeared in '77 to be completely triumphant over the first effort of the Whigs; the King professed zeal for the Dutch cause and even got a considerable grant of money from Parliament, with which he equipped his Fleet; he also recalled and disbanded the few remaining British troops which were still in the French service.¹

Louis began to be very uneasy; he had no wish to see Charles united with the English people in the Dutch interest, and he therefore began to bribe himself a party in the English Parliament. The King of Spain and the Emperor, with far emptier pockets, were trying to do the same. Louis' main agent was a fat little Ambassador called Barillon, who resided for a long period in England, and made himself agreeable in society in spite of his dirty habit of paring his nails in public. Barillon has left on record that it became increasingly difficult to fathom the aims of the King of England. But his bribes were not without success; the Whig leaders promised to refuse Charles money for a French war. Shaftesbury (a very rich man), Russell and Holles would not take bribes, and, by 1680, Holles had turned his honest back on the party that rested on them; but the others, including the 'lofty republican patriot' Algernon Sidney, took their thousand guineas with great com-

¹ One regiment, 'The Buffs,' had returned from France at the date of the First Dutch War. Another, 'The Royal Scots,' originally in the Swedish service, had been in France from 1668-70. Neither of these was disbanded.

placency, and the result was that Charles was not able to pose as an armed mediator at the Peace of Nimeguen, August, 1678. Three months before that he had to apply to Louis again for cash, and Danby was made to write a letter demanding it—a letter which nearly cost the writer his head.

This Peace in fact marked the height of Louis' power in Europe, but it was concluded at the expense of Spain and the Empire, rather than of England or Holland. Charles, then, had reason to be fairly satisfied, for he had certainly never desired to go to war against France, and only pretended to desire it as a move in the game against the Whigs. But the Whigs had discredited themselves also, for they had clamoured for war with France, and yet had refused the King the men and the money to wage it with! Suddenly a new weapon fell into their hands. The Reverend (?) Titus Oates, son of an ex-chaplain of Pride's, himself once a Jesuit in Spain and Belgium, already in his youth twice indicted for perjury, returned to London from St. Omers in the summer of '78. With the aid of a London clergyman named Tonge, whom he gulled, Oates sought out a zealous London magistrate called Godfrey, and deposited with him a certain paper; it was a copy of a story which, in August '78, he, Oates, found means to tell to the King. The tale was that the Jesuits had a plot on foot to kill Charles, and, if brother James refused to become their instrument in a wholesale massacre and revolution which was to follow, to kill brother James as well.

Now there is no doubt that the Catholics were deeply disgusted with Charles, for he owed them much, and had failed to protect them; after the defeat of his Declaration of Indulgence he hardly seemed to try to

do so, and he had accepted the Test Act without a struggle. At the same time the lay Catholics and secular priests were loyal to the core, and it was their great misfortune, as it was that of their faith all over Europe, that the Jesuits would not let them rest in this loyalty. The most active English Jesuit was the Duchess of York's secretary, Edward Coleman. Louis had used him as a bribery agent, and he kept up a constant correspondence with French and Roman Jesuits. That correspondence unquestionably reveals a 'design' of some sort. That correspondence, or at least the fact of it, was vaguely known to Oates; he had probably heard of it from Belgian Jesuits. Warnings of something of the kind, from loyal Catholics, had reached the King before the pretended revelation of Oates. That some movement of 'force unlawfully directed against authority' in the interest of the Jesuits was contemplated, is certain. What is not certain is how much James knew; the case as put by the latest authority (Mr. John Pollock, 'The Popish Plot,' 1903) certainly looks black against him. Oates at any rate began, at the end of September, to accuse by name enormous numbers of people (leading Catholic Peers among them) of a design to kill the King. He was examined in Council, and the King pronounced him "a most lying knave"; but, when Coleman's house was searched, incriminating papers were found, and the whole town was thrown into a violent 'No Popery' fervour. Numerous Jesuits and other Catholics were arrested on the bare word of Oates. The terror and suspicion were increased when Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate who had received Oates' deposition, was found mysteriously dead in the outskirts of London on October 17th. His death is one of the favourite

'mysteries' of History, but the most reasonable conjecture seems to be that Oates had deposited with Godfrey papers implicating the leading Jesuits to an extent which he was afterwards unable to prove, but which they knew to be near the truth, and that to get possession of these papers they murdered Godfrey. It also looks as if Godfrey, who was a friend of Coleman, had given him some sort of warning, and even as if Godfrey had anticipated his own fate.

In the month of Godfrey's murder, October '78, Parliament met, and Shaftesbury at once reorganized his party on the basis of the 'Popish Plot': the Houses ordered Committees of Investigation, sent five Catholic Peers to the Tower, demanded the dismissal of all Papists from London, and passed a Bill for ever excluding them from both Houses. Oates became their hero, their idol, and, as he found people believed anything he said, he naturally went on to invent fresh and fresh lies. He soon found imitators, Bedloe, Dangerfield, Prance, etc.; he was lodged at Whitehall, and no one dared to contradict him. The King had simply to stand by and bide his time. Shaftesbury more than hinted that 'Somerset House' (the Queen's residence) knew all about the Plot. Parliament fell upon Danby, excellent Protestant though he was known to be, as an easy victim, and impeached him for the late secret letter to France, which the English Ambassador at Paris had revealed out of personal spite. At the same time it demanded the dismissal of James from the Privy Council, and even suggested his exclusion from the succession.

The King was in a very tight place; he certainly had no cause to love or trust brother James, but he didn't at first believe any of Oates' tales. As for Danby, Charles

had already thrown Clarendon to the wolves, and been none the worse for it ; yet to save Danby he dissolved in January, '79, his eighteen-year-old Parliament, and called a new one to meet in March. The Green Ribbon Club at once began a fierce election campaign, in which, it is said, freeholds were for the first time actually created in the counties in order to multiply votes. The 'Exclusion of the Popish Successor' and 'Vengeance for the Popish Plot' were the leading cries. The result was an overpowering Whig majority in the Lower House. Those who, in our own days, cry out for a 'Single Chamber' and denounce the hereditary legislators, might well take a look at those fateful years 1679-81. The vengeance that the Commons now demanded against whole categories of innocent persons was as blind, as ignorant and as bloody as anything in the history of the French Revolution. Luckily the House of Lords, though sharing much of this fanaticism, kept some measure of common sense. Parliament, however, had to deal with a King of the deepest craft, now thoroughly roused to play the game to the end for its own sake—one might almost say for the mere sport. Charles could at any moment have bought peace, overwhelming popularity and a rich supply of money, if he had wholly given way to the Whigs. He has been compared to an angler who has hooked a big salmon (he was fond of swearing by 'God's fish') which he plays with consummate skill : as long as the fish is in rough water, going down stream at a fearful pace, and the banks are steep and rocky, he simply has to give it line and hold on ; it dashes over the last cataract, and thinks to break him and get to sea ; but he has still some line left, and, to the astonishment of the fish, it finds itself in a long, deep, smooth pool. Its last floppings are not dignified,

and the angler with a smile reels in and gets his gaff home.

The King's first move was to take a Ministry partly selected from the Opposition. He made Shaftesbury, almost against his will, President of the Council, Essex a Commissioner of the Treasury, Russell, Sir William Temple and Halifax Privy Councillors, and Lord Sunderland, a young man of whom we shall hear again, Secretary of State. He professed that he would be guided always by a Privy Council of thirty members, half at least of whom should always be members of the Houses. The scheme is attributed to Temple, more probably it was Sunderland's. It was in some measure a 'new Constitution,' a feeling towards the system of Cabinet government. The most important inclusion was that of Halifax. This remarkable man, George Savile, was a grandson of Strafford's sister; his father had been the intimate friend of Selden, and had suffered loyally for Charles I. The son had been made a peer in '68. He had drifted over to Shaftesbury's side, partly in admiration of the latter's talents, partly because he largely agreed with his opinions. Both were latitudinarians, both professed toleration, but Halifax really believed in it, as he also believed in compromise. His learning and wit were as great as Shaftesbury's, his patriotism far more true. Charles had hitherto disliked, or perhaps really feared him; now he at once found in him his right hand. Not that Halifax, if he had ever been a Whig, deserted the Whigs—he was inclined to go great lengths in Whiggery; we shall see presently what he was not prepared to do.

The Whigs in fact put themselves in the wrong by accepting office. Charles sent James out of the kingdom—to Brussels, and then to Scotland: this did not satisfy

them, and the King had no intention that this or anything else should satisfy them. They prepared the impeachment of the five Popish Lords; he professed to approve: they took up Danby's impeachment again; Charles cheerfully let him go to the Tower. They proposed to the King to divorce the Queen, whom Oates had already accused of high treason; Charles, while carefully protecting Katharine against Oates, allowed their leaders to think he would consider the matter of divorce. He even consented to the passing of a Habeas Corpus Act, which turned the old Common Law right into a Statutory right, and practically made it impossible to keep suspected persons in prison without bringing them to trial. Then in May a Bill was introduced and carried in the Lower House to exclude James from the succession. Charles at once prorogued, and soon afterwards dissolved Parliament.

By giving way as far as he had done, the King had induced Shaftesbury to think he would swallow anything. He had a natural son, James Crofts, whom he had made Duke of Monmouth, a handsome, vain, empty-headed lad, who gave himself away to the Whigs, and who now allowed Shaftesbury to 'run' him as candidate for the succession. A better candidate would have been the Prince of Orange at once, or rather the Prince's wife, Mary of York; and to this it is possible that Halifax, whose foresight taught him to believe in William, might have agreed. But from an avowed bastard his whole mind recoiled; and Shaftesbury spoilt his cause by getting up a rumour, to which Charles gave most solemn denial, that the King had really been married to Monmouth's mother, a woman of low character. This insult and the firm support of Halifax gave the King courage

to dismiss Shaftesbury and his followers from the new Privy Council, October, '79. Laurence Hyde, the second son of Clarendon, became First Lord of the Treasury, and Sidney Godolphin came to share with Sunderland the duties of Secretary of State.

Meanwhile, from the autumn of '78, the trials of 'Jesuits and other wicked persons,' accused of being in the Plot, had been going on and went on into 1681. Altogether over thirty persons were condemned to death, mostly on the false evidence of men like Oates and Bedloe. Their lives were sacrificed to the aggressive policy of Shaftesbury and the defensive policy of the King. Strangely enough, whatever truth lay at the bottom of the matter, neither Shaftesbury, who directed the storm, nor the judges, who tried the cases, knew. If the King knew, it is probable that Halifax knew also; but we have no means of knowing what the King knew, and, till we can say that he knew something definite, we must brand him and Halifax too with the crime of going with the stream, and sacrificing lives which they believed to be innocent. The issue was now clear. Charles 'would rather see his son hanged than legitimize him.' Monmouth, who had been allowed to put down a rebellion of the Scottish Covenanters in the summer, was banished to the Hague, where William doubtless learned to know him for the empty ass he was. All the latter part of '79 and for the first half of '80 constant petitions for an early meeting of Parliament poured in upon the King, together with petitions of loyalty professing 'abhorrence' of the Whigs' movements; from this circumstance arose the names of 'Petitioners' and 'Abhorrrers,' soon to be merged in those of 'Whigs' and 'Tories.' Shaftesbury got up, among other things,

pretended plots against his own life, or perhaps there may have been some grains of truth in these also; certainly the Jesuits, whose backs were now to the wall, would not stick at a little assassination. The temper of the City was well shown on 'Queen Elizabeth's Day' (November 17th), 1679, when, in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, there was a great procession from Whitehall to Temple Bar, in which the Pope and the Devil, 'attended by boys in surplices, with a train of bishops, cardinals and friars,' were carried past the poor Queen's windows and the Pope was burned at Temple Bar; the Lord Mayor had told the King it would be impossible to stop this show and dangerous to attempt it. But the tide was now beginning to turn, though the Whig fish was still tearing unconsciously down-stream to meet it. The evidence given by Oates on the trial of Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, had been gravely shaken. Wakeman had been acquitted, and Scroggs, C J., had said some very hard things to Oates; and when, at the end of 1680, Lord Stafford, the oldest and most venerable of the five Catholic Peers impeached for the plot, was at last brought to trial before the House of Lords, there was good reason to expect an acquittal. To the Kings' great surprise and disgust he was found guilty. New witnesses had arisen, whose credit his feeble and rambling defence failed to shake. The King dared not pardon him, for, if he was to triumph in the end, he must not appear to be 'defeating the ends of justice.' Moreover it was on the Lords that the King relied most, and it was a majority of twenty-two Lords who had condemned Stafford. But the end was not far off.

Six months earlier Shaftesbury had indicted James as

a Popish recusant, though the Judges had managed to prevent the Grand Jury from returning true bill. The new Parliament met in October, '80, and Charles offered expedient after expedient to neutralize the dangers expected from a Popish successor; offered, in fact, anything short of Exclusion. But the Commons were 'outside themselves,' and passed the Exclusion Bill at once. The Lords, mainly owing to the brilliant reasoning of Halifax, threw out the Bill by a majority of two to one. Thereon the Commons, not content with refusing supply, voted that any one who helped the King with money was an enemy to the kingdom; civil war was in fact freely suggested in the Whigs' camp. In January, '81, Charles suddenly dissolved Parliament and called a new one to meet at Oxford on March 21st. He had assured himself, by a good supply of money from France, of being able to hold on for the next three years. Sunderland, who had advised his master to give way to the Whigs and recognize Monmouth as his heir, was dismissed, and not reinstated until '83.

Shaftesbury 'went to the country' with the old cries of 1679, yet more shrill: 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill of Exclusion!' 'No "Arbitrary" Dissolution of Parliament!' 'No Standing Army!' and Monmouth (James Crofts) for heir of Great Britain and Ireland! The said Crofts returned from exile, and went about allowing Green Ribbonites to worship him. The Whig Peers rode to Oxford in arms and accompanied by armed retainers; the King for his part took a troop of Lifeguards with him. Both retainers and Lifeguards, it was thought, would be needed. Oddly enough the future George I, then 'courting the Lady Anne,' paid a visit to Oxford about the same time: he

did not reveal his thoughts on the points at issue between cousin Charles and his subjects ; George was not given to revealing his thoughts, and the lady Anne ultimately married another George, Prince of Denmark, in his stead. The undergraduates were sent down, - which must have been a great disappointment to them, before the King arrived on March 14th. On his way to Christ Church, where he lodged, gowmsmen¹ crowded round his carriage crying out, ' The Devil hang up the Round-heads,' whereat His Majesty smiled and seemed pleased. Carfax blazed with bonfires, but without Rumps (which Antony Wood thought a pity). On the 17th the King went to Burford races. The Queen, who only felt safe when she was near her husband, lodged at Merton. Shaftesbury, who had tried to get his friend Locke to hire a whole College for him, was obliged to put up with about half of Balliol ; his servants no doubt would go across and drink at that ' horrid, dingy, scandalous alehouse, where the Balliol men, by continual bubbling, do add art to their natural stupidity.' These, by the way, told their Master, ' who spoke to them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor called ale,' that the Vice-Chancellor's men (*i.e.* Trinity men) do the same thing at The Split Crow. The Vice-Chancellor seems to have defended the practice :— " There is no hurt," says he, " in ale." Mr. Prideaux, who tells of this scandal, was a Christ Church man, but he was afterwards obliged to own that the students of ' the House ' ' owed £1,500 in ticks at The Mermaid.'

Oxford tradesmen, in spite of a regular tariff posted up by the Vice-Chancellor, were evidently charging ' Commemoration prices,' for even that pestilent Whig

¹ Presumably Dons, who were then bolder in expressing sound opinions than they are to-day.

Alderman William Wright, M.P., at whose house Monmouth lodged, was not above asking Shaftesbury twenty shillings a bushel for oats,¹ and declaring it was cost-price! The Lords sat in the Geometry School on the first floor of the 'Schools,' and the Commons in the Convocation House itself; this was, however found inconveniently small. The King on the 21st, in a crafty speech, made his last offer, well knowing that it would be refused; James, he said, should be banished the kingdom and Mary of Orange should act as Regent for him; any son James had should be educated as a Protestant—only let the title of King remain to its lawful owner; to the elevation of Monmouth he, Charles, would never consent. But not a word of this would Shaftesbury's party hear. Exclusion and Exclusion alone would satisfy them. For six days² the Commons were perfectly confident. Charles pretended to be preparing the Sheldonian Theatre for their better accommodation. But on the 28th he suddenly appeared in his robes in the Lords, sent for the Commons, and said, "My Lords and Gentlemen, that all the world may see to what a point we are come," etc, and dissolved his last Parliament. He had gauged the turn of the tide with perfect accuracy; the Whig fish had altogether mistaken it, and had spent

¹ The ways of Oxford tradesmen were no doubt always inscrutable, but I am bound to add that the price quoted sounds incredible. It is, however, given by Mr. Christie, usually a very accurate writer, in his 'Life of Shaftesbury,' vol. II, p. 396. Lord Shaftesbury's papers are now, in excellent order, at the Record Office, but I searched them in vain for this letter, which was written by John Locke on February 6th; nor is anything known of the letter at St. Giles House, Cranborne, the seat of the present Lord Shaftesbury.

² March 27th was a Sunday.

its furious strength in vain ; the angler's iron wrist had but to reel in, and his triumph was complete.

The strength of the reaction must not, however, be overstated. 'The country,' *i.e.* the intelligent upper classes, felt that anything was better than civil war, the dreadful period of which every one of middle age could remember. The Whigs were preparing for civil war, simply to set a bastard on the throne of Great Britain. The alternative was a Papist, and we hated it ; but it couldn't be helped. We would do our best to be loyal to him ; and when he became King we tried very hard to be so. The humour of the situation is reached when we learn from Bishop Burnet that, on William's next visit to Charles, in July of that same year, the King prophesied to his nephew exactly what James would do when he became King ; and many people have therefore not unnaturally said, 'Would not Charles have been wiser to agree with his Parliament ?' The answer must be a thousand times, No. In the first place this acute if unscrupulous man saw that his Parliament did not represent any enduring wish of the sober part of the English people ; the Whig majority was a 'scratch' majority, based on a temporary terror, fanned by the story of the Plot. In the second place, the Crown would have been for ever degraded by being placed on the head of the son of Lucy Walters. Charles saved the Majesty of the Crown, whatever that was worth—and it is worth very much—and handed it on with a lustre that the Revolution of 1688 could not impair, that even the four Georges could scarcely dim. But for the wicked King Charles there would have never been a good Queen Victoria.

Shaftesbury was now reduced to planning either open or secret risings, which every hour made more and more

certain to fail. Plots there could be, and even assassination plots; the Whiggery of the City of London had been very violent and would die very hard. Halifax suggested Shaftesbury's immediate arrest, and he was arrested in July and sent to the Tower under a charge of high treason. Just before he was brought to trial in November, Dryden set the world ringing with his great satire of 'Absalom and Achitophel' (Monmouth and Shaftesbury; see II. Sam. xv-xviii). But, at the trial, Whig Sheriffs of course impanelled a Whig Grand Jury, and 'no true bill' was found. Shaftesbury, however, on his release, failed in an attempt to prosecute for perjury the witnesses who had appeared against him. All 1682 the reaction grew, and all the attempts of the Whig leaders to raise forces were in vain. These leaders were now reduced to Essex, Monmouth, Lord Grey of Wark, William Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney and Shaftesbury himself. Towards the end of the year the last was obliged to go into hiding in the East end of London, and, when Monmouth was arrested, he lost heart and fled in disguise to Holland. That hospitable country was already full of exiles of his party, but an Amsterdam burgher must be excused if he greeted Shaftesbury with the quip, "*Carthago nondum est deleta.*" In a few weeks, January, '83, the great Whig leader was dead. Assassination plots remained the last card of his defeated followers, and for two of these, brought to light in 1683, Russell and Sidney suffered death. It is probable that Russell at least was innocent of any intention to kill; he was, however, actively plotting insurrection, and so has become a Whig martyr. In both cases the law of treason was severely strained by the Judges, especially in the case of Sidney, when an unpublished republican manuscript

was allowed to count as evidence against the prisoner. The more famous of the two designs, called the 'Rye House Plot,' to kill Charles and James at a lonely post-house near Hoddesdon on their way home from Newmarket, was organized by two men called Ferguson and Rumbold, the former, who had a perfect genius for plots and for escaping from their consequences, became a chaplain of Monmouth's in 1685, and died as a Jacobite plotter; the latter was an old 'agitator' of 1649, and had been on guard at Charles I's scaffold—he would have been 'none the worse for a hanging' at any time, and ended with being hanged for Argyll's rising. Essex saved himself from Russell's fate by committing suicide in prison, Lord Howard of Escrick by turning King's evidence, and Lord Grey by flight to Holland. Sidney's had been an extraordinary career; he was a Percy as well as a Sidney; he had fought at Marston Moor, had been named, but had refused to sit as one of Charles I.'s judges; had denounced Oliver for turning out the Long Parliament, had lived, now in high Catholic society at Rome, now with exiled regicides in Switzerland, and had vehemently supported the Dutch against his fatherland in 1665. Even Shaftesbury had always distrusted him, and he had taken an enormous bribe from Barillon. But, as he said, he was '*manus hæc inimica tyrannis*,' and, after Shaftesbury's flight, he led Essex and Russell by the nose.

On the rebellious City of London also vengeance was taken. On some trifling pretext its Charter was forfeited and a new one drawn up. When the City refused to receive this, the King simply took into his own hands the nomination of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and other officials. Thus a Royalist Corporation was ensured, Royalist juries could now be impanelled, and Royalist members would

probably be returned to Parliament. As for that body itself, Charles omitted to summon it for the rest of his reign—very nearly four years from the dissolution of the Oxford Session; Halifax, it is true, urged him to summon it, but Halifax also interceded warmly for Russell's life. Charles was no doubt hard up for cash, in spite of the excellent management of his Treasurer, Laurence Hyde, now Lord Rochester, but it was a condition to which he was well used, and his alliances, both with France and France's enemy William, seemed firmer than ever. Whether even his adroitness could have continued to maintain this position long must be doubtful. Charles had frankly told William in 1681 that there might be danger for the Netherlands, but that his own first duty was to save the Crown of England. He had managed to hold Louis back from an attack upon Luxemburg in 1681, but failed to do so in 1684. Monmouth had given trouble in 1682—he had been making quasi-royal progresses in the West, and had even 'touched' persons for the 'King's evil,' as the scrofula, healable only by royal touch, was called; he was therefore again banished in 1683. The King died of an unknown¹ disease, which baffled the medical science of that day, on February 6th, 1685; his last act was to accept the sacraments from a Catholic priest who had aided his escape from Worcester; his last words were to apologize, with cynical politeness, for 'having been such an unconscionable time in dying.' Indeed he must have been a man of extraordinary physical endurance to bear for five days the tortures of bleeding and blistering with hot bricks, which the doctors applied to relieve him.

¹ Dr. Raymond Crawford has at length made a true diagnosis of Charles' disease, and is about to publish a monograph on the subject.

CHAPTER II

“JESUITS AND OTHER WICKED PERSONS”

IF one put James II. into a book of fiction, people would say, “What an impossible character!” Other men who have thrown away crowns from sheer bigotry have had some substratum of goodness, or some personal charm, or it has been possible to weave some romance round them. James was bad, unromantic and a fool.

King Solomon in his Proverbs distinguishes between two kinds of fools; there is one who should be answered according to his folly, and one who should not. James was equally incapable of profiting by either kind of answer. Louis XIV. honestly told him to seek his salvation in a close French alliance, to unwhig his people for ever, and to chastise them with scorpions if they resisted; and, though much of this fell in with James’ particular brand of folly, he was too proud to take the advice. The loyal English Tories, on the other hand, told James that he must reign according to the old Constitution, and protect the Church of England; Whiggery would then die a natural death. This advice he rejected even more contemptuously; and in forty-six months he had rushed blindly on his fate. No king or man ever more richly deserved that fate: the supremacy, not the liberation of his own Church was what he meant

to bring about ; and his own Church was not even that of his own Catholic subjects, who only wanted peace and quiet ; still less was it that of the Pope, who hated and dreaded Louis XIV. ; but it was the Church of the French Jesuits, who were scheming to set their feet on the necks of Popes, Kings and peoples alike. James, however, was an inapt pupil of the Jesuits, for he was a singularly inadequate liar and an even worse judge of men. The Catholics whom he gathered round him were men without character, ability or position in the country ; he would take to his bosom the most ludicrous hypocrites if they pretended conversion ; he would tell his most loyal Tories that he would no longer employ them unless they would be converted : he was fond of saying that his father had been ruined ' because he had made concessions,' and that he, James, meant to make none. But it was just because he was in other respects a bad, cheap copy of his father, that he died an exile ; of the private virtues, of the dignity and courage of his father in misfortune, he had no share.

There was nothing altogether impossible, though much that was inconvenient, in the position of a Catholic Sovereign ruling over Protestant subjects ; there were other instances of it in Europe. Except in Spain Catholics now seldom actually burned Protestants ; even James had made no serious attempts to convert his two daughters. But England and all Europe saw how Louis XIV. was persecuting French Protestants who refused conversion, and it would therefore behove James to walk very warily. At first he promised to do so ; he was proclaimed King without a dog barking ; he told his first Privy Council that ' no one should perceive his private opinions,' and that he would protect Church and

State as by law established. Of his first 'Cabinet,' Rochester, Godolphin, Halifax and Sunderland, we already know something. Rochester and his brother Clarendon, Viceroy of Ireland, were the hope of the 'stern unbending Tories'; for right divine, non-resistance and all the rest of it, a harsh, unpopular but honest pair. Godolphin was a good administrator, but had no influence. Halifax, the ablest living Englishman, soon found that he too had none, but as he did not scruple to give the most unpalatable advice in the most courtly language, he was soon dismissed. The man of the hour was Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State, son of a hero who had fallen by Falkland's side at Newbury and of a lady who had been sung by poets as 'Saccharissa'; he was a strange product of such parents. Dryden calls him

A second Machiavel, who soared above
The little ties of gratitude and love.

When he thought Shaftesbury would win he had been quite ready to swallow the Exclusion Bill. he was now all for vengeance on the defeated Whigs; but, in case of accident, he used his wicked wife's lover, Henry Sidney, to convey treacherous intelligence to the Dutch Court. Though he took a large annual pension from France, it was he who prevented James from accepting the help of France in the crisis of 1688. He turned Papist in that year, and Protestant again after the Revolution. But he had mental abilities and a grasp of politics only inferior to those of Halifax.

King James also took much counsel of Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice, whom he made Lord Chancellor in the autumn of 1685. Jeffreys was an exaggerated

specimen of the acute but vulgar criminal lawyer, of which there have been plenty since his time. Lords Powis, Bellasys and Arundel were stupid and not dishonourable Catholics ; Lord Dover clever and dishonourable. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, belongs to Irish history. Edward Petre, the King's Jesuit Clerk of the Closet and chief adviser, was detested by the better Catholics, and distrusted by every one who knew him : the King vainly tried to get the Pope to make him a Cardinal or Archbishop of York ; but the Pope very handsomely snubbed Lord Castlemaine, who was sent to Rome on this errand. In fact the Pope would have nothing to say to any of James' gang.

The moderate sentiments which James had at first expressed lasted very few weeks. His attempts in favour of Popery may be divided into two periods : in the first he hoped to get the Church of England to consent to them ; in the second he tried an alliance with the Protestant Dissenters against that Church. That which operated fatally against both attempts was the state of Europe at the time. James was fifty-two years old, and his heiress was Mary, Princess of Orange, a pious, brave, tender-hearted Protestant lady, wholly submissive to her husband. Her reign, therefore, would be the reign of William the Dutchman, an invalid suffering badly from asthma, a Calvinist, famous for his taciturnity and unconciliatory manners ; ' the plainest man ever seen and of no fashion at all,' Charles' courtiers had thought, but one who concealed a soul of fire under a mask of ice. The fuel that fed that fire was hatred of Louis XIV. To build up European leagues against Louis, and to throw the weight of the English Navy and purse into their scale was the object of William's life, and, in order to do this

last, he was finally obliged to play in English politics the part of a Whig. He never liked the part; could his wife have succeeded her father in the course of nature and fairly soon, he might have led a united England against Louis. By temperament William was autocratic; he had had his bellyful of Republican sentiments and factious Whiggery at the Hague, and was still having it. But circumstances and the folly of James left him no choice. Louis to some extent smoothed his path, for the aggressive policy of France brought about in 1686 the League of Augsburg between Spain, the Emperor and some German States; moreover, by revoking his grandfather's 'Edict of Nantes,' Louis had flooded Europe with industrious Protestant exiles burning for revenge. In England enormous subscriptions were raised for these people, much to the disgust of King James.

James called a Parliament in May, and it proved to be a High Church Tory Assembly, the most loyal that any Stuart King ever called. It voted him his brother's revenue at once, and did not press for the execution of anti-Catholic laws. While it was sitting the successful crushing of two rebellions strengthened the throne a good deal. The former of these, Argyll's, belongs to Scottish history;¹ the latter, that of the Duke of Monmouth, was the last rebellion that had its roots in English soil. Each started from Holland, and originated in plots of Whig exiles there; but to William, of course, the success of either would have been fatal. Monmouth landed in June near Lyme, Dorset, with only eighty-three companions. But Somerset was an old 'Parliamentary' district, and the bastard Duke had made many friends there in '82. He put forward an extremely

¹ *Vide infra*, p. 241.

Whiggish declaration, leaving the question of his 'rights' to a free Parliament, but branding his uncle James as a tyrant; and his programme, equality of all Protestants, annual Parliaments, etc., proved attractive to the peasantry and the artisans of the small towns. So when he reached Taunton, an old Whig stronghold, he had gathered round him some five thousand ill-armed men, and thereupon claimed the Crown; many of the Militia, who were called out against him, deserted to his colours. But very few persons of substance joined him, though he had hopes of help from Lord Delamere in Cheshire. Parliament at once voted £400,000 for the Army, and attainted the Duke of high treason. Lords Feversham and Churchill led the regular troops, including the recently recalled garrison of Tangier under Colonel Kirke, into the West. The Pretender was completely routed at Sedgemoor near Bridgwater, though the Wessex peasants, armed with scythes, fought most gallantly; and Kirke, who was entrusted with their final suppression, decorated Somerset with gibbets. The autumn Assize which followed was known (after the Revolution, when much legend rapidly grew up) as the 'Bloody Assize,'¹ and Jeffreys, who presided at it, incurred much obloquy. There were nearly fourteen hundred prisoners to be tried for treason in Dorset, Somerset and Devon; sixty-five were executed at once, and during the next few months perhaps as many again, but the majority were allowed to ransom themselves, or

¹ The first use I have found of the word is in an anonymous Dutch book, 'by D. v. H.', now in the library of the Athenæum Club, published in 1690, called 'Englands Staatsveranderingen vertoond in het Leven van Jacobus II.,' and evidently written by some one who accompanied William's expedition to England.

were transported to America. Jeffreys, who was accused of taking bribes from the relations of some prisoners, said, after his own fall, that the King had urged him to much greater severity.

During the rebellion James, in defiance of the Test Act, had employed some Catholics in his Army, and Halifax, who remonstrated against this, had been dismissed. What would the loyal Houses of Parliament say? They reassembled in November, just after James had outraged public feeling by prohibiting the celebration of 'the Fifth' ('no bonfires or squibs allowed'). James made a long speech to them, pointed out, with some truth, how inefficient the Militia had proved, and asked for a large increase of the regular Army. Then with incredible folly he went on to stir gratuitously the question of the employment of Catholics, which perhaps might have been passed over in silence, and said he was determined to keep them. This was too much for the Commons, who, by the mouth of a typical Tory, Sir Edward Seymour, 'that proud and saucy man,' protested emphatically against anything of the kind. A vote of £700,000 for the Army was carried, but James wantonly threw this away in his anger at the protest, which in the Lords, led by Halifax, Devonshire and Bishop Compton of London, had been even more emphatic. On the tenth day of its session Parliament was prorogued, and James never summoned it again.

He now proceeded to give, wholesale, 'dispensations' to Catholics to hold offices in spite of the Test Act, and, after clearing out four Judges, got a judicial decision to the effect that such 'dispensing power' was legal. Herbert, C.J., laid down that such power was an essential part of the Royal Prerogative: and, in law as based on

precedent, Herbert was right; he was no mere time-server, for when he shortly afterwards refused to rule, as James wished him to, that for a soldier to desert his colours was a capital felony, he was speedily dismissed. But the result of the legalizing of the dispensing power was that precedent and principle were now brought into more glaring opposition than under Charles I. There was nothing to stop a Catholic King from filling every office in the Protestant State—civil, military and religious—with men of his own faith, and James promptly began to do so. He seems to have forgotten that, if he were successful, there would not in England be nearly enough Catholics 'to go round.' That he offended three-fourths of the Peerage by turning out of posts at Court or Lord-Lieutenancies great men like the Dukes of Somerset and Norfolk, troubled him not at all.

And the Church of England, which by its doctrine of divine right had put him on the throne, seemed to him an excellent *corpus vile* on which to experiment with dispensations. Was he not Head of the said Church? In July, '86, he appointed an Ecclesiastical Commission to exercise the disciplinary powers of the Headship for him. Jeffreys and Sunderland were the leading spirits on it; Rochester was always outvoted and soon ceased to attend it; Archbishop Sancroft refused to sit on it; Bishops Spratt and Crewe did sit, but the former resigned in '88. Its first job was to deal with Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who had refused to suspend a parson for preaching against Popery. Compton was a dangerous man to offend—a sturdy, rather unspiritual person, of noble birth, who had been in the Guards before he took orders, and since had been tutor to Princesses Mary and Anne. The Commission suspended him from his bishop-

ric. Then, in the University of Oxford, James thought that three at least of the leading colleges might well be Romanized; so he gave dispensations to Catholics to hold the Deanery of Christ Church and the Mastership of University.

As you approached Oxford by the London road the first object that then greeted your eyes was the lovely tower of Magdalen College. 'That,' said a friend to the Duke of Wellington in after years, 'was the wall against which James II. ran his head'; and indeed the King hurtled with unexampled violence against those venerable stones. On a vacancy in the headship in March, '87, our Fellows (I speak as a Magdalen man) refused to execute King James' mandate to elect a man of bad character, reputed a Papist and statutably ineligible, and chose Mr. Hough instead. As a concession, to morality the King withdrew his bad friend, and ordered the College to substitute for Hough Dr. Parker, the Bishop of Oxford, who had strong leanings to Popery. This was also refused. The case dragged on for nearly a year, but ended in the deprivation by the Ecclesiastical Commission of Hough, of twenty-five Fellows and of numerous scholars. Good Lord Abingdon wrote to the deprived Fellows, and told them that "he wished he had preferments enough for all of 'em, but, as he hadn't, they were welcome to beef and mutton at Rycot." Papists were put in their places by the Crown. Parker died in March, '88, and a Catholic bishop called Gifford was immediately nominated President, but the undergraduates treated him and the new Fellows 'with all imaginable scorn.'

The same game went on elsewhere; early in '87 the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was deprived of his office

and of all his preferments, because the Senate had refused to give a degree to a monk. A Jesuit school, with tuition *gratis*, was opened at the Savoy; a gorgeous Catholic chapel was dedicated at Whitehall, a colony of monks was established in St James' Palace Chapel, and a Papal Nuncio, who, for his part, approved of none of these proceedings, was received in great state at Court. There was even a dreadful rumour that Dr. Busby of Westminster School, the greatest Head Master that ever swished boy (1638-95), was to make way for a Jesuit!

When he finally dismissed Rochester in January, '87, James had parted with all hope of bending the English Church, whose loyalty had given way to terror, and whose terror was now driving it towards resistance. It was now that the King turned to the Dissenters and issued his first 'Declaration of Indulgence,' suspending wholesale the Test Act and all other Acts and oaths restrictive of religious freedom. This document has the impertinence to take its stand upon 'Natural Rights,' of which the English law knows nothing at all. "I am confident," James writes to his cousin Sophia of Hanover, "that the much greater part of the Nation is grateful to me for having given liberty of conscience to all." Some Dissenting bodies, such as the Baptists and the Quakers, under the influence of William Penn, swallowed the bait; but the sober Presbyterians, immeasurably the largest Dissenting sect, preferred 'persecution' by the English Church to toleration in common with the Roman. From that hour a successful revolt in some shape was merely a question of time and opportunity.

There was indeed one real danger. In the summer of

'87 James dissolved his long-prorogued Parliament, and began to prepare measures for getting a new one of a Catholic and Dissenting complexion. He thought that he could do this by jobbery ; so he appointed a Commission to 'regulate' the Municipal Corporations, whose charters had already in many cases been regranted, on the model of that of London, since the year 1681. This Commission substituted aldermen and town councillors, either of Papist or Dissenting views, for those who then existed ; these, it was supposed, would elect subservient members for boroughs. The county constituencies might be 'managed' by the nomination of Catholics or Dissenters as Lords-Lieutenant, Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace ; and, if these people couldn't intimidate the forty-shilling freeholder at the poll, they could at least make false returns, or job him out of his vote in some way. As for the Lords, the King could 'swamp' them by nominating a hundred or so of his courtiers to be Peers. But all this took time, and, hard as James worked at it, and often as he said he was going to call a Parliament, he always found that he was 'not quite ready yet.'

And what of the future ? Suppose such a sham Parliament called, and the Catholics and the wilder sectaries in possession of all power ? Great is the name of a Parliament, but would England still acquiesce, and believe in that body ? William of Orange did not feel sure about this ; but his English friends told him plainly that, in that case, there would be no Protestant Succession or Successor. William, of course, was in touch with all parties in England, and was admirably served by his agents, Dykvelt and Zulestein. There was the reckless Tom Wharton, the Whig profligate and wit, who had carried the Exclusion Bill up to the Lords, and who

was now writing a mad song called 'Lilliburlero,'¹ set to music by Purcell, which was to 'whistle King James out of three Kingdoms'; he was for striking at once. Even the loyal Hyde brothers, even Danby, the champion of Princess Mary, Churchill, the friend of Princess Anne, Shrewsbury, the convert from Popery, Bedford and Nottingham, heads respectively of moderate Whigs and moderate Tories—all these could only tell William much the same as Wharton, '*in te spes unica.*' . . . 'for the Queen is with child again: true, all her children have hitherto died in infancy; but this one will live and it will be a boy. The Jesuits will take care that it is a boy. The King has been to St. Winifred's Holy Well in Wales, and the Saint has assured him that it *shall* be a boy.' And so the year '87 ran out, and every one whistled 'Lilliburlero Bullen-a-la.'

William had given due heed to these warnings, and, by the beginning of '88, was preparing to do something serious, though it was not till July that James got a glimmering idea that 'some in Holland have a mind to a war.' Louis pressed upon James an open French alliance and an attack on Holland; James turned a deaf ear to all but Father Petre, Sunderland and St. Winifred. But he asked the Dutch Estates to send back the six British regiments that had been in Holland since 1678, and, when the Estates refused, he began some fortifications at Sheerness and Chatham. William's initial difficulties, however, were, like those of his namesake in 1066, enormous: as Admiral and Captain-General of the Dutch Army and Navy he could not put those forces on a war footing without the consent of the Es-

¹ Mr. J. C. Tarver points out to me that Lilliburlero was sung to an old Morris-dance tune, perhaps adapted by Purcell.

tates ; and the Estates, besides being jealous of William, could point out that there was no offensive alliance of England and France, and so no *casus belli*. William was obliged, therefore, both to stretch his legal powers and to begin his equipment largely from his private resources. Before midsummer he had accomplished very little, and meanwhile in England events had marched fast.

Princess Anne in London was in terror early in the year ; her letters to Sister Mary curse Sunderland for a knave who is pushing on the King to more Popery : . . . " Don't come here and don't let William come, even if father invites him. . . . I fear something might happen to you . . . burn this letter at once " April brought a second Declaration of Indulgence, and an order to all parsons to read it from their pulpits on two successive Sundays. This was the *crux* for the English churchmen, and had been intended by the King to be so. He who refused to read would incur the guilt of resistance to the Lord's Anointed ; he who read would betray his faith. The Bishops, supported by the Hydes and other Tory Peers, held anxious conference at Lambeth, and, on May 18th, seven of them—Sancroft, White, Ken, Lloyd, Trelawney, Lake and Turner—presented to the King a most respectful petition against the order to read the Declaration. James told them their petition was ' a Standard of rebellion ' ; they little knew that he was speaking the truth. It was intended to be kept private, but it was published the same day, and its words ran through England like an electric spark. The Church, never really popular before, became the idol of Whig London, whose Corporation had just been tampered with to suit James' design for a sham Parliament. The King madly deter

mined to prosecute the Seven Bishops for a 'seditious libel,' and meanwhile sent them to the Tower; all the City poured out on to the River, or knelt in the mud at the edge, to beg their blessing as they went thither. James thought he was sure of his Judges, and did his best to pack a jury. But, when the trial came off on June 29th, his Judges deserted him, his counsel was hissed in court, and, though one fat juryman, who was Court brewer, held out against his eleven brethren all night, he gave way in the morning, and the Bishops were acquitted. Even the soldiers of James' Army, now encamped at Hounslow thirty thousand strong, shouted for joy at the news. As for the Declaration, in London only four parsons dared to read it, and their congregations walked out in a body when they began. At Scarborough the Mayor was tossed in a blanket by the soldiers for ordering it to be read, and it was the same story all over England.

And on June 10th had been born to James and Mary Beatrice their only son—the child of misfortune, who was to grow up too good for such a father. James gave the midwife five hundred guineas. There was a rumour that the boy was to be called Ludovicus Innocentius Carolus Jacobus, but it was only James Francis Edward. The Pope and the Queen-Dowager, Katharine, were sponsors. William, in perplexity, sent to congratulate, but his friends told him this was a false step. 'No one,' they said, 'believes the Prince to be of royal birth; he was smuggled into the palace by Father Petre in a warming-pan; none of the Royal Family or great officers of State were present at the delivery; of course it is a fraud.' It was true that none of the usual precautions had been taken; but the facts were that the Queen had

not expected her baby so soon, and that few respectable Protestants were in the habit of going to Court. But sixty-seven persons were, however, in St. James' Palace at the hour of the birth, and Lady Sunderland, who would have been sure to betray the secret if there had been one, was at the bedside. James, however, was stark mad not to have sent for Princess Anne. Whether William believed the warming-pan story or not, it was obviously his cue to pretend to believe it. Mary seems at first really to have believed it; reasonable people gradually abandoned the belief. Anne, who had for months been suspicious as to the reality of the Queen's pregnancy, writes:—"It may be our brother, but only God knows; St. James' Palace is just the place to play a trick in—for one who believes, a thousand disbelieve; for me, I disbelieve." Mary told Anne that her absence from town had been 'an irreparable fault.' There was a bonfire for the Prince in Magdalen, now a Papist seminary, but nowhere else in once loyal Oxford; on the night of the Bishops' acquittal England had blazed with bonfires.

And on that night was despatched to the Hague, in the deepest secrecy, a letter to William, saying, "Come. Come swiftly before he calls his sham Parliament. Come as the husband of the heiress of Great Britain. Demand a free Parliament and security for Protestantism." It was signed by Lords Danby, Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Lumley, by Bishop Compton, by Edward Russell and Henry Sidney. Halifax and Nottingham, too cautious to sign, knew of it and, whether approving or not, at least did not betray it.

Obviously now 'security for Protestantism' would mean something more than security for the Anglican

Church. The wrongs of that Church alone gave men courage to summon the Prince of Orange; but the Presbyterians would have to be considered in the settlement. Halifax had reassured them on this point, although anonymously. Even Sancroft, the highest of High Churchmen, was willing to give them a good measure of toleration. William, then, would be the champion of a combination similar to that which had brought back King Charles in 1660. From the date of this letter William's cause gained ground steadily, and the Dutch Estates began to postpone their jealousies and fears. Diplomacy was successful with the Princes of North Germany. The old Elector of Brandenburg, who remembered the Thirty Years' War, died in August, muttering as his last words, 'Amsterdam—London'; and his son at once sent to William's service old Marshal Schomberg, now a Protestant exile from France and reputed the first soldier in Europe. The Landgraf of Hesse promised to defend Holland if she were attacked in William's absence. The Hanover rats, who were ultimately to profit by it all, held off till the last minute, but even they joined the Protestant cause at last. All seemed to depend on what Louis XIV. would do with his fine Army, then massing in his Eastern provinces. Had he taken the advice of his great Minister, Louvois, he would have struck at Holland at once and so paralysed William; but he was extremely sore with James for refusing an open offensive alliance, and he perhaps remembered the events of 1672, when his soldiers had had to wade home. Therefore, in September, he suddenly struck at the middle Rhine and laid siege to Philipsburg. This banished the last hesitation of the Dutch Estates, which now allowed

William to go with their blessing, forty ships-of-war and 14,000 men. Yet this force would be too small for a serious fight with the British Army and Navy. Could James rely on either?

Since '84 the Navy Board had disposed of £400,000 a year and done its work well. There were 105 ships-of-war, nine of which were 'first-rates.' The *Britannia*, of 1,715 tons and 100 guns, was the finest ship afloat. Admiral Lord Dartmouth, if not a great sailor, was devotedly loyal, and James in middle life had been thoroughly popular with the Service. But many of Dartmouth's captains were in the Orange interest, and the main deck and lower deck were Protestant to their last plank. As for the Army, it was commanded by a foreigner who had been created Lord Feversham, and Lord Churchill, its real working head, though profuse in lip-loyalty, would sell everything, except his Protestantism, for his own advancement. There was great discontent in the ranks on account of the frequent drafting in of Irish Papists. Still, if James, hitherto distinctly a warrior, could have put himself at the head of either Service, one does not see how either could have refused to fight. Old Ormond, the last of the Cavaliers, had just shut his eyes on the scene, *ætat.* 79.

The descent was naturally expected on the East coast, and Dartmouth's Fleet was gathering in the mouth of the River, when, at the end of September, Sunderland, either treacherously or in fear for his head, persuaded James to a complete reversal of his home policy. To the astonishment of the world, a proclamation suddenly appeared, excluding Catholics from the coming Parliament. This was rapidly followed by the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the restoration of charters

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to towns as before the late changes, the restoration of Compton to his See and of the Fellows of Magdalen to their College. Writs were prepared for a real and a free Parliament. But, about the same time, copies of William's Declaration began to find their way to England, and the 'concessions' had come too late. The Declaration ignored the Prince of Wales; William was coming, 'as the husband of the heiress, to demand security for the Protestant religion and a free Parliament.' A terrible month of anxiety passed, and the wind blew hard from the West, James had a new weathercock fixed on Whitehall and watched it all day. "If only it will keep like this," he wrote to cousin Sophia in Hanover, "I hope to be in a good condition to receive William" (September 28). Again one compares instinctively another wind-bound soldier called William, waiting in an earlier September to spring upon an equally distracted England. At the end of October James' purpose and the winds of heaven again veered round. The King dismissed Sunderland, promised Louis his alliance, and put off issuing his parliamentary writs; he sent for the Bishops and demanded that they should denounce William's proclamation, but they said they must first consult the lay Peers, and told their master some unpleasing truths. Suddenly, on November 1st, an Easterly gale sprang up and carried the Dutch Fleet, piloted by one Mr. Benbow, who began life as a butcher-boy and ended it as an Admiral, past Lord Dartmouth's scouts and down Channel; and at William's peak fluttered the ancient motto of his house, 'Je Maintiendrai.' Just in time to prevent him from being swept past the Start came a lull, and he dropped anchor at Brixham in Torbay—on a good Protestant

day, November 5th; and then the faithful wind roared again from the West and drove Lord Dartmouth, who had pursued, back into the Downs.

'The little Porpus,' 18 guns, was 'run ashore to secure the landing of Mackay's six regiments of Scots-Dutch in case of opposition. But opposition there was none, and the rest of the Army followed. 'Our foot and dragoons,' says my Dutch friend, 'ran up the mountains and cliffs, which are horribly high, like cats, . . . and every one shouted, "God bles jou" . . . people even kneeled in the water to kiss William's hand. A poor priest at a Catholic house hard by had mistaken us for a French fleet and ordered a Te Deum and a grand spread of food; but 'instead of "Votre serviteur, Monsieur," he was greeted with, "Yaw, Mynheer, carr you Dutch spraken?"' on which they all ran away and we had a feast that had been prepared for others.'

William advanced cautiously to Exeter, and Dr. Burnet, the historian, preached to him in the Cathedral on Psalm cvii. The cannons and ammunition were sent round to the Exe and landed at Topsham. People came in slowly, but all stared in admiration at his fine troops, Dutch, Nassauers and Swedes among them. But His Highness was careful to put in the hands of British soldiers all places where there might be a collision with James' forces; he was anxious to avoid the appearance of subduing England by foreigners. Sir Edward Seymour, the leading Tory of the West, proposed an 'Association for Defending the Protestant Religion and the Prince of Orange,' and the ball began to roll. The Prince's route was Ottery, Axminster, Crewkerne, Sherborne, Wincanton. On the 19th James, who had just seen his little son shortcoated, joined his Army at Salis-

bury : but, when Churchill urged him to go further to the front, he was seized with a violent bleeding of the nose which would not stop. On the 23rd, on which day the sceptre fell from the hand of Bloody Mary's statue at the Royal Exchange, he decided to retreat to London. Then the *débâcle* began, Churchill's own defection giving the example. Every one hastened to greet His Highness as the Deliverer of England. Delamere raised Cheshire, Danby raised York, Nottinghamshire and what the Dutch historian terms 'Darkyshire' ; the Princess Anne fled from London towards Danby. Papists were everywhere disarmed or imprisoned. The London mob rose and sacked Papist chapels and houses. James, when back in London, finding he couldn't sleep without taking opium, called a Council of Peers and Bishops, which simply advised him to treat with William. He consented, though only in order to give time for the escape of the Queen and Prince to France. He chose, as emissaries to his rival's camp, Halifax, Nottingham and Godolphin, and the first of these was already going over to the Orange interest ; Lord Clarendon would have been a better choice, for his solution was the Regency of William, and the recognition of the Prince of Wales as heir.

The Commissioners met William at Hungerford, and the latter sensibly proposed an immediate Parliament to sit in a neutral zone between the two Armies ; he also asked for the principal fortresses to be put into trusty Protestant hands. But Halifax gathered that William would be glad if some one could frighten James into flight ; and flight was just then the one thing that appealed to that once warlike person. On December 11th, when William, without further treating, had advanced

almost to the gates of London, James fled from Whitehall by night, and threw¹ the Great Seal into the River at Vauxhall, thus comforting himself with the thought of leaving anarchy behind him. But unfortunately he was recognized, roughly handled and arrested at Feversham, and William was obliged to send some guards to protect his person. He actually returned to London for one day; but, 'not thinking it convenient to expose himself to be secured,' as he put it, and finding Whitehall almost a desert, and every one gone to his rival's Court, he allowed himself to be escorted by boat to Rochester, whence he fled, this time successfully, to France. Louis received him with most magnanimous kindness, and gave him the beautiful palace of St. Germain's to live in. The French courtiers found Mary Beatrice² charming and queenly, but thought James intolerable. After the failure of his attempt on Ireland in 1689-90, which is narrated in a later chapter, and after the failure of at least one attempt to assassinate William, James took to devotion; he wrote pious treatises; he went, like a modern Puseyite, into 'retreats,' died in sackcloth in 1701, and had miracles performed at his tomb.

If his nose had not bled at Salisbury. . . . ?

¹ Or perhaps 'accidentally dropped.' He may have intended to take the Seal with him. In either case the result would be the same. There can be no Government without a Great Seal.

CHAPTER III

“JE MAINTIENDRAI”

WITH the second flight of James on December 23rd, the first stage in the ‘Glorious Revolution’ was over; there was a blank parchment, on which could be drawn a new title, a new charter, perhaps a new form of government. But drawn by whom, and in what letters? On the 11th those Peers who were in London had held a meeting and had called out the Trained Bands to keep order, but they had not invited William to London. He, however, on the 18th, had come uninvited and had taken up his quarters at St. James’; while there he had been much pressed to have himself proclaimed King, as if by conquest, and had rejected the suggestion. But he had assumed command of all the English Army as well as of his own, and had disposed of the most trustworthy regiments in garrisons round the capital. On the 23rd (the day of the second flight) he called a meeting of the Peers, and added to them all members of any of Charles II.’s Parliaments who happened to be in London, *plus* the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and fifty Common Council-men of the City; this body entrusted him with the civil and financial administration, and with the duty of calling a ‘Convention.’

The elections to this Convention took a month, and when it met on January 22nd, Halifax was elected

Speaker of the Lords, and an old Exclusionist Speaker of the Commons. That obviously meant that the majority of the Lower House was Whig, although that of the Upper House, which now numbered 150 persons, was on the whole moderate Tory. Both Houses at once confirmed William's temporary authority, and then fell to the discussion of the questions, "Is there a King, and if so who is he? If there isn't, who shall he be?" The Nation, outside Parliament, was in a terrible ferment; the only thing upon which it was united was its old and entire detestation of Popery, and nine-tenths of the booksellers' advertisements of the year are concerned with tracts against, or skits upon the Romish Church. Dread of France was perhaps the next greatest passion. 'A Gentleman of Cheshire, lately arrived out of Ireland,' put the matter in a nutshell when he wrote a pamphlet entitled, 'K. William or K. Lewis, wherein is set forth the absolute necessity these nations lie under, of submitting wholly to one or other of these Kings; and that the matter of controversy is not now between K. William and K. James.'

In the Convention, however, there seemed at first to be great difficulties in finding any possible solution. To some of the highest Tories, notably to the always honourable Earl of Nottingham, the best solution seemed to be to elect William as Regent for King James, to whom the nominal title might be left; and, in the Lords, this proposal was only defeated by two votes. On the whole both Houses could just manage to agree that 'the late King James, having, by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, withdrawn himself from the realm, hath abdicated the throne'; but the Lords made a fierce fight before they would pass the next

clause, 'that the throne is thereby vacant.' Danby, always attached to the person of Mary, and leader of the moderate Tories, said the throne could not be '*vacant*'; Mary, he said, had succeeded at the moment, whatever that was, of her father's abdication; was in fact Queen. This idea was to William even worse than that of a Regency; he would not be his wife's 'gentleman usher.' The Whigs of course were for William; and for a very strictly limited William—a Whig puppet-King. Finally Halifax suggested the curious compromise 'and that our Sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, *are and are declared to be* King and Queen'; the administration of the Sovereignty to rest in William. Observe the wiliness of the words; we do not elect these persons; they *are*: we now merely 'declare them to be'; at what moment they began to reign we do not specify.

Several subordinate clauses are annexed to the vote, e.g. 'that it is inconsistent with the welfare of a Protestant state to be governed by a Popish prince'; that James had 'broken the Original Contract between King and people' (whatever that figment of the imagination might be) And, before we tender the crown to these persons, we get them to agree to a document of great importance, in which some would see a sort of new Charter, others just an epitome of Stuart misgovernment, called the 'Declaration of Right,' which in October, after we have voted ourselves to be a Parliament, we turn into the 'Bill of Rights.' In this document, together with the old declaration against the levying of money without consent of Parliament, with denunciation of 'illegal and pernicious' Courts such as the Ecclesiastical Commission, with confirmation

of privileges such as freedom of speech in Parliament and the right of petitioning, we find it enacted 'that the maintenance of a Standing Army in time of peace without consent of Parliament is against law'; that the Dispensing power 'as it hath been exercised of late' is illegal, and that 'Parliament ought to be held frequently.' The semi-triumphant Whigs would fain have gone further, and taken away the King's right of pardon in impeachments, his power over the Judges, and his right of summoning and dissolving Parliament. But William would have fought hard against these limitations of prerogative, and for the moment William was as necessary to them as they to him.

On March 17th King James' coaches were drawn into Hyde Park and there sold by auction. And so the Revolution was finished; Whiggish, and therefore of course 'glorious.' In time it came to wear in the eyes of Whigs (who have written most of our histories) an almost sacred character; yet to me it is a deity somewhat difficult to grovel before, and mainly for one reason—it led to the introduction of foreign Kings, who, to use a phrase of Machiavelli's, 'bound us to the fortune and arms of others.' James II. was as impossible as you like—I toss him to every wolf in Whigdom to worry; if Mary had had a child, if one of Anne's children had lived, I would never have been a Jacobite. But when the alternative came to be an unspeakable boor, who had no interests but German, when James III. grew up into a simple, pious, valiant young man of stainless honour, and of a Catholicism infinitely broader and more tolerant than his father's, when he was willing to sacrifice everything except his private religion to the wishes of the English people,

I for one would have voted for my legitimate and native King.

This alternative, however, was in the future, though, as early as April 23rd, '89, William wrote to Sophia, "according to appearances, one of your sons will reign here one day." Parliament now merely found it necessary to settle the succession, after the joint lives and the life of the survivor of the reigning Sovereigns, (1) on Mary and her heirs, (2) on Anne and her heirs, (3) on William's¹ heirs by any other wife. And Anne actually had a son, the Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be nearly eleven, and who was being educated by John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, when he died of smallpox in 1700

When this settlement of 1689 was complete, a new oath of allegiance had to be imposed, and it was the refusal of many pious clergymen, including Sancroft and four more of the famous Seven Bishops, to take that oath, that founded the schism of the 'Non-Jurors.' These men remained at heart Jacobites, but seldom active Jacobites; they had, of course, to resign their sees and benefices, but were not otherwise persecuted: they continued to ordain and consecrate in a little Church of their own—often comprising men of great learning and of most devout lives—until the threshold of the Nineteenth Century.

The settlement was finished early in February, and Mary was summoned in haste from Holland. She has told us all her feelings in that most pathetic and beautiful, but little read book, her own Memoirs; and the conclusion with which that book leaves us is, that, if Rupert

¹ Do not forget that William was the grandson of Charles I., whereas Sophia was only the granddaughter of James I.

was the flower of the Stuart race in action, Mary was its flower in piety and contemplation. She was born in '62 and was thus twenty-six at the crisis of her life; she had been married at fifteen and a half to a man who never loved her till he lost her, but whose Dutch people learned to love her very dearly indeed. In her, Puritanism wears its tenderest and most attractive aspect, and is wholly devoid of intolerance; it is her own and not her neighbour's sins which she for ever laments: 'the being compelled to dethrone her father is a thing which she feels God cannot forgive her, and yet her wifely duty to her unfeeling husband is always paramount; even when she comes to believe that her father is plotting against her husband's life, the sense of her own guilt remains. As for the subsequent unkindness of sister Anne, she looks on it 'as a punishment upon her and me for the irregularity committed by us at the Revolution; my husband did his duty and the Nation did theirs, but, as to our persons, it is not as it ought to be.' Her anguish lest her father and husband should meet in battle in Ireland, in 1690, is truly touching. In her own country, when she returns to it, she feels herself a perfect stranger, 'censured by all, commended by none: 'tis hard for flesh and blood to bear neglect, especially coming from a place [Holland] where I was valued too much.' The English people, after the simple Dutch, seem to her utterly irreligious, 'a noisy world full of vanity'; she hates the Court ladies, who 'come in crowds to see me, believing I have nothing better to do than to chat with them.' When William went abroad, each year from '90 till '93, he left her Regent, and, though she always protests that she knows nothing of 'bussiness,' she hits off to the letter the characters of all with whom she has

to act : ' Danby, to whom I must ever owe great obligations, yet of a temper I can never like ' ; Anne, ' seeking to make herself a party, finding fault with everything, affecting to laugh at afternoon sermons and to do in little things contrary to what I do ' ; Lord Monmouth (afterwards the famous Peterborough), ' mad, and his wife who is mader governs him ' ; ' Devonshire too lazy to give himself the trouble of bussiness ' ; ' Lord Torrington, who lay drinking and treating his friends till the French came upon the coast and had like to have surprized him ' ; ' I will say nothing of my Lord of Marlborough, because 'tis he of whom I could say most, and who can never deserve either trust or esteem.' Once, both Danby and William asked her what she would do if the City rose against her during her Regency, ' which they both thought likely to happen. . . . I said I couldn't tell how much frightened I should be, but I would promise not to be governed by my own or others' fears, but would follow the advice of those whom I believed had most courage and judgement ; and, let what will happen, I would never go from Whitehall.' Then the dear woman goes on to say, ' I am by nature extreme fearful ' ; whereas the truth is she didn't know what fear was, because she trusted in God. William praised her first three years of Regency, but scolded her for mistakes in '93, for which we can hardly forgive him, though she did. William had at least the sense to leave the Church patronage to his devout wife, and the excellency of her Church appointments has never been questioned ; in these she was guided by the saintly Tillotson, who succeeded Sancroft at Canterbury.

Such was the woman who came up the river ' in five hours from Margate to Whitehall ' (she must have had a

good tide) on February 12th, '89, to receive on the next day, together with her husband, a crown to the wearing of which nothing could reconcile her. She found William 'grown extreme lean.'

Of the King's own character it is very much more difficult to speak; we may be sure that he was above all vulgar 'ambition to be a King,' though he knew that only as King could he fulfil his life's task of humbling Louis XIV. But, being King, I think he would let no scruples stand in the way of the fulfilment of that task. If he was merciful to his enemies, he was, with one or two exceptions, ungrateful to his friends. Men—almost all men—were to him tools to be used on the diplomatic and military chessboard; their motives he invariably rated low. His private morals were better, though not very much better than those of contemporary sovereigns; and it is certainly hard to forgive him his infidelity to Mary. He was in constant ill-health, even at Hampton Court, and was always complaining of the London climate, though it is difficult to believe that damp and foggy Holland could have suited him much better; anyhow, either for this reason or for the sake of privacy, he purchased and added to Kensington House, 'the little house in the wood, copied from a villa at the Hague,' Mary calls it.

Intellectually, I am inclined to rate William high, though not very high; he was an admirable linguist, though he had no interest in art or letters. He had sound notions of the importance of Sea power, for he realized how vital to English interests it was to show a Fleet in the Mediterranean; it was against Admiral Russell's will that the King compelled his Fleet to winter in Cadiz and to chase the Frenchman Tourville into

Toulon. As a soldier William failed conspicuously to grasp details, and had no *coup d'œil* for the possibilities of a battle-field; he made some dreadful mistakes, and expected his men to redress them against overwhelming odds. But in this resistance to odds he always set the example; the first to charge and the last to retreat. If he was capable of grand strokes of strategy, of forced marches and well-planned surprises, either ill-luck or his 'impatience' in execution often robbed him of their fruit. Mr. Fortescue hits him off well when he calls him 'a brilliant amateur general'. As a diplomatist he was more successful; he could build and keep together European coalitions, mainly it is true, because he could pour the gold of England into the lap of foreign princes. That he could not manage the English Parliament is not much to his discredit; for his reign was one long struggle of hostile factions, each seeking to humiliate him and to use him as a weapon against its rival. But, as in military matters, so in civil, he failed from his want of grasp of detail, from his want of sympathy, from his cold temper, which, it is to be feared, was only the manifestation of an essentially self-centred heart. Finally, as all his interest lay in foreign policy, we must give him enormous credit for what he planned and prepared; for on him fell the whole weight of organizing European resistance to the French Monarchy at the height of its power, and the blows he dealt at that Monarchy were so severe that it needed only a happier genius to perfect the work which he had begun. In this respect he reminds

¹ It is curious that a man so infinitely patient in politics and diplomacy should have failed so often on the battle-field owing to impatience.

us of William Pitt, who, dying even younger than King William, and in an even darker hour, had paved the way for Castlereagh and Wellington, even as William paved the way for

Jack of Marlborough

Who licked the Frenchmen thorough and thorough.

The parliamentary details of the reign are sordid to the last degree. Both Whigs and Tories early learned that William only cared for England as paymaster of the Coalition against France, and so they didn't care how they treated him: "There is a kind of affectation," says Mary, in '93, "to do all that is insolent to the King without fear of punishment. he is obliged to keep those in his service who least deserve it, and who, he may be sure, will not really serve him." Almost without exception leading statesmen, even Danby, yea even Halifax, entered into private communication with the exile James, in order to secure their heads and fortunes in case William's tottering throne should fall again. Political morality simply ceased to exist, and Government majorities, if kept together at all, were only kept by heavy bribery. The jealousy, the vindictiveness, the spite displayed by both parties were horrible, and, as a result, the disrepute they brought to the English name, and the mischief they wrought to the patriotic and military spirit of Englishmen, are incalculable. A tradition of 'opposition' was then founded, the baleful results of which were constantly manifest throughout the Eighteenth Century, and which, in our own days, has settled down into the continual gangrene which is eating away the life of Great Britain.

Some good laws were indeed passed in the reign of

William ; the Toleration Act of 1690 was a necessary consequence of the help given by the moderate Dissenters, *e.g.* the Presbyterians, to the Church against King James ; it allowed liberty of worship to those who would accept Thirty-five and a half out of the Thirty-nine Articles ; but a plan for 'Comprehension' of such Dissenters within the Church failed in spite of the efforts of the King in its favour ; 'don't touch the Church' became a popular cry. Another excellent page of the Statute Book was the new Treason Act of 1696, allowing to the accused counsel in matters of fact as well as in matters of law. But other 'reforms,' some of which have subsequently proved beneficial, were mostly introduced to spite King William. Such was the 'Triennial Act,' passed at the end of '94, after the King had once imposed his veto ; there was now to be a new Parliament every three years, and the Act remained in force until the Septennial Act of George I. Again the 'Place Bill,' finally enacted in a milder form in 1706, was introduced year after year in William's Parliaments, simply in order to embarrass the Crown, by keeping Ministers out of both Houses. The settlement of the Revenue had a similar object ; and this is a matter of such importance that we must devote to it a word or two of special examination, and then perhaps dismiss it for good.

We must distinguish carefully between the power of the Crown to collect taxes, and its power to spend them when collected. And, under the first head, it is clear that the Crown had never, since Edward I.'s reign, either in theory or practice, been free of some sort of parliamentary control as to what money it could make its subjects pay. It had, however, certain sources of

income such as the Crown lands, the sale of licenses for wine shops, etc., which, whether usurped or not, were exempt from parliamentary control: and these formed the nucleus of what was now called the 'hereditary revenue.' Parliament had usually added to this a 'life revenue' from Customs, and, since 1660, from the Excise. But for the last three centuries, additional taxes had always been needed, and these could only be raised by parliamentary votes, and usually from year to year. James II. had once been offered a revenue of over a million and a half: William's first Parliament cut this down to £1,200,000 and granted it for only one year; then, after various experiments, the plan was adopted of making a definite separation of the whole revenue into two heads. Using the old hereditary revenue as the nucleus, the Houses added to it, from the Excise, such sums as would produce £700,000 a year; and out of this, which it called the 'Civil List,' it said the Crown must pay all its 'civil' expenses; *i.e.* all charges other than those for soldiers and sailors. Far too heavy charges at first lay upon this list, *e.g.* the salaries of Judges and Ambassadors, and innumerable pensions; each King from William III. to George III. left heavy debts, and the Civil List had to be several times increased. But, in the Nineteenth Century, all expenses of government were one by one removed from this list, and our present King has a life grant of half a million, out of which he has only to eat, drink and be merry and charitable.

All the rest, from whatever source derived, Parliament came to regard as a National, not a Royal income, and kept an absolute control over it; voted it from year to year only, and insisted on knowing how it was spent.

Therefore, if the Crown wanted an Army or a Navy, it must call a Parliament each year. It was one of those happy expedients into which Englishmen so often tumble, without foreseeing their consequences; and it seems to have originated in a malicious and factious desire to tie William's hands

As to the expenditure, down to 1688, in theory, the whole revenue, however granted, had been the King's to play with as it pleased him; in practice, however, mediæval Parliaments had often interfered with the royal expenditure. Two Acts of Charles II. may be regarded as the real origin of a modern 'Budget'. and the result of a Budget now is that Parliament allots, either annually or permanently, each particular portion of the revenue to a particular object of expenditure. The King, through his 'Chancellor of the Exchequer,' says every spring, 'I estimate the revenue of the coming twelve months at so much; I shall want so much money for the Army, so much for the Navy, so much for this, that and the other purpose'; and if the House of Commons (now unfortunately a body incompetent to deal with such matters) thinks he asks for too much, it cuts down the amount in the 'Appropriation Act,' which is passed at the end of the session. The Treasury is forbidden to pay out any money, except for the object to which Parliament has appropriated it, while an official called the 'Auditor and Controller-General' keeps a sharp eye on the whole business. Mr Gladstone once told the present writer that the accounts of the nation could now be intelligibly written on half a sheet of notepaper.

This, however, was only gradually arrived at, but it was towards the end of William's reign that something of this kind began. It was in many respects an un-

lucky reign for new financial experiments : the Heavens, as well as the Whigs and Tories, fought against the cold, patient, iron man who sat on the throne ; there was a series of disastrously cold and wet seasons, beginning with the frightful Christmas Day of '89, on which half a dozen ships of the Royal Navy were wrecked in Plymouth harbour alone, and ending with the hurricane of November, 1703, which demolished church steeples by the dozen and strewed all our coasts with drowned sailors. The Puritans had put fire and plague down to the wickedness of the Stuarts ; no wonder the Jacobites began in their turn to speak of the ' Causes of God's Wrath.' Private as well as public morality was at a low ebb ; there was a rage for speculation, and no investments were very safe. Highwaymen abounded : week after week the post was robbed by masked men at Kingsland, or Whetstone or Hounslow ; smuggling was an affair of enormous profit, if also of great risk. Further, a great economic change was crippling the revenue ; Parliament was becoming much more fiercely protectionist, and was using the Customs duties no longer to produce cash, but to exclude all foreign goods except the raw material of English industries. ' Wars of tariffs ' had begun ; when we go to war with France, we clap on a 50 per cent. duty against all French silks, wines, brandies, etc., with the result that the total income from Customs falls almost one-half, and then leaps up again at the Peace, when these duties will probably be lowered. Another most serious make-weight was the condition of the Coinage, which was clipped and worn to an astounding degree : in the year '96 all the silver of the country had to be called in and recoined, at an expense to the Government of

£1,200,000; and of course there were anxious months before the new stuff could be turned out of the mint. Finally it was a period of long and costly war and of heavy subsidies to Allies. Five millions a year is not an uncommon war-budget, between 1690-7; and this is more than double anything previously known.

So new sources of income have to be found: window taxes—a stuffy expedient; taxes on hawkers and on coaches; taxes on existence, called poll taxes (we have heard of them in Wat Tyler's time); taxes on birth, burial and marriage; and, lest you should escape the last, on bachelorhood; excises on salt and malt and coal, in addition to those on beer and other malt-liquors; most important of all, a 'land tax,' at rates varying from one-fifth to one-twentieth of your rent and of your income generally. It was found impossible to make people pay at anything like these rates; at the very most the land tax produced, when levied at the highest rate, only two millions a year. Failing even by these stringent means to balance its books, Government had to make unborn generations pay for its wars; in other words, it had to borrow money at high interest, at first at 12, soon at 8 per cent.; and the annual interest of this NATIONAL DEBT was, at the death of William, already over a million. now, although the rate of that interest has been gradually reduced from 12 to 2½ per cent., it is over twenty millions a year. It is, of course, easy to see the arguments against such a system, especially the temptation which it offers to extravagant Governments to throw the burden of their extravagance on posterity. Far into the Nineteenth Century philosopher after philosopher denounced the Debt: 'it must one day come to the sponge,' was the favourite cry; and it is conceivable

that a Government may one day exist, so wicked and so dependent upon the votes of persons who have neither savings nor industry, that it will use the sponge and wipe off the slate the seven hundred millions which Great Britain now owes. But, until that day, it is obvious that a Debt, largely owed in small sums to persons of very moderate fortune among her own subjects, is an actual guarantee for her stability and even for honest financial administration. The ease with which the 'shares' in this Debt can be bought and sold encourages people to save, and to invest their savings; so great is the confidence in the solvency of the Nation, that the 'state of the Funds' (*i.e.* whether these shares are selling high or low) is the surest index of prosperity, the pulse by feeling which men will most surely learn whether to expect peace or war. At the Peace of Ryswick, 1697, 'the Funds,' perhaps for the first time, 'rose rapidly.' Moreover in many cases it is fair to throw part of the great burden of wars on posterity; two-thirds of our present debt was incurred in fighting the French Revolution and Napoleon; and, if we had ceased to fight them, where would Great Britain be now?

The broker in the first regular establishment of this Debt was an interesting society of rich merchants in London, who in the year 1694 were formed into the 'Governor and Company of the BANK OF ENGLAND,' and who got, in return for a large loan, the privilege of issuing paper notes, each representing a promise to pay, on presentation at their counter, a certain sum in cash. The idea was originated by William Paterson, a Scot, whom we shall meet later engaged in other financial schemes. Gradually 'the Bank' became the

centre of the British money market, and the broker of all loans to Government, the keeper of its cash-box and the guardian of its credit: and 'bank notes' became an integral part of the currency of the country. The 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' (see Leech's cartoons in *Punch*) has often found herself constricted, when 'money is tight'; has been subject to 'panics'; has had 'runs' on her, when every one has hastened to present their notes and change them, quick! quick! for hard cash; once (1745) her clerks were obliged to pay in sixpences; once, 1797-1822, Parliament actually authorized her to refuse to change them on demand; but even then they continued to circulate, and were depreciated only some 13 per cent.¹

One other Act of the reign deserves special notice from its prospective importance. In 1689 one of the regiments of James' old Army, being ordered to Holland, mutinied at Ipswich, and, as there was no legal power of controlling soldiers by martial law, except at the seat of war, Parliament passed a temporary Act giving the Crown such power against 'any person collected into a troop for pay,' *i.e.* any soldier during the period for which he has enlisted. The Act was renewed at intervals during William's reign, and eventually became the annual 'Mutiny Act,' and added another weapon against despotism to the armoury of the Parliament; for, if Parliament should refuse to pass the Mutiny Act, the Crown couldn't legally control its soldiers, just as, if Parliament refused to pass the Appropriation Act, it

¹ In 1811 the hundred-pound bank note would only change for eighty-seven pounds; but it was believed by the Directors of the Bank that this was due to the high price of gold, which was up to £4 10s. per ounce.

couldn't pay them. But he who enlists as a soldier does not thereby cease to be amenable to the Civil Courts also; his enlistment is still a civil contract, and he is very apt to find himself in an awkward place if his commanding officer tells him to do something which the Common Law thinks he ought not to do; *e.g.*, he is called out to suppress a riot: his colonel says, 'shoot'; if he shoots not, he is shot for disobedience under the Mutiny Act; if he shoots, he may possibly be hanged for murder under the Common Law. Nothing appears to have provoked our ancestors so much as the sight of a red coat: no terms were too bad for Tories and Whigs alike to use in denouncing a Standing Army; and, as we have seen, the Bill of Rights actually declares it to be 'against law.' It was 'an engine of despotism,' 'a badge of slavery'—the Tories remembered Oliver's veterans; the Whigs knew what James II. had intended to do with his camp at Hounslow. Both parties cried up the Militia—which had run away from Monmouth's half-armed peasantry—as the only 'constitutional force'—a pretty force indeed to oppose to the Army of Louis XIV., should he land but a hundredth part of his 150,000 regulars; they cried up the Fleet, which had let Dutch William sail past it into Torbay. Hatred of Dutchmen and of their all-too-necessary Dutch King, blended with these cries; and William, who felt before all things as a soldier, drained the last drop in his cup of bitterness when in 1699 Parliament dismissed the gallant fellows who had fought at Steinkirk and Landen, and cut down the forces in England¹ to a much begrudged 7,000 men.

¹ There were 12,000 in Ireland and 4,000 in Scotland, over whom, of course, the English Parliament could claim no control.

It was, indeed, madness to do this, when every one knew that Louis was merely resting for another spring forward.

Apart from these Acts, the factions in Parliament were mainly occupied in crying out for heads, especially for those of the King's Ministers, and in prosecuting each other for peculation or for alleged treason. The Whigs were bitterly disappointed when William refused to execute a few dozen of the worst partisans of the late King, and to enforce on all men an oath 'abjuring' the Stuarts. The Tories fiercely denounced Dutch 'favourites,' and eventually, with some justice, made the King's old and faithful counsellor, William Bentinck, now Earl of Portland, and some others disgorge enormous grants of land which their master had made to them. They also denounced the Bank, the war taxes, the sending of a Fleet to the Mediterranean. Both sides denounced the soldiers who were fighting for us in Flanders, even while they voted large sums of money to enable them to fight on. All this factious temper offered endless facilities for Jacobite intrigue, and there were plots after plots; one very bad assassination plot in 1696 even produced a temporary popularity for William and a largely subscribed 'Association' to defend his life and avenge his death. Mary's death at the end of '94 shook the throne and even shook the man, who felt perhaps some remorse on her account; but he soon recovered and went on in his silent, grim patience. The death of the Duke of Gloucester in 1700 was an even worse blow to the throne, for it necessitated a resettlement of the succession, and a calling in of 'Sophia Electress of Hanover and her heirs being Protestants'; that 'Act of Settlement' we must discuss later.

When Halifax is gone—he died childless in '95—it is impossible to feel much human interest in any contemporary statesman, except perhaps the honest Tory Nottingham and the Whig Lord Chancellor Somers, who was, if not a very great lawyer, a truly good, modest, learned and able man, the friend of Tillotson, of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Locke and Isaac Newton; he was too good for the Parliament of the age, which, after vainly trying to prove him guilty of complicity in piracy, impeached him for allowing William the use of the Great Seal to set to a Treaty with France in 1700. Charles Montagu, who was created, after the extinction of the Savile title, Lord [or Baron] Halifax, was a convinced Whig and a most able financier, to whom much of the success of the recoinage and of the Bank was due; he was a man of respectable character, but intolerably arrogant and conceited, and the butt of all Tory opposition at the end of the reign. Mary's uncles, Rochester and Clarendon, were in many ways respectable men, but both intrigued with James, and Clarendon had once to be sent to the Tower. Churchill, who had turned the scale against James at Salisbury, and who ruled Princess Anne through his wife, became Earl of Marlborough at William's Coronation, and is believed to have betrayed his secrets to France; he even had to be sent to the Tower on suspicion, though no one then knew, or perhaps even yet knows the truth about his treachery. William was so accustomed to treachery that he soon readily employed him again, and he was in high favour at the end of the reign. Godolphin, though he cared more for horse racing than for politics, was also treacherous, and corresponded with James to the end of his life; but he was too useful at the Treasury to be

dismissed. Sunderland, perhaps the blackest-hearted villain in English history, had fled abroad in disguise in October, '88, and enjoyed the distinction of being at one time exempted from pardon both by William and James. But he sneaked back in '91, wormed himself into William's confidence, and even became for a few years Lord Chamberlain. Edward Russell, who died Lord Orford, was one of the Seven Lords who had invited William to England; he was Treasurer of the Navy and Admiral of the Fleet, but he turned traitor like the rest, and only his professional pride as a sailor prevented him from losing the battle of La Hogue on purpose. Danby became Marquis of Carmarthen and then Duke of Leeds; his actual overtures to James were probably not very serious, but he was soon in trouble for receiving an enormous bribe from the East India Company. Truly the Ministers were an evil gang. William always tried to select his servants from both parties, but, as the House of Commons, at each triennial election, was alternately Tory or Whig, he was driven more and more to conciliate the party in power in that House, by choosing Ministers of that party; and he was thus unconsciously feeling his way towards the curious principle which lies at the root of modern Cabinet Government.

Every summer William, with a sigh of relief, went off to Holland or to Flanders to diplomatize or to fight, leaving Mary, or after her death a committee of Peers as Regents behind him; so may we, with similar feelings, follow him abroad to those fields where he and England were really great. War was declared against France in May, '89. There was real danger of a French descent, especially after James had gone to Ireland in March.

The French Fleet was actually greater than our own ; it was in excellent fighting trim and ably led by Tourville, and the plan of combining a Mediterranean Fleet from Toulon with an Atlantic Fleet from Brest was already well understood in France. In June, '89, Tourville appeared in the Channel, in force far superior to the English and Dutch Fleets, and beat Admiral Herbert, now Lord Torrington, off Beachy Head. It was not a serious defeat, and it was partly owing to the jealousy of Russell,¹ who sent Torrington peremptory orders to fight instead of going down and leading the Fleet himself. But it produced a panic in England ; Torrington was sacrificed to this panic, tried by court-martial, and never employed again. It is worthy of note that his old 'tarry-breeks' captains, such as Shovell (who, as a boy in the First Dutch War, had swum through the enemy's fire with despatches in his mouth) and Benbow, always believed in him.

Meanwhile William was knitting up alliances abroad, and England joined the Grand Alliance in September. In this were comprised (i) Spain, now governed by the last of her Hapsburg Kings, a decrepit degenerate, who, when he wanted a new wife from Germany, had to ask for an English Squadron to escort her from Holland ! (ii) the Emperor, so busy with the Turks on his Eastern frontier that he was wholly dependent on the Allies to defend his Western ; (iii) the Elector of Brandenburg, expecting to be entitled 'King of Prussia' for his pains ; (iv) the Duke of Savoy, expecting to be called King of something else, he didn't mind what, a shifty fellow who deserted us in 1696 ; (v) the King of Denmark, who

¹ Partly also owing to the failure of the Dutch to understand Torrington's really skilful tactics.

expected and got very little except subsidies ; (vi) the ruler of Hanover, ready to sell his soldiers or his soul to the highest bidder ; he deserted in 1691, but came back in return for the solemn promise of an Electorate ; and finally (vii) Holland itself, which now definitely agreed to combine its Fleet with our own, always under the flag of an English Admiral. An overwhelming combination, you would say, especially with such a soldier-statesman as William to lead it ! But France faced it with the utmost gallantry, at once on the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Upper Rhine, the Netherlands and the Sea. And on the whole, in the field she rather more than held her own, but at a cost which even the ' King of the richest kingdom in Europe,' as Louis undoubtedly was, could not stand for long, and, hard hit as England, the ' Paymaster,' was by taxes, before the Peace France was in a much worse condition.

The years '90 and '91 were, as far as William was concerned, taken up with the campaign in Ireland which I have narrated elsewhere. In '92 France, with a good Jacobite conspiracy in her pocket, in which Admiral Russell and possibly Marlborough were deeply involved, sent Tourville to invade England, whose whole Army was then being shipped over to Flanders. Mary acted with swift and splendid courage, stopped the regiments at the ports, sent my Lord Marlborough to the Tower, and compelled Russell to go and fight. Russell sulkily obeyed, and let Shovell win the battle of La Hogue for him ; in force he was nearly double the French Fleet, but calms and a fog fought for the French, and only about half of our Fleet got into action at all ; even then we let far too many French ships escape. Shortly afterwards the French captured an enormous fleet of

merchant ships, English and Dutch, bound for Smyrna. During the remainder of the war the Navy of France played no important part, though her privateersmen, especially the celebrated Jean Bart, preyed upon our commerce in the Atlantic and the Channel with fearful effect. No one as yet seems to have grasped the importance of keeping up a constant blockade of the French ports, and much of our naval strength in this reign was wasted in attempts at effecting a landing at some point in the Channel. In American waters there was seldom much peace; and it was the age of the West Indian buccaneers or privateers, who preyed on friend and foe alike, and it was certainly the age of a good deal of maritime activity. One of the greatest of English sailors, the ex-pirate Dampier, who was also our first hydrographer, and, if one may coin a word, our first anemographer, was making great voyages to the Far East; in 1699 he only just missed, owing to his preference for warm latitudes, anticipating by eighty years the discoveries of Captain Cook. However, La Hogue had put an end to serious danger of invasion, and Louis was now bending all his efforts to fighting William in the old 'cockpit of Europe,' the Spanish Netherlands, which we then roughly called Flanders. "I wish, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

Louis' campaigns here were intended to be mainly wars of sieges: it is a country of rich towns admirably fortified, and much cut up with great rivers; an invader who knows his business can keep the defender, even if the latter be in superior force, trotting to and fro in a harassed condition by menacing different fortresses, and can then pounce from time to time on the most

convenient one. William, for his part, incessantly manœuvred to bring on a battle: in '91 he had failed to do this, and the French captured Mons. In '92 three French Armies appeared before the great fortress of Namur, at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse. William, whose natural base was Brussels, and behind that Holland, advanced to the relief, but Marshal Luxemburg held all the bridges over the flooded rivers and Namur fell at the beginning of June. This enabled Luxemburg to threaten Brussels, for the relief of which William hastened back. As both Armies manœuvred on opposite banks of the river Senne, William planned on July 23rd a surprise for Luxemburg, who had taken post near Steinkirk, and almost caught him napping; in a desperate strife, in which the first French line broke to shivers, the Allies were ultimately defeated, mainly because the Dutch commander, Count Solms, withheld his division from supporting the attack. It was one of the bloodiest battles of modern times, our Guards and Cutts' regiment being almost annihilated. William, however, conducted the retreat in slow and admirable order, and Luxemburg's Army had been so much shattered that he could attempt nothing more that year.

Armies in those days moved slowly, and there was always a long period of hibernation; not till May, '93, did Luxemburg concentrate his forces again at Mons, to cover another French Army under Boufflers, which was intended to conduct the sieges. William, still based on Brussels, advanced to the Senne and took post near Hal; there during the month of June the two Armies glared at each other. Early in July Luxemburg moved off to his right, pounced on Huy, and threatened

Liège and Mästricht. William, whose right had been extended to contain the French left near Tournay, was obliged to hasten to his own left to save the great Meuse fortress. He had thus but fifty as against eighty thousand when he faced Luxemburg at Landen on July 29th; this time it was William who was on the defensive, and in a badly chosen position. Yet we beat back two successive attacks of the flower of the French troops, and the French losses were not far short of our own. As at Steinkirk, so at Landen, the brunt of the fighting and all the glory of the defeat fell to the British troops; and, but for William's coolness and personal valour at the end of the day, the whole Army would have been annihilated. "Gallant mortal," cried my uncle Toby, "this moment now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me [to cover the retreat over the bridge of Neer-specken] to bring up the remains of the English horse to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxemburg's brows if yet 'tis possible. I see him, with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment, riding along the line, then wheeling about and charging Conti at the head of it. Brave! brave! by Heaven! he deserves a Crown."

These two actions alone are enough to cover the still young British Army with an imperishable halo; and the heroes of them were Cutts (nicknamed 'the Salamander'), Ramsay, Mackay (Dundee's old enemy, killed at Steinkirk), Tollemache and the Huguenot Earl of Galway. Luxemburg, shattered as he was, ended the campaign with the capture of Charleroi, which gave France the whole line of the river Sambre. The year '94 found neither side in a position for any great undertaking, but it was marked by a descent of an

English force upon Brest which, being intended merely as a feint, was by the rashness of our General pushed too far, and ended in disaster and defeat.¹ William, 'after spitting blood for a day and a night' to the horror of his wife, now so near her own unlooked-for end, departed, as usual, to Flanders, where the *status quo* was maintained all that year; and, when '95 opened, it was manifest that the tide was beginning to turn in favour of William and his Allies. For Louvois, the great organizer of French victories, had been dead two years, and now the fiery-hearted dwarf, Luxemburg, had gone too. France seemed to be almost on the defensive, and was laying down a long line of fortified entrenchments stretching from Namur to the sea. A greater strategist than William would have pierced these lines with ease; as it was he was able, though at a great expenditure of men, to retake Namur in July. It was the last bit of fighting he was to see; in '96 there was practically nothing, in '97 the Peace of Ryswick was signed, and the first act of the drama was over.

The Treaty was signed in September, and by it Louis renounced all his annexations since 1678 with the exception of Strasburg; he recognized William as King of England and promised to aid no more Jacobite plots. This Peace was indeed a necessity for both sides: for the French, because their great rich kingdom was almost drained of resources; for the Allies, because the Duke of Savoy had deserted them and had thereby set free a

¹ Marlborough is often accused of betraying the design to Louis; it is now certain that Louis knew about it before he received Marlborough's information, and that Marlborough knew that he knew of it. William also knew this and encouraged Marlborough to write!

whole new French Army, which had been busy fighting his hardy Piedmontese on the Alps. The real reason, however, which moved the King of France to conclude was the shadow of the enormous question of the succession to the Monarchy of Spain. Perhaps we need again to be reminded that this Monarchy still held the Southern Netherlands, the Duchy of Milan, the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the Balearic Islands, the whole of Central and Southern America except Brazil and Guiana, the Philippine Islands in the Pacific, and the largest and richest of the West Indies. But I don't think we need trouble our heads to learn (unless for examination purposes) the Table of Kindred and Affinity or the terms of the Treaties, which seemed to give that succession to one or another non-Spanish claimant. Only let us remember this ; by descent the Dauphin of France was through his mother the right heir of the whole Spanish inheritance, but Louis XIV. when marrying that mother had solemnly sworn not to claim it. The baby son of the Elector of Bavaria was the second best heir, and, if oaths had meant anything, he should have succeeded to the whole ; the astonishing thing is that every diplomatist in Europe did not rally to his claim, for he was a harmless candidate just because Bavaria was a comparatively powerless State. The third best heir was the Emperor Leopold of the House of Austria, who traced his descent from Philip III. of Spain, whereas the other two traced from Philip IV. But oaths or no oaths, Louis XIV. had no intention of 'letting go' ; if he could not secure the whole Spanish inheritance, he would grab at detached pieces, he would 'partition' the Spanish Monarchy. To this Leopold, with characteristic Austrian tenacity,

would have nothing to say, though he was willing to disarm opposition by handing over the inheritance to his second son, Charles.

As the life of Carlos II. flickered towards its feeble close, the diplomatists of Europe, and William, the champion of Europe, began to shudder at the very possible prospect of something like Universal Monarchy for France; and Louis, who dreaded that Carlos might bequeath the whole to the Bavarian baby or, worse still, to the House of Austria, agreed in '98 to a secret Treaty with William known as the First Partition Treaty, by which the Austrians were to have Milan, the Dauphin to have Naples and Sicily, and the baby the rest. Then in February, '99, smallpox carried off the baby, and William, tormented almost into his grave and robbed, as we shall presently see, of almost all his fine Army by his factious Parliament, consented to a second Treaty, by which the Dauphin was to have Naples and Sicily and also the Duchy of Milan, which he was then to exchange for Lorraine, while an Austrian Archduke was to have the rest (February, 1700). Then, and not till then, feeling in Spain, hitherto pro-Austrian rather than pro-French, began to declare itself in favour of the Power most likely to be able to keep the whole inheritance together. Finally on November 1st the King of Spain died, and, when his will was opened, it was found that the whole inheritance was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, on condition that the Crowns of France and Spain should never be united. Louis, who would never have sworn to the Partition Treaties if he had foreseen this will, at once broke his oaths, both the former and the latter, and accepted the will.

And so the life work of William seemed to be thrown away. Yet what could he do? At the news of Ryswick in '97 the Funds indeed had risen, but the King's power had fallen. He had been, to Whigs and Tories alike, merely an engine of war—something like one of those 'new-invented wheel engines,' four of which he had taken with him to Ireland in '90, 'which discharge 150 musket barrels at once, and, turning the wheel, as many more; they are very serviceable to guard a pass.'¹ 'Down with the Army!' was on every one's lips. It was a Tory who moved, in December, '97, to reduce the Army to the limits of 1680, and it was Whigs, Jacobites and Republicans alike who howled a unanimous 'Aye!' The Parliament of 1698-9 was strongly Tory, and the Army in England was reduced to 7,000 'native Englishmen'; the King's favourite Dutch Guards were the first to be sent away. William was so much hurt that he seriously meditated retiring to Holland and letting England go to the French dogs in her own parliamentary fashion. Even the acceptance of the Spanish will, and the insolent triumph of Louis in his perjury, did not move England a whit; she seemed utterly blind to the danger ahead, even when Louis, now assuming himself to be lawful master in Flanders, ejected those Dutch garrisons which the Peace of Ryswick had allowed to be established in certain 'Barrier' fortresses of that country. When Parliament met, in February, 1701, William was only able to speak to it of his desire to strengthen the English Fleet, and thus it cheerfully authorized him to do.

¹ These seem to be forerunners of the modern 'Maxim'; there are very few new things under the sun,

But, as Louis went on, in the sight of all men, to swallow the whole of Belgium, the temper of the Nation outside Parliament began to change, and a symptom of this was a celebrated petition from the Grand Jury of Kent to the House of Commons in favour of a more warlike attitude; the House imprisoned the persons who presented the petition. On the Continent war broke out early in the summer; the Austrians, at least, were not going to submit tamely to such an unheard-of attack on the 'balance of power.' And William was clearly in communication with them, when an event happened which threw the whole game into his hands.

On September 6th died at St. Germain's King James II.; a few hours before his death Louis visited him and assured him that he would recognize his son, Treaty or no Treaty, as James III. When we say, as we often do, that the King of France acted as a true gentleman in doing this, we must remember that he thereby broke another oath, that of Ryswick, in which he had solemnly sworn to recognize William III.; and it is part of the duty of a gentleman to keep oaths inviolate. It was not, however, the character of Louis, but his insolent attempt to dictate to the people of England who their King was to be, which moved even the House of Commons to abandon its factious opposition; in a new Parliament at the end of 1701, though there was no complete Whig reaction, an instant vote of absolute confidence in William was passed; an Army of 40,000 soldiers, a Navy of 40,000 sailors and 10,000 marines, were voted, together with subsidies for 10,000 foreign troops; and the King was authorized to negotiate for a fresh entry of England into the Grand Alliance. An oath of abjuration of the Stuarts was to be imposed on all persons holding any

office or benefice, and a cruel Bill of Attainder against the innocent young James III. was added. This was in February, and early in March William had a fall from his horse and fractured his collar-bone; the shock, slight as it was, was too much for his worn-out frame, and on March 8th his silent, suffering, harassed life came to an end. Ah! could we then but have kidnapped the gallant boy of fourteen, not yet saddened by ill-luck and poverty, and brought him over here, 'who knows but he might have proved a right English King? But we had to be content with 'Good Queen Anne.'

And Good Queen Anne was now childless. On July 30th, 1700, had died another gallant boy, her only son the Duke of Gloucester; and this had led to the passing of the fatal Act of Settlement, by which, on the death of Anne, the crown was to go to 'Sophia Electress of Hanover and her heirs being Protestants.' William had been strong for this; but remember always that, hero as he was in the field, and English as he was by his mother, William was at heart no Englishman, and cared very little for England except as leading member of his splendid Coalition. Dismal Germans were to sit on the throne of Elizabeth; and there may well have been old men alive in 1700 whose fathers or mothers had watched by her pillow in March, 1603, and heard her say 'she would have no rascal's son in her seat.'

Sophia was a daughter of another Elizabeth, 'Queen of Bohemia,' and so was granddaughter of King James I.; she was a woman of remarkable character and ability, which her descendants, until Victoria the Great, did not inherit; but the Parliament, which now offered her the throne, provided, with great discretion, in the Act of Settlement certain definite limitations of her power

and of that of all future Kings of her line; *e.g.*, 'that this Nation be not obliged to engage in any war for the defence of'—Hanover; that 'such successor shall not go without consent of Parliament'—to Hanover; that 'no office under the Crown or grant of lands from the Crown or seat in either House of Parliament shall be held'—by any person from Hanover. All these provisions, as we shall see, were repealed or set aside by the Hanoverian sovereigns. Still more important was the insertion in the Act of some clauses which the Whigs had tried in 1689 to get inserted into the Bill of Rights; *e.g.*, that all matters of State shall be transacted in the Privy Council, and all resolutions signed by those Privy Councillors who have advised them; that no person having an office under the Crown or a pension from the Crown shall sit in the Lower House; that a person impeached by the Commons shall not be able to plead against such an impeachment any pardon which the Crown may have granted him; that the Judges shall be irremovable except after Address to the Crown from both Houses. Unqualified approval can be given only to the last of these provisions; but, if we take them all together, it becomes evident that they were a deliberate and far-sighted attempt to settle the basis of Sovereignty almost wholly in the two Houses of Parliament, and to rob the Crown of all serious prerogative; that they were, in fact, the final solution of that 'Problem of Sovereignty' which the circumstances of the Seventeenth Century had thrown upon the table for discussion, and which kings, statesmen and philosophers had successively attempted to solve, each in favour of himself or of his partisans.

CHAPTER IV

“GOOD QUEEN ANNE”

No more uninteresting sovereign than Queen Anne ever influenced the destinies of a great nation. In Scottish phrase she was ‘just a body,’ in person homely to the last degree, blear-eyed, at the end of her life very fat, and with only one charm, a lovely voice; to art, music and letters equally dead; very dull of intellect, of a very obstinate temper and extremely superstitious. In the midst of the most brilliant and witty society she would chew the sticks of her fan for lack of conversation. But she was kind to the poor and to old soldiers, she was a devoted and affectionate wife and mother, and she was capable of one great friendship beyond the limits of her family. We must always remember that she was in constant ill-health from her earliest youth. She had many infants who barely survived their birth, and many miscarriages; the death, at the age of ten, of her one promising boy, the Duke of Gloucester, must have been a fearful blow to her (June 29th, 1700). In her last years she was incessantly tormented by ague and gout. She is said to have been passionately fond of hunting in Windsor forest, but, as she pursued that sport ‘in an open calash’ drawn by one horse, it must have been of rather a mild kind.

She was thirty-seven at her accession, had been tutored

by Bishops Compton and Lake, courted in 1681 by him who was afterwards George I., and married in 1683, at the age of eighteen, to a dull, jolly, honest gentleman, fond of horse-racing and good living, called Prince George of Denmark. In 1705 she paid a thousand guineas for a race-horse as a present for her husband. William had persistently snubbed that husband, but had been prudent enough, after Mary's death, to seek an immediate reconciliation with Anne and her friends the Marlboroughs, who had been inducing her to write penitent letters to her exiled father. There is no real evidence that her father had ever forgiven her, but it is quite possible that her feeling for him and her desire for her half-brother's succession revived after the death of her own son. In public she was always obliged to protest her support of the Hanoverian Succession, although, like Queen Elizabeth, she profoundly resented the incessant speculations as to the events which would follow her death.

The 'Church of England's Glory' is the title which a famous old song gives to Anne; but it must be confessed that neither Church nor Queen had any great reason to be proud of each other. One most excellent thing the Queen did for the Church when she resigned the £17,000 a year which came to the Crown from the old 'first-fruits and tenths' (the 'Annates' of Henry VIII.'s time) and made it into 'Queen Anne's Bounty for the Augmentation of Small Livings'; but her Church patronage was not nearly so wisely exercised as that of her sister had been. And the Church was no longer the Church of Laud or even of the Seven Bishops; much that was best in that old Church had passed over to the Non-Jurors; the learning and the piety were gone

while the intolerance remained and became a political force, concentrated on hatred of Dissenters. No words were too bad for the High Church clergymen to use in describing the Low Church Bishops appointed since the Revolution; of 'canonical obedience' they recked as little as their successors to-day. Convocation, which had been prudently muzzled by William, now met unchecked, and fierce invectives by its Lower against its Upper House were of constant occurrence. In the really religious movements of the time, the 'Society for the Reformation of Manners,' which was trying to purify the stage, the 'Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge' (founded 1699), and the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel' (founded 1649, but dating all its development from the period before us), the High Churchmen took little part, and as little in the foundation of charity schools, many of which now owed their origin to Dissenting communities.

'Manners and morals' do on the whole become distinctly more modern, not always with good results, during the reign. Material prosperity was fairly high; the 'hungry years' of William's reign were over, yet wheat was usually well over 40s. a quarter. London was becoming more and more 'the fashion,' and, in London, the centres of fashion were Bloomsbury, St. James' Square and Piccadilly. Kensington, still a rural village, was already full of fine houses and gardens. Drury Lane and the Haymarket were the only two theatres, and the stage was still very wicked; in 1706 twenty-four actors were indicted for immorality and profaneness. But before the end of the reign the influence of Addison and of Steele had begun to purify the literature of fiction and, to some extent, the Drama.

Anne forbade the Opera to be performed in Passion Week. Executions were fewer than before, though women were still occasionally burned at Tyburn for false coining. Bull- and bear-baiting were no longer fashionable for the upper classes, though Hockley Hole was still crowded twice a week by the lower—the keeper of the bear-garden there was killed by one of his pets in 1709—and cock-fighting was still the sport of gentlemen. Art, except that of portrait-painting, was not; but Handel came to England in 1710, and began to stimulate a taste for music which had never wholly died out. Cricket, which, in some shape or other, had been a boys' game before the end of the Sixteenth Century, was now a sport for men, and we find frequent references to matches at it, though these were always played for money. Gambling and horse-racing were the curses of the age, and gambling on the infant Stock Exchange was accompanied with frequent failures. In Luttrell's Diary we may read how such-and-such an 'exchange-broker who dealt mostly in Stocks,' has 'gone aside' (a sweet euphemism) for £100,000. He also records the betting at the coffee-houses, of which there were said to be 3,000 in London, on the events of the war abroad. We are brought near to our own days of silly excitement over silly feats when we read of a German, aged sixty-four, who wagers that he will walk 300 miles in Hyde Park in six days, and does it with a mile to spare; still nearer when we read of the great difficulty with which the Government was confronted before it could hang for murder a famous prize-fighter¹ who was a popular favourite; nearest of all, perhaps, in the fuss made about the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, which is probably the first

¹ Cook, a Gloucester butcher.

instance of a newspaper-fed agitation. The first daily journal, the *Daily Courant*, dates from 1702, but there were already fifty-five weekly papers. There is a penny post within London from 1711; there are flying coaches, doing their fifty miles a day, in the South of England; the turnpike system is extended over all the home counties; there are regular packet-boat services to Calais, Corunna, Holland, Dublin, Lisbon, New York and the West Indies. In April, 1710, four Indian 'kings,' or *sachems*, come to London to offer their services against the French in Canada; they are lionized about London by the Lord Chamberlain, 'and 'tis said they'll go over and have a view of our Army in Flanders.' Perhaps these children of the forest were being 'run' by an American syndicate. How 'modern,' too, that the Government should find it cheaper to have ships-of-war built by private firms than in its own dock-yards, that Lord Fairfax should take out a patent for the fishing up of Spanish wrecks in the West Indies, that collieries at Newcastle should 'take fire and blow up,' that the Treasurer of the African Company should 'go off with their money and their books,' that seven thousand destitute Germans should come to England in a single year (1709), and that foreign Protestant refugees should earn money at Wandsworth for making red hats for Cardinals at Rome.

In the department of literature men have spoken of the 'Augustan Age of Anne'; the epithet seems to me to be ill-chosen, for no great poet reached his full maturity during her reign. Dryden, indeed, almost lived into it, dying in 1700, and Pope was twelve at her accession; in 1709 he published his 'Pastorals,' and three years later his exquisite 'Rape of the Lock'; but his 'Homer'

was only just begun when the Queen died. In prose, however, a new era is noticeable, and had been inaugurated by Dryden, who was perhaps the first 'writer for bread,' the first 'professional' in the craft of literature. A professional who is to succeed must hit the taste of his public; the 'reading public,' though not educated up to the standard attained by a few in the Sixteenth Century, had vastly extended in number since the Restoration, but like other 'publics' it craved amusement rather than elevation, it did not want to fatigue its brains. Dryden and his successors knew this, and, if they simplified style and clarified grammar, they rejected also the glowing imagery in which the lofty thoughts of the Elizabethan and Caroline writers had been expressed. In reading Milton, or Sir Thomas Browne, or even Clarendon, we often feel that the author's great ideas outrun his power of expressing them; but Dryden, Temple, Addison, Swift and Defoe are perfect masters both of thoughts and pen. Addison, the great essayist, is perhaps most typical of the smooth, polished and somewhat heartless society which he amused with his *Spectator*; we are sorry for our erring or unfortunate brother when he goes under in the race of life; but we do not lend him ten pounds; we tap our snuff-box, say 'Stap my vitals,' and pass on to a rout at a Whig duchess's house. Men's benevolence seems to be smothered in those monstrous wigs which they wear.

One remarkable fact about literature remains to be noted; the leading writers were now used by the Government for party purposes, as they never were before or since. The Whig or the Tory party of the day would sooner sacrifice the head of its leader

than the pen of its drudge. That Addison and Steele should have written political pamphlets is, perhaps, not surprising, but that two of the most imaginative writers of any age, Defoe and Swift, should have put themselves in harness, is very surprising. The Whig Ministers want something trenchant and 'slashing,' to win votes at an election; and Defoe, a hasty writer who never corrected his sheets, knocks them off an article in *The Review*, which is hawked all over London with immense success. Swift, by his 'Conduct of the Allies,' of which 11,000 copies were sold in a month—November, 1711—or by his incredibly base 'Vindication (!) of the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough,' powerfully stimulates, if he does not actually create, a Tory reaction in the middle of a Whig war, the most triumphant war in which England had ever been engaged. Both these writers were masters of almost perfect irony, as well as of literal, pictorial and coarse description; no one could 'decompose a subject into its elements' like Swift. To Defoe such hack work seems to have brought no shame, as long as it brought pay; Swift, however, probably got to loathe his friends almost as much as his foes, and deepened his hatred of mankind in the process.

In Parliament faction was nearly, if not quite as bad as it had been in the preceding reign. That the results of the factious spirit on the position of the Empire were not utterly disastrous was largely due to the unrivalled patience and conciliatory spirit of the great Duke of Marlborough. The principle underlying the history of the period is very simple. The Government is committed from the outset to a great war in order to check the ambition of France; it is a truly national war for

national defence and for expansion of Empire; but to the Tories it looks like a Whig war. The Ministries are at first mixed, but tend to a preponderance of Whigs; as they become Whiggier and Whiggier the Tory opposition to them and to the war becomes nastier and nastier. When, by 1709, the British objects of the war are practically attained, the Whigs are accused of prolonging it for their own interests, and the Tories get upon their side a quite reasonable cry for peace. But they strive to bring about this peace by the most shameful and underhand methods, and disgrace themselves indelibly by their ingratitude to the great commander who has raised the English name to the highest pitch of glory.

John, Earl of Marlborough, who became a Duke at the Coronation, was now fifty years old; his treacheries, both to James and William, though they must for ever stain his memory, were now left behind him, and the remainder of his active life was to be given to the glory of his country, which even his passionate love of money nevermore induced him to betray. To his wife, the once beautiful Sarah Jennings, he was even more devoted than to his riches; and that wife had been since 1683 the bosom friend and counsellor of the Princess who now sat on the throne. Nominally a Tory, Duke John was emphatically no party man, and, even at the worst period of his life, had never joined in the parliamentary persecution of Whigs. William had sent him to Vienna in 1701 to negotiate for the renewal of the Grand Alliance, and he then became plenipotentiary at the Hague with the same object. A Knight of the Garter, Commander-in-Chief not only of the English, but of all the Allied forces, Master-General of the English Ordnance, he

held, when we declared war in May, 1702, a position almost royal. He had need of all the power and all the prestige he could command if he were to keep together and 'keep good' the discordant elements of the Alliance; but his tact and his patience were infinite, and he succeeded in his object as, perhaps, no other diplomatist has ever succeeded. The Alliance nominally consisted of the same Powers as that formed by King William, for Savoy was now again detached from France, and there was an Austrian gentleman upon our side who called himself, and whom some few Spaniards called, 'King of Spain.' But, the object of the Allies being the break up, and the object of the French the maintenance of the Spanish Monarchy, the heart of the Spanish people was with King Louis of France and with Louis' grandson, King Philip of Spain; and another great advantage was now on the side of France, namely, the possession of the Spanish Netherlands, where Philip had been readily received as King of Spain, and, therefore, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, etc., etc.

France could thus begin her campaigns by threatening Holland instead of having to fight her way through a country bristling with carefully fortified cities as in William's time. It is, then, not wonderful that our Dutch friends should desire to keep the Allied Army for the defence of their own frontier, and should, therefore, throw all obstacles in the way of the great Duke's incessant determination to seek out the largest French Army he could find and beat it in the field. Over these and over all other obstacles, down to the year 1710, the genius of 'Corporal John,' as his adoring soldiers called him, invariably triumphed. Let us see what were the means at his disposal, and how he utilized them.

In the first place the English (after 1707 the 'British') Parliament, down to 1710, voted large and ungrudged supplies for the war. Inconvenient Ministers like the crabbed old Rochester and the honest but limited Nottingham, who wanted a naval war only, were easily got rid of. Godolphin, nominally a Tory, was Lord Treasurer and a warm friend of the Duke; Harley and St. John, who came in as Secretary of State and Secretary-at-War respectively, at first did what they were told to do, and only began to intrigue about 1707; when they were dismissed in 1708, Walpole, an admirable financier, took St. John's place; and, though the Tory Opposition incessantly plied the cry of "Church in Danger!" and endeavoured to stimulate a 'Church fever,' as an antitoxin to the war fever, the career of victory proved until about 1709 irresistible to the English people. In the second place, Marlborough had an incomparable second, both in diplomacy and in the field, in Prince Eugene, of the House of Savoy, who commanded the Imperial troops. Eugene was now forty years of age, and had already reaped his laurels on many bloody fields against the Turks; he was animated by a personal hatred of Louis even greater than that of William; he seems to have been unacquainted with Marlborough till 1703, and their first meeting only took place a few weeks before Blenheim. Thirdly, in Cadogan Marlborough possessed one of the best Quartermasters-General known to history.

But these were almost the only advantages with which our great General started. The jealousy of Allies in the field is proverbial, but these Allies thwarted him and each other in a quite exceptional manner. On him fell all the arrangements to be made for the war in all places

at once : on the Upper Rhine, in Spain, in Italy, by sea and in America, as well as in his own immediate theatre, the Netherlands ; and, except by Eugene, he was badly served in almost every quarter. The greatest hindrance came from the constant presence in his own Army of two Civil Commissioners from the Estates of Holland. These worthy gentlemen, being, as I have already said, of the opinion that the defence of their own frontier was the main object of the war, thought it sheer madness to fight battles when they could be avoided, and again and again they interposed a direct veto upon operations which they considered hazardous. On the Upper Rhine there was slow old Ludwig of Baden with a strong German force. He had been fighting bravely for fifty years ; in 1705 he actually expected the whole campaign to be delayed a month because he wanted to go and 'drink the waters.' When he died, in 1707, he was succeeded by an incompetent sulky boor, the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I., who took upon himself to be jealous of Eugene. The Austrian Prince who now called himself Charles III. of Spain, and for whose title we were supposed to be fighting, had a double dose of original stupidity and obstinacy ; he visited England in 1703, and stayed at Petworth and several other country houses, where he found himself so comfortable that it was with great difficulty he could be got to embark for Spain ; when he got to that country he only thwarted all the plans of the brilliant but erratic British General, the Earl of Peterborough. In Italy the stress of the war fell on Eugene, and on the whole troubled Marlborough little. None of the Admirals really understood the Duke's far-reaching plans of naval strategy, which looked for the destruction of Toulon and the command

of the Mediterranean. To America he was able to pay little attention; the Tories did indeed send expeditions to Quebec, to Newfoundland and the West Indies, but they were unpaid, unclothed, unfed; only the offscourings of the Army could be spared for them, and if battalions were withdrawn for them from Flanders it was against the Duke's will.

The transport system was shocking, and, wherever Marlborough was not present in person, mismanagement was rampant both aboard and ashore. "We lay at anchor five weeks," says Private Deane, "off Tynemouth, waiting for orders, having only the bare deck to lie upon, which hardship caused abundance of our men to bid adieu to the world . . . it was a fatigue for the Devil." Gibraltar, taken by us in 1704, was a hotbed of sickness; in 1711 the men there were obliged to burn their huts for fuel. In 1705 there was a serious outbreak of horse sickness in the Duke's own camp—distemper, his chaplain calls it—and it spread to the enemy's cavalry also. Recruiting was always extraordinarily difficult; criminals from the gaols were readily accepted, though the worst men were always sent to the more distant theatres of war, and the worst of all to America. Parliament licensed impressment in the case of persons unable to prove 'visible means of subsistence.' By 1708 free pardon had to be offered to all deserters who would rejoin the colours.

Yet out of materials of this nature the Duke made the Armies that won Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, Armies that were never defeated, that began and ended with the conviction that

Upon each pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.

During the war the British contingents, in all the theatres of war together, rose to a total of 70,000 men (1709); these were nearly always raised in new regiments, for the Duke permitted no drafts; a battalion of those days would number about 900¹ muskets, and each battalion, except in the case of the Guards and the Royal Scots, was a regiment in itself. A cavalry regiment counted 450 sabres. When Eugene first saw our cavalry he said, "Money, which you 'don't want in England, will buy fine clothes, and horses, but it cannot buy that lively air which I see in every one of these troopers' faces." Marlborough's belief in and love for Private Thomas Atkins has never been exceeded by any commander, and Thomas entirely reciprocated those feelings. The Duke's serenity in the worst dangers, to which he constantly exposed himself without ever getting a scratch, had something awful, almost godlike, in it. 'He does not use to say much, when he is chagrined, but nobody's countenance speaks more,' and his men knew that he had a true and tender heart for their sufferings. The result was that he was able to require of his men marches and assaults which his enemies deemed impossible. Always when possible he started before dawn, and was in camp by noon, providing carts for the sick to ride in. There were no more arrears of pay, and almost no plunder, for the Duke paid ready money for everything. Woe to the fraudulent sutler or paymaster; the Duke would speak to him, and Cadogan would hang him. For the Cavalry he perhaps cared most: there was to be no more firing

¹ These figures must be understood to represent the strength at the beginning of a campaign only; the 'wastage of war' was enormous.

from horseback, a practice which the French still used ; Marlborough's horsemen charged at the gallop and used cold steel only. For the first time there is an entirely separate Artillery, as a scientific branch of the Service (1702); there are also Engineers and ' Pontoniers ' to make bridges ; at Blenheim, Lord Orkney notes with astonishment that we actually made bridges over the little stream in the very face of the enemy. In 1703 the last pikes disappeared from the Infantry regiments, and every soldier had a bayonet on his musket : all writers testify to the excellent and accurate firing ' by platoons ' of the British troops.

But the reader, like the Duke, is impatient to find the enemy and beat him. In the summer of 1702 the French were in occupation of the whole Southern Netherlands and of all the fortresses in the Meuse valley, with the exception of Mâstricht. Marlborough's first task being to deliver Holland from fear of invasion, he took the field at Nimeguen in June, and drove Marshal Boufflers and sixty thousand Frenchmen from their posts on the lower Rhine and Waal back upon Brussels, and in three months had retaken, practically without loss, the great Meuse fortresses of Venloo, Stevenswaert, Maseyk, Roermonde, Liège ; then the Dutch Commissioners compelled him to call a halt. In 1703 the Elector of Bavaria, to whom King Louis presented a coat with diamond buttons, value two million francs, declared for France, and a great combination for a joint French and Bavarian invasion of Austria *via* the Danube was formed. Marshal Villeroy was meanwhile to recover the line of the Meuse—if he could. But he couldn't, and Marlborough captured Huy, and had thus got hold of the whole triangle between Meuse and Rhine. That

was the year of the terrible storm of November 27th, in which ten Queen's ships were lost, the first Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, the banks of the Severn were washed away, and even a Bishop and his wife were killed by falling chimneys. In 1704, after consultation with Eugene, Marlborough in the deepest secrecy planned his great *coup*, which led to the victory of Blenheim. With enormous difficulty he persuaded the Dutch to allow him to undertake what he at first called 'defensive operations on the Moselle,' and, a little later, 'measures for the relief of the Emperor.' In May he was lying about Maastricht, facing Villeroy, who lay with his front to the East based on Brussels. The Bavarians were at Ulm on the Danube waiting to be joined by Marshal Tallard, who from Alsace held both banks of the Rhine; him old Ludwig of Baden watched, though with small forces, from the Black Forest.

Now Marlborough knew that he might safely make a feint at the heart of France *via* the Moselle, and that, if he did, Villeroy must follow him, a contingency which even the timid Dutchmen could not fail to foresee; Holland would thus be safe. Accordingly, in May, he marched to Bonn and up the Rhine to Coblenz, where the Moselle joins the Rhine. But then, to the astonishment of friend and foe alike, the English Duke pushed swiftly southwards by Mainz, struck the Neckar at Ladenburg, and met Eugene and Ludwig at Mondelheim in mid-June. Is he for Alsace? thought the French. Anyway Villeroy panted after him on the French side of the Rhine. No, by Heaven, he is for the Danube! On the 25th he was close to Ulm, and the Elector, in his diamond-buttoned coat, hastened to entrench himself on an almost impregnable 'kopje' outside the town of

Donauwörth called the Schellenberg. It was a position which had been attempted thirteen times in history, but never carried except by the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus. On July 2nd it was stormed for the second time, though with fearful loss to our men, and the town and bridge of Donauworth were secured. After that action, Prince Ludwig was pleased to say that the English troops might be killed, but couldn't be beaten. The Elector drew off, badly hit, to Augsburg, and Marlborough crossed the Danube, got in his rear, and ravaged all Bavaria to starve him out. Even while he ravaged, he compelled the Bavarian brewers to go on brewing large casks of their excellent beer for his soldiers.

Meanwhile Tallard and Villeroy had met in the Black Forest on the very day of the Schellenberg fight, and an earnest message of the Elector had summoned all possible French troops to his assistance. Eugene with the Austrians lay North of them at Stollhofen, but by the end of July he and Marlborough were gradually drawing nearer to each other and to the Danube. On August 11th the latter again crossed the river Northwards and joined Eugene. Tallard and the Elector did the same and took up on the 12th a very strong position on the North bank at Blenheim. They were protected by several little streams running down to the Danube, one of which was over twelve feet wide, and the ground was extremely marshy between these: on their right and left they held and strengthened the villages of Blenheim and Lützingen. They therefore thought themselves safe either from a frontal or a flank attack, and, as provisions were very short in both camps, sat down to a starving match against the Allies. But Marlborough had no intention

of starving, and determined to risk a battle. The numbers were fairly equal, something over 50,000 a side, the Franco-Bavarians being, perhaps, 4,000 the better. Early on the 13th Eugene on our right set out to make a long detour against the Elector and Marshal Marsin, who held Lutzingen, and Lord Cutts on our left, who was to try to storm Blenheim, waited to begin his attack till about two, by which time it was hoped Eugene would be successful. But Eugéné was thrice hurled back, and at three o'clock was barely holding his own; soon after that the Duke in person led the flower of the English cavalry to a series of charges over the streams and marshes in the centre, and he used his guns and his infantry to support these charges in a most masterly fashion. His final and triumphant charge was at five o'clock, and then at last the French left fell back before Eugene. But the twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons that held Blenheim resisted all shocks of Cutts, Webb and Orkney until the pursuit had swept past them and left the village isolated. Then Lord Orkney pointed out to these gallant fellows the hopelessness of their position, "though to tell the truth it was a little gasconade in me"; in fact he confesses that he 'bluffed' them into surrender.

"Oh! que dira le Roi, que dira le Roi!" said the French officers, as they laid down their arms. In killed, wounded and prisoners, France had lost hard upon 40,000 men as well as 100 guns: our loss was about 12,000. There was little pursuit of the few who escaped. Tallard was a prisoner; the Elector fell back to the Rhine. Marlborough turned North-Westwards, crossed the Rhine at Stollhofen, and proceeded to

invest Landau and the Moselle fortresses of Trier and Trarbach; all three fell before the end of the year. Blenheim was the greatest English victory on land since Agincourt; on September 7th there was a solemn thanksgiving service in St. Paul's, and Sir Christopher Wren built the Queen a throne in his new church for the occasion. The Crown granted the Duke the ancient royal manor of Woodstock, and he began to rear in the park thereof the hideous structure which still bears the name of Blenheim Palace. England had other cause of rejoicing, for, a week before Blenheim, Admiral Rooke, who had begun the war by failing to take Cadiz, by sweeping up a Plate fleet and capturing Vigo, seized the Rock of Gibraltar, and decisively repulsed, off Malaga, a French Fleet that tried to recapture it. These events had really assured to England the active co-operation of her old ally, Portugal, better still, they led Englishmen to realize Blake's half-forgotten view of the all-importance of the Mediterranean as a basis for England's sea-power. The Rock successfully resisted a most terrible siege in the winter of 1704-5.

The Emperor Leopold died in May, 1705, and was succeeded by his son, Joseph I., elder brother of the Archduke Charles, 'King of Spain,' for whom English troops under Peterborough and Stanhope had now captured Barcelona. All the North-Eastern corner of the Spanish Peninsula, that is, Catalonia and Valencia, always jealous of Castile, forthwith declared for Charles. Peterborough was everywhere hindered by lack of supplies and money, but he performed marvels with the few troops he had, and won town after town by a series of stratagems. In 1706, with the help of an English Fleet, he relieved Barcelona, which had been besieged,

while from the West another Army of Anglo-Portuguese, under Lord Galway, drove before it Philip's general Marshal Berwick (son of James II. by Marlborough's sister !) and occupied Madrid. Now, said Peterborough, was the time for Charles to advance from the Mediterranean coasts and to join hands with Galway ; but Charles was as slow as Peterborough was swift, and, though the junction was at last effected in August, Berwick had already been strongly reinforced from France, had cut off the Allies from Madrid, and soon drove Galway and Charles into Valencia. Peterborough went off to Italy by himself, and was recalled to England in the next year. He was an extraordinary man ; Queen Mary, we remember, had thought him ' mad.'

Meanwhile Marlborough had intended to begin the campaign of 1705 from his new conquests on the Moselle and to drive at the heart of France, but when, after wintering as an adored hero in England, he reached Trier at the end of May, he found that none of his Allies were ready, that Villeroy was preparing for active operations on the Meuse, and that Holland was squealing for help. He therefore marched upon the Meuse and crossed it, Villeroy falling back behind fortified lines on the river Geete. These lines, which had taken three years to make, were a great feature in the French method of warfare ; they extended in a great curve from Antwerp to Namur, and within them now lay the French and Bavarians with 70,000 men. Marlborough, however, by a dexterous feint at Namur, drew off some of the best French troops from the weakest point of the lines, which was just at William's old field of Landen, and with hardly any loss to himself, forced successively the passage of the Meuse and the Geete, and drove Villeroy

behind the Dyle. There he was for the time stopped; "Dyle they say is Scotch for Devil," says his chaplain, "and so this paltry river proved to us"; though Orkney was of opinion that an attempt to force that passage also ought to have been made, "but," he adds, "the Dutch are so untoward and my Lord so pestered with them, that it is a wonder he doth not leave the army." Unable to cross the Dyle, the Duke was compelled to ascend to its source near Genappe, from whence he turned towards Brussels, and was preparing to attack Villeroy on the field of Waterloo, when the Dutch again interposed their veto. But he had at least levelled the whole of the fortified lines as far North as Arschott.

In the next year, 1706, he was to attain a still greater—perhaps his greatest—triumph. It was the year of Ramillies and of his great march to the sea. Villeroy in May lay behind that tiresome Dyle. Marlborough from Mâstricht sprang over the Geete and brought the French to action at Ramillies on May 23rd. The feature of the battle is the admirable skill with which the Duke, by showing nearly all his red-coats on his right, induced Villeroy to withdraw the flower of his own troops to oppose them; then hurled the Dutch on to the French right, which was unsupported. Lord Orkney fumed and fretted at his men being used only as a tactical pawn, 'though, indeed, I think I never had more shot about my ears,' and at being kept wholly inactive. But the British finished the battle, for they did all the pursuit, and at last triumphantly forced the Dyle at Louvain. Then, in a month of marvellous marches, the Duke pressed on Westwards and Northwards, and took successively Brussels, Mechlin, Alost, Ghent,

Oudenarde, Antwerp. Before the end of the campaign Ostend, Menin, Dendermond and Ath had also surrendered, and English troops had penetrated into French Flanders. The Netherlands were now almost clear, except for the little corner on the line of the Sambre where the enemy held Mons, Charleroi and Namur, and for Ypres, which held out in the North-West.

Before the end of the year people in London were beginning to talk of a Peace. The Estates of Brabant, the most important political body in the Southern Netherlands, had hastened to acknowledge Charles as their sovereign; and the old French King was not indisposed to give up his grandson's Spanish throne, if he might be allowed to keep Milan, Naples and the Kingdom of Sicily. Marlborough, however, was right in refusing these offers. We must not forget that his eyes were never off the Mediterranean, as we shall see when we consider the events of 1707. To leave these provinces to a Bourbon would make Italy a French dependency, and the great inland sea a French lake. Eugene was now making gallant head in Italy, and one of Marlborough's ideas was to transport his own Army thither, and, in conjunction with the English Fleet, finish the war at a blow. But, of course, the Dutch would not hear of that.

Meanwhile the Duke's own position at home was slowly becoming less comfortable. Duchess Sarah, the Queen's dearest friend, was a most imperious and tyrannical friend; and the placid Queen was beginning to resent her bursts of temper. Once a cry for peace is raised at all in England, it is apt to become unreasonable; the factious Tories were taking advantage of it, and were growing stronger in the Lower House, while, as I said above, the Government was coming to wear a much

more Whiggish look ; and so the Tories were also crying out ' Church in Danger ! ' Their favourite weapon was a Bill against ' Occasional Conformity . ' This has been represented as an instance of their wicked intolerance ; but, in truth, there is much hardship in expecting a pious clergyman, who believes in the validity of the Holy Sacrament, to give it to a Dissenter who avows that he takes it only that he may hold political or municipal office ; the Bill was repeatedly brought in, but only passed in 1711, and repealed by 5 George I. Sarah, however, acting no doubt in accordance with her husband's wishes, but wholly without his tact, bullied the Queen into creating the Hanoverian Prince, afterwards George II., a Peer of England, and, at the end of the year, into making a most pernicious Whig, the younger Sunderland, Secretary of State. The Duke knew by this time that Harley and St. John were not unlikely to play him false, if they could get thereby the reins of government into their own hands.

In 1707 came the deliberate treachery of the Emperor by a Treaty with Louis for neutrality in Italy ; this unlocked another huge French Army for operations in the Netherlands, and the result was that all that year Marlborough had to sit at Louvain, which is about the central point of his recent conquests, watching very superior forces of the enemy concentrating on the Sambre ; these, however, effected almost nothing. In Spain, Galway and ' King ' Charles, who attempted a fresh advance on Madrid, were smashed to pieces by Berwick at Almanza, and compelled to fall back behind the Ebro ; and, worse still, a great siege of Toulon, undertaken by Eugene and the English Fleet under Admiral Shovell, was beaten off by the gallantry of the

French commander Tessé, after two months' leaguer, with fearful loss. The French, however, had sunk their Toulon Fleet to prevent its capture, and we were thus left in undisputed command of the Mediterranean.

The year 1708 opened with a great increase of faction in Parliament; only on the maintenance of the Fleet could both parties agree. There was already in existence a 'Seamen's Registration Act' of 1696, by which 30,000 merchant sailors received each a bounty of £2 a year, on condition of joining the Navy if called upon, and now a still better Act was passed, saying that any sailor who has served shall be dispensed from all apprenticeship for any trade in Great Britain, and that any one refusing to serve should be rendered incapable of earning his living as a boatman on the river Thames. Marlborough and Eugene met at the Hague in April to arrange for a blow on the Sambre, but the Allies were even more dilatory than usual, and the French, under the Duke of Vendôme, were able to resume a rapid offensive; treachery had admitted parties of them to the towns of Ghent and Bruges, and they were already laying siege to the important post of Oudenarde on the Scheldt, which commanded the English line of communications with Ostend, when by an extraordinarily swift march (fifty miles in sixty hours), our Duke threw his whole Army between Vendôme and France, July 11th, and crossed the Scheldt in the face of the enemy. Late that evening our eighty thousand fell upon their hundred thousand West of the town. Private Deane of the Guards says, "We beat 'em from hedge to hedge, from breastwork to breastwork . . . they having secured themselves of strong ground, as they always do, getting into villages and houses, and making every

quick-set hedge so that we cannot come at them." He evidently thought it a mean thing to take cover; but even the superior intelligence of 'La Tulipe' and his fellows had to give way to the dogged valour of men like Deane. Vendôme was driven back with great slaughter; Marlborough at once pushed on into France and began to besiege the great city of Lille. He had desired to mask Lille and push on to Paris, but even Eugene was against this. At Oudenarde had fought with great valour, on the one side, under the name of the 'Chevalier de Saint-George,' the exiled King James III., and, on the other, a stumpy little man with goggle eyes and a red face, whom we shall later call George II.

For the siege of Lille, all material had to be brought from Brussels, Vendôme watching from the North, Berwick and the Elector of Bavaria from the South and East; both made incessant attacks on our convoys, but these were always repulsed and neither Frenchman dared to risk a general engagement. Once the Elector drew the Duke himself away by a threat on Brussels, but fled at his approach. This siege of Lille is perhaps Marlborough's greatest feat, for Boufflers, who was inside, showed the utmost resource and valour in defence. "We were fatigued and bugbeared out of our lives," says Deane . . . "the Army was drowned out, and what was not killed or drowned was spoiled by their hellish inventions of throwing bombs, boiling pitch, tar, oil, brimstone and such combustibles from the outworks." Our loss had been perhaps 8,000 men, but the town capitulated in October, and the citadel early in December; Ghent and Bruges quickly fell also. On the day on which the news of the fall of Lille reached London, came the still greater news of the capture of

Minorca by Stanhope and the English Fleet ; the Mediterranean was thus made safe for English keels. The importance of Minorca to us can hardly be overrated ; it is right opposite Toulon, and much of our subsequent strategy centred round it. Lost in 1756, it was restored to us in 1763 ; lost again in 1783, we retook it in 1798, but finally surrendered it in 1802. Malta, taken at the date of Nelson's supremacy in the Mediterranean, was a very poor substitute for the larger island. If we ever have to fight France and Spain again, we must retake Minorca at all costs.

In other respects the Spanish theatre of the war was barren of events in 1708-9, but in the following year Stanhope and the Austrian Stahremberg penetrated from Catalonia into Aragon, won a little victory at Almenara, and pushed on to Madrid, from which, for the second time, King Philip was driven. But there again want of men and the universal hostility of the Castilian population told heavily against us ; the Duke of Vendôme came down in great force, and compelled the Allies to evacuate the Capital. Stanhope, on his retreat, made a most gallant but unsuccessful defence at Brihuega, and Stahremberg at Villa Viciosa. But it was too late, and these two actions practically closed the Peninsular campaign in favour of Philip.

The death of Anne's husband, Prince George, in November, 1708, has been called a loss to Marlborough, but as a matter of fact he had gone over to the Opposition before his death : the Duke was still able to force on the Queen some more Whig Ministers, notably Somers, Wharton and Orford, and to get Harley and St. John, now manifestly hostile to him, dismissed ; but it was his last political triumph ; the Whigs played what cards

they held very badly, and Sarah became almost unbearable to her mistress. She had recently introduced, as a Maid of Honour, a relative of her own, Mistress Abigail Hill, and Abigail, though never loved as Sarah had been, managed the gouty and miserable widow with considerable tact. To her the Tory Opposition turned, and blew, through her mouth, the Church-and-Tory trumpet to any and every tune against the Duke, the War, the Whigs and the Dissenters. The year '9 opened with a terrible frost, which lasted into March—River frozen above-bridge for weeks together, and London holding fairs on its bosom. Louis was gravely considering peace, and Marlborough went as plenipotentiary to the Hague, where the French King vainly offered him an enormous bribe; it was not, indeed, the Duke, but his violent Whig colleagues and their still more violent Allies who refused Louis' very reasonable offers, which were to renounce all for which he had fought, and to recognize the Austrian claimant to Spain. The English Ministry insisted on adding the humiliating condition that France should join her forces to ours in order to expel from the Peninsula the grandson of the King of France! Marlborough himself wrote, "If I were the King of France I would venture the loss of my country sooner than consent to this." By June 7th all hope for peace was over, and Louis, bankrupt in a ruined kingdom, made a noble appeal to his people, which was nobly answered; the coarsest bread was selling in Paris at 8*d.* the pound, and the general distress drove starving men to take service in the Army. That Army was put under Villars, the ablest French Marshal that Marlborough ever encountered. He set himself to form strong lines from Douai Northwards to the Lys, with

his centre at La Bassée. Unable to force these lines by a frontal attack, Marlborough turned upon Tournai, which he took in July, after a terrible siege, and then upon Mons. For the defence of this all-important fortress Villars was obliged to move out, and he took up an almost impregnable position in a gap between woods at Malplaquet.

The Duke was for attacking him before he had strengthened this post, but, in deference to Eugene, waited two days (till September 11th) for reinforcements, a delay which cost the Allies dear. Malplaquet was the most terrible of battles, an assault on a narrow front between woods and through woods; men fought from tree to tree, muzzles touching; "I don't believe," says Lord Orkney, "ever Army in the world was attacked in such a post . . . they had in many places three, four and five retrenchments [entrenchments] one behind the other . . . some of my foot ran away, though I gave both fair and foul language. . . . I hope in God," says the hardened old Scot, "it will be the last battle I ever see; a very few of such would make both parties end the war very soon." "We," says Serjeant Hall, "had an indifferent breakfast, but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives . . . we have lost two hundred in our battalion and ten serjeants, and I have received a very bad shot in the head myself." As a matter of fact the victorious Allies lost twenty thousand to the French twelve thousand; the Armies had been nearly equal, almost a hundred thousand a side. Villars and Eugene were both wounded, and the French retreat was conducted by Boufflers. The Duke of Argyll had seven shots through his clothes. But the result of the battle was the fall of Mons.

After this awful slaughter the English people began indeed to say 'Cui bono?' Where is it all to end? The gallant attitude of the old French King, once the bogy and bugbear of every Protestant child in England, began to rouse respect: the plaguey Dutch, who were everlastingly crying out for a strong 'Barrier' to be won for themselves against France, were thought to be leading us by the nose. Louis' offers of the spring began to be talked about, and the monstrous conditions which the Whigs had wished to impose upon him leaked out. Not slow were the Tories to take advantage of such talk, and to add to it the most gratuitous and insolent insinuations against the greatest of English soldiers. 'He was prolonging the war for his own glory—nay, for his own profit. He had refused bribes from Louis? Yes, but he had been far more heavily bribed by the Emperor. He was an arch-peculator who cheated poor soldiers of their pay,' etc, etc.—a string of malicious lies. In such conditions of public feeling a certain Dr. Sacheverell, who, I am sorry to say, was a Fellow of Magdalen, 'an insolent, hot-headed man without learning or piety,' preached on November 5th before the Lord Mayor a vulgar, tawdry sermon, 'as regardless of grammar as of sense,' denouncing toleration for Dissenters, and supporting the old Caroline doctrine of right divine and non-resistance. To impeach such an ass was ridiculous, and the wisest Whigs, especially Somers and Marlborough, protested against it.¹ But Godolphin, to whom the Doctor had appended an

¹ There is, however, something to be said for the view, afterwards expressed by Burke, that Sacheverell's sermon had been deliberately intended as a challenge and that no Government could have wholly overlooked it.

ugly nickname, appears to have lost his head, and the Ministry determined to bring on a trial. Wren built a scaffold in Westminster Hall to accommodate five hundred persons, and the mob of London went mad over 'High Church and Sacheverell'; forty thousand copies of the famous sermon were sold. It was the sort of foolish outburst that was seen in our own days over the removal of an African elephant from the Zoological Gardens to America. On trial, the poor parson prevaricated and endeavoured to prove that he had never meant what he had said; the Lords merely ordered his sermon to be burned and suspended him from preaching for three years, and the foolish Queen rewarded him with a rich living. On the accession of George he vapoured a bit and talked about martyrdom, although he took the oaths before his death in 1724.

But he had served the factious purpose of the Tories admirably—he was just a stick to beat Whigs with: "The Nation," wrote Luttrell a year later, "has cause to curse Sacheverell; without that hurly-burly you had had peace ere now." On peace, indeed, the Tories were determined, but only as a means of getting into office and taking vengeance on the Whigs. Two more campaigns were granted to the Duke: in 1710 he forced Villars' lines of La Bassée, took Douai, Aire and Saint-Venant, and in 1711 forced a fresh and far more elaborate set of lines, which the indomitable Marshal had created further South, capturing Bouchain and menacing Arras and Cambrai. Meanwhile the Queen had been interfering badly with Marlborough's appointments in the Service; her last stormy interview with his wife was in April, '10, while fresh peace-conferences were being carried on at Gertruydenberg. There Louis renewed his offers of the

year before, and even offered to cede Alsace to the Duke of Lorraine, but, as before, utterly refused to help in the expulsion of his grandson, who was now in solid and triumphant possession of all Spain except the little corner of Catalonia. Louis had indeed but to bide his time and foster the factious spirit in England; he never needed to make such good offers again. The Whig Sunderland was dismissed in June and Godolphin in August, Rochester and Ormond (the latter almost an avowed Jacobite), entered the Ministry, and finally Harley became Lord Treasurer and St. John Secretary of State. The remaining Whigs were cleared out by the end of 1710, and the 'Sacheverell election' of that year resulted in a huge Tory majority in the Commons, a majority whose leaders used to meet in the celebrated 'October Club' at the Bell Tavern in Westminster.

Harley, St. John, Lord Chancellor Harcourt and Dr. Jonathan Swift, who had begun in 1710 to write on the Tory side in the *Examiner*, were virtually the Ministry; they used to meet and dine together, and no doubt Swift, proudest of mankind, liked being called 'Jonathan' and flattered by Ministers of State. But it is astonishing that a man of his lofty intellect did not see through the factious trivialities of Harley and the more open knavery of St. John; indeed there is evidence that before the end of the reign he was weary of his position. Both the leading Ministers sprang from bitter Whig and Dissenting families; St. John in his youth had been compelled to read every one of the hundred and nineteen sermons of Dr. Manton on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. He was a man without honour or religion, a profligate of unexampled recklessness, but capable, by fits and starts,

of extraordinary industry. "Ah, Harry," said his father in 1713, "I always said you would be hanged, but, now you are made a Peer, I suppose you'll be beheaded." It was a repulsive spectacle to see such a man posing as a champion of the Church and a persecutor of Dissenters. There may be something to be said for the Occasional Conformity Act, and more for the Stamp Act of 1712, which, with the laudable intention of cutting down the 'yellow press' of those days, imposed a duty on newspapers; but there is nothing but condemnation for St. John's Schism Act of 1714, by which no one was to be allowed to keep a school without a licence from the Bishop and the annual taking of the Anglican Sacrament; this, like its sister Act against Occasional Conformity, was repealed by the Whigs, 5 George I. Harley had risen by patient mastery of all the forms of Parliament; he could speak at any hour, at any length, on any subject, and what he spoke, except when he was making personal insinuations against an opponent, was mere gas. He was a solemn windbag, without the remotest idea of statesmanship, and, when he got into the Office for which he had so basely intrigued, he soon realized that he was merely drifting. Though a heavy drinker he had one virtue in private life, for he was a great collector of rare books and manuscripts. He was created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer in May, 1711. For the last time in history a Government office, the Privy Seal, was given to a Bishop, Dr. Robinson.

From the first moment of its accession the Ministry set itself to work for a Peace; secret agents from France were secretly received by the Queen; to the Allies and to Marlborough were shown bogus sketches of Treaties,

and meanwhile death had been busy on both sides abroad. In February, 1711, died the Dauphin ; in 1712 his eldest son the Duke of Burgundy, and one of Burgundy's infant sons. When, in 1714, Burgundy's youngest brother, Berri, followed these to the grave, between Philip, King of Spain, and the French Crown there now only remained a frail infant, afterwards Louis XV., and his great-grandfather, aged seventy-four. If the infant died, Philip would unite the Spanish and French thrones, for no one supposed for a moment that his renunciation of the latter, sworn in 1700 on any number of Gospels, would be allowed to stand in the way of his interests ; and then all our blood and treasure would have been poured out for nothing. But in April, 1711, had died also the Emperor Joseph, and he had left no sons ; ' King ' Charles of Spain was therefore now heir to all the Austrian dominions, and was chosen Emperor. If the chance of the union of France and Spain were the more terrible, the certainty of the re-creation of the Monarchy of Charles V., if this other Charles really became King of Spain, was hardly less terrible ; and we must remember that Joseph died nearly a year before the two younger French Princes. Thus fortune had again played into the hands of the Tories.

When Marlborough reached the Hague after his campaign of 1711 he was accused of peculation and dismissed from all his offices. Ormond was put in his place, and was obliged at first to pretend to take the field beside Eugene, but with secret orders to thwart his ally, who had visited England early in '12 to protest against the coming Peace, the Ministers in vain trying to stir up the London mob against such a hero. In July, 1712, Ormond was ordered to suspend hostilities

and to march away his troops, who broke out into mutiny and tears of rage at the news; the foreign contingents which had been in English pay positively refused to quit Eugene, but, as a result of the English withdrawal, Villars was able to resume the offensive, to beat Eugene at Denain on July 24th, and to recapture several frontier towns. Marlborough had already left England in disgrace, but had been received with royal honours by those very Dutch who had bullied and thwarted him so much in the days of his glory. Of him there is little more to tell. Sulky George when he came to the throne gave him no confidence, though he was obliged to restore him to the Command-in-Chief. The Duke had two successive strokes of paralysis in '16, but he was able to play with his grandchildren and to count his guineas till '22, when a third stroke killed him.

The final congress for peace was opened at Utrecht at the beginning of '13, and the Peace was signed on March 31st; it was a party peace, and St. John, now Viscount Bolingbroke, frankly said so. It was brought about purely as a party measure and by the most disgraceful means; but, after such victories, it couldn't help being of solid and splendid advantage to England. And it expressed our position all the more because our one naval ally, Holland, had no colonial or maritime gains by it at all. She was, indeed, ceasing to be a first-class Naval Power, and, for several years past, had been unable to furnish her full contingent of ships. By the terms of the Treaty (1) France and Spain recognize the Hanoverian family as successors to Queen Anne. (2) Philip, King of Spain, renounces all claims to the French throne. (3) France agrees to claim no commercial advantages in Spanish America, and Great

Britain is to be allowed a thirty years' monopoly of the importation of negro slaves to that country; she is also to be allowed to send one ship to the annual fair of Portobello, which is the great depôt of Spanish-American trade on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama. (4) Spain cedes Gibraltar and Minorca to Great Britain, and France cedes Acadia (afterwards Nova Scotia) and Newfoundland¹ to the same; Spain cedes the island of Sicily to Savoy. (5) France will dismantle the fortifications of Dunkirk. (6) King James III. shall quit France; as early as 1709 Louis had been obliged to tell him that such a contingency was possible, but had promised that, wherever he went, he, Louis, would support him; James went at first to Lorraine, and was there when Sister Anne died. (7) In return for this abandonment of the Jacobite cause, England will abandon her Spanish allies in the province of Catalonia—result, the Catalans resisted Philip to the death and their province was wasted in blood and fire. (8) By a separate Treaty between France and the Dutch, the Spanish Netherlands shall pass to the House of Austria, but the Dutch shall be allowed to garrison a long row of fortresses on the Southern frontier of these provinces, and the Austrians shall contribute to the pay of these garrisons; this is the famous 'Barrier Treaty.' England undertakes to support this Barrier with a Fleet and an Army of ten thousand men; the Dutch, on their side, agree to support the Protestant Succession in England with a Fleet and six thousand men.

¹ On Newfoundland and the respective rights of France and England there, see above, Vol. II., p 513. On Acadia and Nova Scotia and the respective meanings of these names at different epochs, see Poole's 'Historical Atlas,' plates 85 and 86.

The Dutch are also permitted to close the river Scheldt, upon which the commercial life of the Spanish Netherlands had depended, and so to ruin the port of Antwerp; this was, however, in the letter, merely a restatement of one of the clauses of the Peace of Westphalia of 1648. (9) And by a third Treaty, to which the Emperor at last unwillingly agreed, Austria shall receive, in addition to the said Netherland provinces, Naples, Milan and Sardinia.

The original aim of King William III. was thus in some sort obtained. A French Prince sat indeed upon the throne of Spain and nominally ruled over the vast regions of Spanish America; but the Inheritance of Charles V. was partitioned, and all its Mediterranean power at an end. On these Treaties the political equilibrium of Europe rested, or was believed to rest, for the ensuing thirty years—some people say for eighty years—and all the troubles of the next period arose from the ambitious desire of several Powers, who thought it had been too unfavourable to them, to upset it.

The best clause of all in the Treaty between England and France was thrown out by the pestilent stupidity of the British Parliament. St. John has only one title to real fame; he was, as many of his Tory associates also were, a free trader, and he had drawn up a clause by which England and France, immeasurably the two most civilized nations of the world, were to stand, as regards tariffs, 'on a footing each to each of the most favoured nation': that is to say that France was to admit goods produced in England, and England to admit goods produced in France at lower duties than those respectively enforced against the goods of all other nations. But in 1703 Mr. Methuen had negotiated a

similar Treaty with Portugal, and, as Portugal had gold (from Brazil) as well as wines to send us, the British merchants, who still thought gold and silver the only real 'wealth,' got the Lower House to reject, though only by nine votes, the Commercial Treaty with France in favour of that with Portugal. The result was that, instead of drinking honest claret, our ancestors went on for a century poisoning themselves with port, and deserved (and got) the gout which they bequeathed to their descendants.

The remainder of Anne's reign is concerned with the question—What did her Ministers intend to do on her death? The rightful King of England had already left France for Lorraine when Utrecht was signed. Nothing in the Queen's own public conduct manifested much Jacobite leaning; but the fact that Ormond, Wyndham, Mar held high office in the State looked in that direction. The Tories, strong before, were still more strengthened by the elections of 1713, and the Funds, always at that date of Whig temper, had fallen at the news; they fell still further when Anne was taken very ill in the following spring. In May, '14, the Lords carried an Address to the Queen that she should demand the expulsion of her brother from Lorraine, and even issue a reward for his apprehension; she was naturally furious, and still more so when they demanded that Prince George, who had been created Duke of Cambridge in 1706, should be sent for to sit in Parliament. The writ was sent to him, but the Queen sent with it such a letter as killed his grandmother, Sophia, the Hanoverian claimant, aged eighty-three (June 8th); this left George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, the parliamentary heir. The fact is that during all the early part of Anne's reign

the Hanoverian envoy, Baron Schutz, who had resided twenty years in England, had managed his mistress's cause with admirable tact; but he had died in 1710, and his successor, Bothmar, did not make himself so acceptable. Phlegmatic George had long ago deposited in a sealed paper with his Minister in England a list of the Council of Regency, which, immediately on Anne's death, was to proclaim his mother, or, if she died, himself; and all the plans of his party were ready and well laid. But the Tories had the actual power, both civil and military, in their hands, and the whole question was,—Were the Tories for James or for George? The answer must emphatically be, the Tories themselves didn't know. Oxford certainly didn't know: he assumed an air of mystery, and let each side think he was devoted to it; probably he was in a fright. The Churchmen didn't know: one Bishop, Atterbury of Rochester, an eager, clever but not very tactful man, was an honest Jacobite. The majority of the country Clergy hated Dissenters so badly that they had almost forgotten their fear of Popery, and perhaps a majority of the country gentlemen thought upon the same lines; indeed the very least symptom on good King James' part of concession on the religious question would undoubtedly have brought him in, but this he was too honest a man to show. He let every one know that he was absolutely without intolerance, and that, while keeping his own faith, he would protect ours all over the World; only, unfortunately, no one believed that Papists ever spoke the truth. Marshal Berwick, James' half-brother but now a naturalized French subject, had a plan which, though adventurous, had something to recommend it; it was that James should travel secretly to England,

seek in secret a reconciliation with his sister, and get her to present him to Parliament as her heir. This would, I think, very possibly have succeeded. The glorious scenes at the close of Mr. Thackeray's masterpiece 'Esmond' represent the temper of the time with astonishing fidelity, and err only in the ludicrously unfair character they give of the exiled King. With the Whigs were, of course, all the Dissenters, now a very rich and powerful body, and most of the financiers, merchants and manufacturers; to us, accustomed to the cruel supremacy of the urban over the rural classes, this sounds an overwhelming combination, but in 1714 it did not mean a quarter of the Nation.

In those fateful months the question seemed to rest on the fulcrum of an even balance. Some have thought that it rested in the hands of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. That astute schemer was certain to be cast down from his high position if George came in; whereas, if James became King, he might possibly last some time before James found out what a scoundrel he was. And so in July, '14, he undoubtedly leaned to the Jacobites: he tripped up his colleague, Oxford, and got him dismissed at the end of that month; and, in after years, it was believed that he had said that 'with six weeks more of Queen Anne, he would have had the Stuarts back again.' But poor Anne, whatever her own feelings may have been, couldn't give her new Minister even a week: on the 30th she had a fit of apoplexy, and the Whig Dukes of Argyll and Somerset hastened to Kensington, forced themselves into the Cabinet, and insisted on speaking to their dying Sovereign. At the bedside they compelled her, at 1 p.m., to give the White Staff of Lord Treasurer to the Duke of Shrewsbury,

whom, though once a Jacobite, they believed they now could trust. According to one version, Bolingbroke himself proposed Shrewsbury ; if so, did he believe him to be a Hanoverian ? The Dukes went back to the Council Chamber and sat all afternoon and night, 30th, and all 31st, drafting orders to troops and officials in the interest of King George. The Queen lingered unconscious, and died at 7 a.m. on August 1st. "What a World is this, and how does Fortune banter us !"

CHAPTER V

THE AGE OF W(H)IGS

THE period now before us is typified by its headdress, and influenced by the fact that men had worn that headdress for at least a generation. Although, except for full dress, wigs were actually growing smaller during the reigns of George I. and II, the moral influence of the wig may be said to have reached its zenith in the former reign; and, while it lasted, I think it must have stupefied mankind

Yet the age should not be dismissed as wholly stupid, wholly immoral or wholly unkindly. The tattle of fashionable wits is not to be taken as giving a fair picture of the intelligence or the morality of the Nation; on the whole I believe private morality to have been steadily getting better. But the tone set by the Court was very low, and was unrelieved by any such intellectual graces and interests as had partly redeemed the age of Charles II. If England was not without great men, it was without great causes. 'No enthusiasm' was its watchword, and the word was used in its strictly Greek sense. The moral influence of the Church was by no means so dead as has been alleged; the country parsons as a whole did their duty; but, among the higher Clergy, the most spiritual element had passed to the Non-Jurors, or accommodated itself with difficulty

to the service of a Whig Government. That Government naturally appointed Whig Bishops, and these seem to have been largely inoculated with the spirit of scepticism. A great literature grew up of a 'Deistic' kind, challenging and attempting to explain away all the mysterious and spiritual side of religion, reducing Christianity, in short, to a system of prudence, and calling in doubt everything that cannot be 'naturally explained'. On the other hand, spiritual truth was never more admirably defended than by Bishops Berkeley and Butler, the intellectual giants of their century, the great glory of the latter is to have proved that the laws of Nature are as mysterious as those of revealed religion. And on the same side we have the mystic and Non-Juror, William Law, whose 'Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' was the most treasured possession of our great-grandmothers; on the same side, too, the simple piety of the Quakers, whose worldly prosperity was also very great. To Law and to the Quakers we shall, before the middle of the century, be able to affiliate the new spiritual movement of the 'Methodists.' Again, George II.'s Queen, Caroline, though she had no religion to speak of, did her best to promote learning in the Church; both Butler and Berkeley were her nominees to bishoprics.

But, when we turn to the sphere of government, we shall see that 'politics' have reached a very serious depth of degradation; that they are becoming what they are believed to be to-day, merely the art of 'managing' the Houses of Parliament and the electorate; and, as we should expect, this is accompanied by an utter neglect of the Army, Navy and coast defences. All the lessons of Marlborough are forgotten, all posts in both

the Services are at the mercy of the parliamentary jobber who is for the moment on the top, or of intrigues at the Court Statesmanship withers in such an atmosphere ; the one contemporary British statesman of great ideas, John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, failed to lead his country simply because he could not bring himself to soil his hands by managing the House of Commons.

George I. was born in the Restoration year, and was thus fifty-four when he became King ; he possessed the rare virtue of truthfulness, and had fought with distinction against the Turks. He had married his own cousin, accused her, rightly or wrongly,¹ of adultery, and shut her up in a dismal German castle for thirty-one years. He kept two mistresses (whom he created English Peeresses), more perhaps because it was 'the thing,' in the little German Courts in which all his thoughts were centred, to imitate Louis XIV., than from any natural tendency to wickedness. Nominally a Lutheran, he was quite ready to conform to the English, or to any other outward form of religion, but at heart he was a cold materialist. We have Sir Robert Walpole's authority for saying that he could be good company after dinner ; but, as Walpole knew no French or German and the King no English, and as both were thus reduced to converse in bad Latin, their jollity must have been under some restraints. George showed little enthusiasm for his new kingdom, which, as the French Ambassador said, he probably considered 'as a temporary possession to be made the most of while it lasted.' As for his manners, 'when he has a mind to compliment any one he bites a piece of sweetmeat with his gums (for he has

¹ The latest investigations, we fear, prove that it was 'rightly.'

no teeth), and then gives the rest to the person he desires to oblige.' Few kings have been more hated by high and low, and the hatred was pretty openly expressed, although I believe that the clergyman who, preaching on the anniversary of his accession, chose for his text, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' was an Irishman, unconscious of his own wit. In George's last year his statue in the new 'Grosvenor Square' (begun in 1716) was pulled down and smashed to bits, nor could the smashers ever be discovered. No wonder that his greatest pleasure was in his periodical visits to Hanover, that 'Terra Damnosa'

For which he scrapes, borrows, begs all he can get,
And runs his poor owners most vilely in debt

His two children, the Queen of Prussia and George, Prince of Wales, were different from their father; the latter at least was such a warm partisan of his unfortunate mother that his father hated him bitterly, and once gravely listened to a proposal to have him kidnapped and deported to the backwoods of America. The Prince was as brave as his father, but without his father's shrewdness or self-restraint, the vainest little strutting peacock of a man you can conceive. He made, just because his father scorned England, a parade of appearing intensely English; he rapidly learned to speak English of the Billingsgate variety, and sought vigorously for English mistresses. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the occasional head of such society as the disgusting Court could collect, says of him that 'he looked upon all men and women as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion.' But he was saved from the intense hatred felt for his father by the tact of his wonderful

wife Caroline, of whom more anon. Both father and son were, as far as education went, simple boors, blind to everything that can elevate the mind, to religion, romance, art, letters or science.¹ And if in their reigns Pope was rising to immortal fame, if Defoe and Swift were weaving incantations for posterity, if Johnson and Fielding reached their maturity, it must be allowed that the general tone of literature was very low. It was the day of 'Grub Street,' of 'Secret History,' of forged memoirs. The bitterness of authors against each other and against their publishers—a harmless and often a beneficent race of men—is very startling. Colley Cibber was a fit Poet Laureate for such a period. The Theatre did not improve in morality; masquerades at the Opera House, continually denounced from the pulpit, were openly patronized by both Kings, and the first Pantomimes, which date from 1723, were very indecent.

It is customary for historians to pay much attention to the parliamentary and ministerial history of this period, and to the shifting kaleidoscope of European Treaties; personally, I do not much care which particular Whig was uppermost at any given date; the essential thing is to know what sort of man an Eighteenth Century Whig was, and how he governed England. George I. made no attempt to govern it; he gave up sitting in his Privy Council, and left affairs to a small knot of men who were called 'his servants,' and whom we now call 'The Cabinet.' The result was that George II., who wanted to govern, was thwarted almost every time he tried; though no doubt the personal preferences of the Kings, or still more often their personal hatreds,

¹ An exception must, however, be made at least in the son's case, he could appreciate and patronize the music of Handel.

had always to be noticed by the real governors. Both Kings also exercised some influence on the Army, and occasionally made good appointments in it ; George II. had a truly German passion for designing uniforms.* In Hanover, of course, both were absolute sovereigns. Says Carteret to George II., in the ballad (1742),

Then cock your great hat, strut and bounce and look bluff,
For, though kicked and cuffed here, you shall there kick and cuff ;
and George answers—

. you shall do
Whatever you like ; give me troops to review !

The Tories being defeated, and more than half legitimists at heart, the Cabinets consisted entirely of Whigs, and the triumphant Whigs at once grasped the principle (since too often thought to be the main-spring of parliamentary life) of ‘government by party.’ Of this the first rule was now laid down—no Tory shall hold any office ; to the victors the spoils. But, as there were not spoils enough for all the victors, there soon appeared several successive schisms in the Whig camp, and a ‘Whig out of place’ was almost obliged to join the Tories in baiting the ‘Whigs in place.’ Place, Office, a job, was what each sought, and the Great Council of the Empire became mainly an avenue for greedy men towards lucrative jobs. The patronage at the disposal of a Minister was enormous, and was mainly bestowed in return for votes given in his support in Parliament or at elections. Capable officers were dismissed from regiments because they, or some friend of theirs, had voted against the Minister. This sort of thing, and not direct bribery, is what is meant by ‘Parliamentary corruption.’ One thing that made it easy was that a

large number of seats in the Commons were at the disposal of a few rich men, who controlled the votes of the few electors in many boroughs ; thus we speak of the Duke of Newcastle 'owning' the borough of Aldborough, and so on. If the Prime Minister can buy the rich Mr. Blank, by making him Lord Tomnoddy ; making him a Commissioner of the Tape-and-Sealing-wax Office ; giving him a contract to make army breeches ; decorating him with the riband of an Order ; making his brother a Bishop, his wife a Lady-in-Waiting, or his cousin Governor of Coventry Island, he will be able to buy with him the votes given in the Lower House by the honourable members for Eatanswill, Bishop's Cheetham, Rogueingrain and East and West Smuggleton, which boroughs do not contain twenty 'free and independent electors' apiece. He can, in fact, by such means purchase a majority in Parliament which may outlast many general elections, without spending a penny of his own money and with little expenditure of the Nation's. The worst of it is that a Nation so easily gets used to this kind of thing ; the tape and the sealing wax supplied by the new Commissioner are perhaps a little worse, the army breeches rather more shoddy, than when a creature of the last Government supplied them, but open 'scandals' are rare.

I do not for a moment suggest that the Georgian Whigs began this method of government ; if any one Minister began it, it was the Tory Danby ; it was the Tory Ministry of Harley that first ruthlessly excluded every Whig from office ; and that unblushing liar Bolingbroke, who spent his old age in denouncing Party and writing treatises for a 'Patriot King who should abolish Party Government,' had been the fiercest Tory partisan while in, and

the most shameless Leader of Opposition while out of Office. But I think the Georgian Whigs were the first who erected Party into a system, and claimed that it was inseparable from our form of free government ; and the astounding thing is that one of the greatest of philosophers, Edmund Burke, treated this idea as an axiom. We have gone on believing it ever since. Nowadays, of course, when Mr. Blank no longer nominates the member for Rogueingram, and when there are more electors in the borough of Eatanswill than there were in broad Scotland, *regnante Georgio I.*, you, in order to keep your party in office, don't bribe Mr. Blank ; but you do something much more disastrous in its consequences ; you bribe the electors themselves by appealing directly to their pockets or their fads, at the expense of the pockets or the fads of some other class of men—*e.g.*, you want to win an election in a borough where you are told there are a group of fools who object to vaccinating their children, and so, in order to bribe that borough, you risk the health of Great Britain and bring in a Bill to make vaccination optional ; or again, in order to win the votes of the improvident classes all over England, you pass an Act to give every one a pension of five shillings a week at the age of seventy. From your own point of view you are absolutely right ; such a gift as this will probably keep you and your kind in office indefinitely, or until the other party outbids you by promising to raise the pension to ten shillings. But what about *Diva Britannia* ? What will she say when she gets hold of you, as she will some day ? Eighteenth Century Ministers were at least spared that sort of degradation ; indeed, one of their great merits is that they legislated so little.

But to recur to our Whig of the Age of Wigs ; he was for King George as against King James mainly because he knew that King James would turn him and his colleagues out of office, and so he was able to pose to himself as a representative of the principles of the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688, now rapidly crystallizing into a legend. This also meant that he was a supporter of Parliamentary Government as against Royal Government. And so far he was right, in that government by the British aristocracy, even of that day, was likely to be a good deal better than the personal government of George or James would have been. He was also supposed to be anti-French, and a strong protectionist, and to rely on 'the City' rather than on the country gentlemen. He ate several of these principles, and was, I think, prepared to eat more, in obedience to the dictates of Party Government. But there were limits to his partisanship : if the honour of Britain were *too* deeply wounded, the national defence *too* scandalously neglected, if the trade of Britain were seriously crippled, his compliance with the guilty Minister would break off short ; and, though there were many individual instances of genuinely unpatriotic factiousness, it was not till the French Revolution had instilled its poison into Europe that it became a settled policy of one whole Party to hamper the other in its defence of national existence and honour.

This reflection leads us to consider for a moment the position of Great Britain on the map of Europe. In spite of the Peace of Utrecht, her rivalry with France remained the greatest factor in European politics, a rivalry due to past history and to new commercial jealousy ; a rivalry in North America, in the West

Indies, in the East Indies, in the Mediterranean, above all in Belgium. But, for twenty-five years after the death of Louis XIV., France was not in a position to make this rivalry effective. She had been very hard hit by the late war. The throne of her young and delicate King, Louis XV., was coveted by his uncle Philip of Spain. It therefore suited successive French Ministers, especially the pacific Cardinal Fleury (1726-43), to keep on the best possible terms with George, and to maintain the recent settlement of Utrecht. To maintain this settlement, which gave such an opening for British commerce, was also the greatest desire of successive British Ministries; and the chief difficulty in maintaining it lay, for each Great Power, in the task of keeping its Allies quiet. Now alliances after Utrecht should naturally have lain as they had lain before it, *i.e.*, England, Austria and Holland against France and Spain. But the tie that bound each client to his principal was of the loosest, and was liable to snap at any moment.

Perhaps the situation can be best explained by a parable. There are two dogmasters, England and France. Each owns a quarrelsome dog. The dogs have been fighting for a rich plate of bones (the old Spanish Monarchy), and each master has helped his own dog. In 1713 the masters, grown weary, have agreed to divide the food between the dogs; they have left the richest part to the Spanish dog, Philip, but have detached some juicy morsels, called Naples, Sardinia, Milan, Belgium for the Austrian dog Charles. The English dogmaster has not been above picking a bone or two (Minorca, Gibraltar, the trade with Spanish America) for himself. It is the dogs, not the masters, who are discontented at the Peace and the

allotment; they are still straining at their chains and barking furiously. The peace of Dame Europa's yard is not improved by the fact that two sturdy little un-owned puppies, called Prussia and Savoy, are frisking about in it, ready to snap up anything they can get; two quite useful Italian bones have fallen to Savoy (Sicily and a bit of Milan), and have whetted his appetite for more. And there is always the danger that the dogs may stop snarling at each other and join to bite their masters. Till 1729, when Louis XV. has a son, Philip thinks he may one day be not only dog but master (*i.e.*, King of France) also. Charles is probably the more discontented of the dogs; not only does he continue till 1725 to call himself King of Spain, but he says, with some truth, 'out of my Belgian bone my master has sucked all the marrow, for his stupid Treaty forbids me to d velop Belgian commerce, lest Antwerp should rival London': Philip on his side profoundly resents the redcoats sitting on his Rock of Gibraltar. And so, 'Was it for this? etc., etc.,' is the repeated snarl of each dog; to which the two masters have little to reply but 'Get you back to your kennels!'

Endless Treaties and shifts are devised by the masters for the purpose of keeping their dogs quiet; but slowly, slowly the conviction dawns on the mind of each that he may be sacrificing his own as well as his dog's interest by too long continuance of the Peace. On each side of the Channel are not wanting 'patriots' who say that this is so; and, after 1733, when France does get into a war against Austria, there is a thunderous cry in England that we are 'deserting our own dog.' Such cry becomes part of the stock-in-trade of 'the Opposition' in the British Parliament. George II. is often

inclined to agree with it. But, deeper than rivalry with France or than any other English interest, lies at the heart of both Georges a real love and a real fear for Hanover, and of this every English Minister is obliged to take account. The strongest cards a Peace Minister can play are, 'If we are neutral France will not touch Hanover'; and, 'If we go to war we must defend Hanover.' And the Opposition answers, 'So, whether we fight or don't fight, the interests of this great Kingdom are subservient to those of a beggarly Electorate.' Naturally the Opposition have the popular ear, for Hanover is loathed. More than once schemes were afoot, one so late as 1741, for separating it from Great Britain and settling it on a younger son of George II. Lord Chesterfield wittily suggested presenting it to King James III., as a safe means of defeating James' claim on Britain, "for," said he, "the English will never endure another King from that country." The Memoirs of the day are full of stories about the rapacity of the small clique of Hanoverian courtiers and officials—Robethon, George I.'s French secretary, Bothmar, who stole the candles in the Government offices, Bernstorff, who remained in England 'the power behind the throne' till 1732, Munchausen, a relation of the celebrated traveller of that name. English countesses found that German ladies were fond of borrowing, and less fond of returning their diamonds. But on the whole Hanoverian influence doesn't come to very much.

When we turn to details, we find George's first Ministry to be composed of two sections of Whigs, Lord Townshend and his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Walpole, on one side, and Lord Sunderland and General Stanhope on the other. Each is set, more or less, on trying to trip up the

other. Their first job is an attempt to take vengeance on the late Ministry, especially on Oxford and Bolingbroke; they have also to deal with the first Jacobite Rising in Scotland, of which I shall treat in a later chapter. Oxford is sent to the Tower, where he practises laying his head on the block. Bolingbroke flies to France, where he serves, and soon betrays King James III. Stanhope negotiates, in 1716, a Treaty with France, which really lasts till 1730. A most useful measure, the 'Riot Act' of 1716, is passed; formerly any use of 'force unlawfully directed against authority' had been apt to be treated as treason, and the lesser crime of 'riot' is now defined. For London was in a disturbed state throughout George I.'s reign, and especially during the Rising of 1715 and the trials of the prisoners engaged in it. Jacobite recruiting officers swarmed even in the military camp in Hyde Park; for several years there was grave disaffection in the Guards, and escapes from prison were always favoured by the mob. The Jacobites of London—a noisy, vaporous crew, when compared to the real legitimists in Scotland—had their own special haunts, *e.g.* the North side of Pall Mall, the 'Walnut Tree Walk' in Hyde Park, and their own 'mug houses' on Ludgate Hill, as the Whigs had theirs in Cheapside and Newgate. Street fights between gangs of hooligans, calling themselves Jacobites and Whigs, were continual. Executions, even of ordinary criminals—the first Wednesday in each month was hanging-day at Tyburn—and Parliamentary elections were also scenes of continual riots.

Another good measure of 1716 is the Act for Septennial Parliaments. Passed merely to defer a general election till more quiet times, it became a bulwark of the Con-

stitution; for, if a Parliament, elected for three years only, can deliberately prolong its own existence for four more, it is obvious that an Act of Parliament can do anything, and that the Houses are in no way responsible to the electors, as modern Radicals love to assert that they are. It sounds strange to our ears to hear that a newspaper of 1722 complained of the 'new practice' of appointing 'meetings of the Gentlemen of the Counties to solicit votes for the Election of a new Parliament before the old one has expired,' . . . 'a most scandalous method and evident token of Corruption; . . . the very names of the Candidates are published, and the votes of the Freeholders are solicited in the Publick Prints!'

These two Acts, however, are not a bad record for Townshend's Ministry, and he and Walpole 'went out' in 1717 because they rightly refused to second George's desire to fight Russia on some trumpery German question. Walpole at once went into vigorous opposition, and criticized all Government measures quite as much as the Tories did. His late colleagues gave him plenty to criticize. They brought in, in 1719, a 'Peerage Bill,' which was to restrict the King's power of creating Peers. It would have made the House of Lords a close oligarchy and been fatal to constitutional government.¹ Walpole fought vigorously, and threw out the Bill by a large majority in the Commons. Less reasonably he criticized the foreign policy of this 'German Ministry,' which was marked by an Anglo-French whipping of

¹ The existing number was then 207, of whom 26 were Bishops and 16 Scottish representative Peers, elected by the whole Peerage of Scotland. Sunderland's Bill proposed to have 25 Scottish hereditary Peers and a total of 222.

the Spanish dog back to his kennel. The troops of George I. were led by a son of James II. (Marshal Berwick) to assist the French Regent in preventing the King of Spain from restoring James III. to his British throne; so the situation was not without humour. Admiral Byng blew a Spanish Fleet out of the water off Sicily, and Gibraltar successfully withstood its second long siege. But George and Stanhope were quite ready to surrender that Rock, had not young Lord Carteret prevented them.

Walpole also vigorously denounced the financial recklessness of the Government. The South Sea Company, formed to trade, under the Treaty of Utrecht, with Spanish America, was a flourishing, and at first a perfectly sound concern. But in 1719 the shares became 'inflated' beyond their real value; a mania for speculation set in and carried away half the rich, and many of the poor people of England. The Government actually proposed to make over to the South Sea Company the management of the National Debt. Some of its members were suspected of criminal connivance in this 'bubble.' The King's mistresses had gambled and gained heavily in South Sea stock; so had the Prince and Princess of Wales. Stanhope's hands were probably clean, Carteret's certainly; Sunderland's were not, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had actually committed fraud. Walpole, while denouncing the whole thing, had invested heavily, and made a great fortune by selling out just before the bubble burst, which was in September, 1720. Sunderland had been obliged to readmit him to office, and his great financial skill enabled him to pull the country out of this very awkward scrape, in which thousands of persons were ruined. On

February 21 Stanhope died suddenly, another Minister committed suicide, and Sunderland soon resigned office. Then Walpole's long tenure of power began in earnest ; Townshend came back with him, and for a time Carteret remained.

Walpole, while expressly repudiating the name, was the first real 'Prime Minister' in English history, although Swift uses the term in speaking of Harley. Once, in Walpole's own Government, such an office was declared to be 'inconsistent with the Constitution.' But Walpole was the first man to base all his power on a definite majority in the House of Commons, and his system has grown until a man who has such a majority can almost act as dictator. And he was the first to be master in his own Cabinet, and to thrust out of it ruthlessly all who could not agree to his policy. How much of this was political foresight, how much mere personal jealousy, is not easy to decide. He soon became profoundly jealous of Carteret, and sent him to govern Ireland, 1724. Next year William Pulteney, a most brilliant and unprincipled debater, had to go ; then Walpole's own honest but hot-headed brother-in-law, Lord Townshend ; next, Lord Chesterfield ; in fact, almost every able man who served with Walpole was successively dismissed. There was one exception ; the name of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, who became Chancellor in '37 and held that office for nineteen years, deserves to be rescued from oblivion, not only for his invaluable services as an exponent of the principles of English Equity, but as the 'wisest of the Whigs,' the man who poured oil on troubled waters and mediated between all sections of the Whig party. But, except Townshend, all the dismissed Whigs went into fierce

opposition, and, long before Walpole's fall in '42, one-third of each House was a mob of disappointed and factious men yelling for the Minister's impeachment. Of the remaining two-thirds of the Commons, partly by the systematic methods of corruption which I have sketched above, partly by his supreme financial ability, and partly by his placable and perfect temper, Walpole remained complete master almost to the end.

As for his foreign policy, it was mere hand-to-mouth, and he disgracefully starved both the Services; he allowed the King's mistresses to job commissions in both until, as Chesterfield said, 'Mrs. Salmon's wax-work figures would be an excellent substitute for the British Army' (1736). To keep on good terms with France without an absolute breach with Austria was the *summum bonum* of his policy; for the rest, let us have a Congress—any number of Congresses—which will put off the evil day; if Hanover is threatened, subsidize German troops to defend it. Luckily for England, Cardinal Fleury governed France much upon the same lines. In 1725 there was a bad threat of war; the Spanish and Austrian dogs made a compact to go and bite their masters; and Gibraltar endured its third siege in 1727. A fresh Treaty with France and with the rising power of Prussia frightened off the dogs; but as for equipping an English Fleet or Army, Walpole had no thought of it. In 1733 France and Austria went to war, and George was madly keen to support Austria; but Walpole choked him off by telling him that a war with France meant the certainty of a Jacobite rising at home. And so

Our cannons mouldered on the seaward wall,

and, when war did come, in '39, Great Britain was without a single Ally or a single good wish in Europe.

On June 14th, 1727, George, Prince of Wales, was taking his after-dinner sleep in his villa at Richmond when Sir Robert Walpole knocked loudly at his bedroom door, to tell him that his father had died suddenly and that he was George II. George II. came out, holding his breeches in his hand, and said, "Dat is von dam lie," but told Walpole, for whom till now 'rogue' and 'rascal' had been his favourite names, to take his orders from a nonentity called Compton, whom he, George, intended to make Minister. But Walpole had long ago made friends with the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Anspach, Jeanie Deans' Queen Caroline. She was a woman of extraordinary intellectual power and of iron will, reproducing many of the good and bad traits of her Prussian kindred; equally at home in talking the coarsest scandal of the most vulgar Court in Europe, and in philosophical discussion with the greatest intellects of the age. It is small wonder that she ruled her silly, pompous, ignorant, irascible, low-bred, unfaithful husband; the astonishing thing is that she should have cared to rule him, and should have stooped to pay court to his mistresses; that she should have tortured herself, when dying, to walk with him who never asked after her health, and should have put up with his infinitely boring small talk and his maddeningly methodical habits, for seven or eight hours every day. That such a woman, half cynic and half stoic and completely emancipated from convention, loved power for its own sake, it is difficult to believe; perhaps, after all, she sought it from a real sense of royal duty. In several respects she is

not unlike her dreadful nephew, Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Walpole thoroughly understood her, and, through her, impressed his will on the King. Before the reign was a week old he had completely secured his position by offering to procure for George a Civil List larger by £100,000 a year than that which Compton had suggested; and, though it cannot be said that George ever liked his Minister personally, he grew accustomed to him and, on the whole, supported him faithfully. By and by he had to support him against such an Opposition as had not been since Shaftesbury's time. The strings of this were pulled by Lord Bolingbroke, who, by a heavy bribe to a royal mistress and by the betrayal of King James' secrets, had won in 1724 a partial pardon, which restored him to his estates but not to his seat in the Lords. In 1726 he and Pulteney founded a witty newspaper called the *Craftsman*, which devoted itself entirely to attacks on the Ministry and especially on the personal character of the Minister, whom it openly accused of peculation. In the case of both these men mere spite and faction were the causes of their opposition. But it was quite otherwise with Carteret. This true statesman, from whom, indeed, William Pitt learned the lesson of the position which Britain might and ought to claim, was the real inheritor of the policy of Marlborough and William III. It is quite possible to argue that, for that very reason, he was out of place in the reign of George II. Descended from two great Tory and legitimist families, he was never for a moment anything but the staunchest of Whigs; and his Whiggery was due to his wide outlook on European politics, and perhaps to his contempt for the St. John-Harley gang,

•which was in office when he first took his seat in the Lords To others politics were either a mere social game or a means of advancing their private interests ; to Carteret they meant an earnest study of European problems, and a search for the means which would maintain at their highest pitch the honour and interest of Great Britain. He had never sat in the Lower House, which he took no pains to understand ; his temper was too lofty and his hands too clean to manage its rank and file, and, as without such management no Minister could then govern, Carteret failed.

‘ Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,’ and not only a master of all civilized modern languages, but one of the greatest Greek scholars of the age, he was always reading Demosthenes, or writing to learned Germans to procure Homeric texts for his friend Bentley, when he ‘ ought to have been studying the Court Almanac ’ to learn how to acquire backstairs influence. But it would be a great mistake to think of him as a man without ambition. He believed himself, as William Pitt believed himself, capable of leading Englishmen, and desired to do so ; to him, as to Pitt, the House of Bourbon was the Enemy to be incessantly watched, and watched in arms. He opposed Walpole, after 1730, not from factious motives, but because he saw that Walpole was letting England drift ; “ There never was a Government,” he once said, “ which had so much power and so little authority.”

Then there was Sir William Wyndham, the leader in the Commons of the Tory country gentlemen, at heart a Jacobite, and deeply compromised in 1715, but much under the spell of Bolingbroke, whose ideas he reflected in Parliament. Then there was ‘ honest Shippen,’ the

leader of the avowed Jacobites, who never voted without consulting his King over the water ; " whoever is corrupt," said the placable Walpole, " Shippen is not." There was Pulteney, the very essence of factious Whiggery out of place, a disappointed man, who, when he did get a chance (in 1746), dared not grasp his opportunity, and betrayed his friends. There was Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, who had inherited the wit and polish of his grandfather, the great Halifax, but not his character ; a gambler, a rake, an orator and a skilful pamphleteer, no one trusted him, and if he had held office he could never have acted in concert with any one ; but every one dreaded him, as he was believed to be writing memoirs of his own times. Finally there was the group of ' boy patriots,' Grenvilles, Cobhams, Lytteltons and, after 1735, William Pitt. That the latter afterwards became a true leader of men cannot palliate the fact that the first twenty years of his public life were marked only by unblushing factiousness. Able as were his comments upon the conduct of the war of 1739, and lofty as his hatred of corruption undoubtedly was, it can yet not be denied that he made his name by denouncing in sonorous periods every measure of Walpole's, good or bad ; directly Walpole was upset he played an identical game against Carteret, and then successively against every one who excluded him from office. For office he cringed to every one, even to the King's reigning mistress.

From the year '29 a rallying point was given to this miscellaneous Opposition by the arrival in England of Frederick, Prince of Wales, *ætat.* 22, ' a puppy,' as his father rightly called him. Father and mother hated him and he hated them back, and so he threw open

Leicester House to the anti-Walpoleans, and promised them all sorts of fine things when he should become King, a dispensation which Heaven mercifully averted from Great Britain. He demanded of his father an income and a wife, got the latter (a Princess of Saxe Gotha) and grumbled at £50,000 a year for the former, though one would have thought it enough for such a fellow.

Against this powerful coterie Sir Robert fought, session after session, with a dogged determination and a courage which must always inspire admiration. He had no popularity outside Parliament, though 'the City' had great confidence in his financial ability; he had no family connections, being only a plain and very coarse Norfolk squire. With the exception of Hardwicke his colleagues in the Cabinet were, at the best, industrious mediocrities like Harrington, Pelham and Newcastle. He had no real hold on the King, who listened eagerly to Carteret's foreign schemes. In fact he had but one ally, the Queen, and, when she died, commending with her last breath King and kingdom to his care, his power began to wane. In fact Walpole found his best ally in his own industry, his own easy temper, his own mastery of the details of home affairs and of parliamentary tactics. And England owes to him one or two measures of the first financial importance.

In the first place, he began a systematic reduction of the high Customs duties on many important articles, especially on the raw materials for manufacture; and he abolished all duties levied on exports. In the second place, though he paid off little of the principal of the National Debt, he reduced the rate of interest on it from six to five, and finally to four per cent.; his successors

soon reduced it to three and a half ; and he established, on a really sound basis, a ' Sinking Fund ' towards paying off the Debt, although his political necessities subsequently compelled him to devote this fund to other purposes. In the third place, he began to relax the restrictions which compelled our Colonies to send their chief products wholly to Britain, but, when it was suggested that he should tax the Colonies, he shrewdly repudiated the idea. In the fourth place, by the extreme lightness of his land tax he did much to reconcile the country gentlemen to the Hanoverian dynasty, yet without allowing taxes to fall heavily on the merchants ; landowners, he said, are like sheep who patiently submit to be sheared, so don't shear them too close ; merchants are like pigs, who squeal when you touch them. In the fifth place, he began to introduce a system of ' bonded warehouses ' in our ports, to which foreign products could be brought for storage free of duty ; if they were re-exported they paid no duty, but paid only if they were ' taken out of bond ' and sold in England. Walpole carried this measure as regards tea and coffee, but when he proposed a similar plan for wine and tobacco and *called* the tax to be paid on them ' an Excise,' he raised such a storm as nearly upset him. It was a storm about a mere name ; ' the liberties of England would perish ' if the functions of the Exciseman, already since 1661 well known to brewers, were to operate on vintners and tobacconists also :—

This dragon Excise has ten thousand eyes
And five thousand mouths to devour us,
A sting and sharp claws, with wide gaping jaws,
And a belly as big as a storehouse ;

When once, the song goes on, we have fed him with wine
and tobacco—

Grant these, and the glutton will roar out for mutton,
Your beef and your bacon to boot,
Your goose, pig and pullet, he'll thrust down his gullet,
While the labourer munches a root.

Obviously the measure, if carried, would not only have diminished smuggling, but enormously increased the oversea trade of Britain, whose 'free ports' would have become the markets of the World. Walpole in 1733 bowed to the storm and withdrew the measure. The younger Pitt afterwards carried it without opposition.

The result of these measures was that the public credit stood very high, and the foreign and colonial trade of Britain developed rapidly. But a heavy price was paid for this. It must always remain an open question whether Walpole did not make a grave mistake in refusing to come to the assistance of Austria, when France and Spain attacked her in 1733; for it was her failure in this war which led her enemies to attack her in 1740. My own quarrel with Walpole is not so much for this mistake as for not being, then and always, prepared for war. King George was always dying to go to war in order to exhibit his one really good quality, personal bravery, but always, too, he was drawn back by that fear for beloved Hanover. After Caroline's death the chance came only too soon. In 1737 a petition of London merchants called the attention of Parliament to the fact that Spanish coastguards in America too often mis-handled British subjects (either traders under the Treaty, or smugglers, who abounded) and exercised a tyrannical 'right of search' for contraband goods in British ships.

In effect it was the old story of Drake's time. Spain had been obliged, by the Treaty, to open a crack of window into her *mare clausum*, and we were always striving to fling the window right up. Her colonists as well as ourselves profited immensely by the widening of the crack, and Spain was foolish to try to close it. Was she in force enough, out there, to close it? Clearly not, as long as she stood alone. But, if she took a bold line and shut the window with a bang, would she be long alone? Her king was a Bourbon; would not the arch-Bourbon, the King of France, come to his aid? Was not France almost tired of a peace during which English commerce and colonization were expanding out of all proportion to her own. Though King Philip hated Cousin Louis, and Philip's savage wife hated him even more, there had already been one 'Family Compact' between their Governments. From '33 to '35 they had fought together against Austria, and been victorious; the Spanish dog had recovered two of his lost bones, Naples and Sicily. Old Fleury might be carried off his legs by the war party in Paris if only Spain took the high line.

And in 1738 she began to take it. As Treaties stood she was probably within her rights, and Walpole was therefore right to seek, as he did, every possible form of compromise. There is, however, a point at which compromise becomes scuttle, and, before that is reached, a great Minister will tear up Treaties. Walpole knew that war would mean his own fall, and he ought to have resigned office rather than declare it. Instead of that, after a Convention with Spain that was little short of humiliating for Britain, he declared war in '39, and struggled on for three more years with power

slipping from his hands at Court, in Cabinet, in City, in Parliament.

By a stroke of luck, which no one had any right to expect, within a month of the declaration (December, '39), Admiral Vernon, with only six ships, captured Portobello on the Gulf of Mexico, but that was the limit of our success. Meanwhile the Opposition went, head down, at the Minister. Pitt clamoured against every measure of the war, as he had denounced those of the peace; and Walpole's preparations were so inefficient that Pitt almost seemed to be justified. In February, '41, a most fiery demand was made in both Houses for Walpole's removal from the King's councils for ever; it was silenced for the time, but a general election in the summer left the Minister with a vastly reduced majority. His own Cabinet intrigued against him, George went off to Hanover and deserted him, and, in February, '42, he was obliged to resign. Cries for impeachment and for his head—he was freely compared to Strafford—were at once raised, but, though a Parliamentary Committee sat for many months to enquire into his alleged crimes of peculation, it could get no serious evidence.¹ He was created Earl of Orford, and the King continued to consult him privately till his death in 1745.

The war that had now begun and the year which we have now reached are to some extent a landmark in European and in English history. The Age of Wigs is not over, and faction will still be rampant for many years: but the Nation is beginning to awake in more ways than one. Great industrial changes, which I shall notice

¹ It is, however, a fact that officials of the 'Secret Service money' refused to give evidence in the case, and were authorized by the King to refuse.

elsewhere, are not far off. The renewed struggle with the House of Bourbon, soon to spread to all quarters of the globe, will on the one hand incline men to consider the infinite mischief of parliamentary squabbles and to look for a leader, and on the other hand, will end in the break up of the old system of Alliances and in a new basis for foreign policy.

The war was popular at its commencement, and the Funds actually rose when it was declared, but it did not long remain popular. Our old friend the Emperor Charles VI., who once used to stay at Petworth (1703) and call himself Carlos III. of Spain, died in the autumn of '40, leaving his dominions, or such of them as he had power to leave, to his daughter Maria Theresa, recently married to Francis, who had just exchanged his old Duchy of Lorraine for his new Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The lady could not, of course, be elected King of Bohemia, still less Emperor (though apparently, because the Hungarian language has no word for Queen, she could be 'King' of Hungary); there was much doubt whether she could even be Archduchess of Austria, or Duchess of Milan. See what a patchwork the Hapsburg dominions were, all held by different titles and passing by different rules of inheritance. But the possession of the Imperial title and of all these dominions by a Hapsburg, which had been continuous for over two centuries, seemed to be almost part of the public law of Europe, or at least the surest guarantee for European peace. So most reasonable people were prepared to tide over the difficulty and to say, 'let Maria's husband be elected Emperor and King of Bohemia, and let the pair of them rule in all the old dominions of her father.'

George II. held this view very strongly. Even France, the mortal foe of Austria, had recognized it in principle, and in all former wars, when she had been victorious she had been content to take, in a gentlemanly fashion, some frontier province such as Alsace (1648), Lorraine (1738), and not to seek to oust the Hapsburgs from their central dominions.

Now, however, there stepped upon the scene a young man of twenty-nine who was not a gentleman, and who determined to base his policy on what Machiavelli calls 'the effectual truth of things,' which, reduced to its lowest terms, is apt to mean force. Frederick, to be one day called Frederick the Great, had been King of Prussia for six months when the old Emperor died. He was the nephew of George II., and their mutual hatred was worthy of their family traditions. He was known to be devoted to flute playing and to cheap French philosophy, and to possess a well-drilled Army of eighty thousand men, in which he was believed to take no interest. But within a month of Charles' death Frederick demanded of Maria the rich province of Silesia, and before she had time to gasp out an indignant refusal, he marched his men in and took it. Immediately up started, all over Europe, claimants to the unfortunate lady's dominions, Bavaria, generally a 'French traitor' in Germany, being the chief of them. The war party in France was delighted, blew the flame, carried Fleury off his legs and made him conclude a Treaty with Frederick. Some of the Electors chose Charles of Bavaria as Emperor, and he vapoured for four years as Charles VII.¹ Maria fell back upon her Hungarians. She was a warrior

¹ The wits of the day said of him that he was *Et Cæsar et nihil*.

Queen of dauntless spirit, and a 'perfect dear' in private life, but, like other deeply wronged women, she was to prove an intractable Ally. King George was in a terrible fever; she squealed to him for help, but, eager as he was to help her, his fear for Hanover got the better of his courage, and he was content with pouring into her lap English subsidies, which Walpole, not yet fallen, allowed him to do. All '41 things looked very black for Maria. They looked black for England too; huge bounties entirely failed to attract recruits to the colours, and impressment, for the Army as well as for the Navy, was soon the rule. Admiral Vernon, with 100 sail and 12,000 troops, miserably failed to take Carthage. From Admiral Anson, who was sailing round the World in the *Centurion*, to raid the Pacific coasts of Spain, no good news had yet been heard. Spain on her own account flew at the Austrians in Italy; France had to help her there, and it was only a question of months before France would help her also against England.

Then Walpole fell, and George had at last got a statesman to stiffen his back. The reconstructed Ministry of '42, nominally under Lord Wilmington and Pulteney and still containing Newcastle, Pelham, Hardwicke and several other old Walpoleans, was really for two years in the hands of Lord Carteret, now Secretary of State. To him, we know, France was the enemy, Germany always the friend; and by Germany he didn't mean the 'beggarly Electorate' of Hanover, but a reunited Teutonic Nation. To effect this reunion, and especially to reconcile Frederick and Maria, he bent all his efforts and was partially successful; in June, '42, Maria agreed to the cession (she meant it to be only a temporary one) of Silesia, and Frederick at once dropped

his French Allies. Hungarian Armies—'bonny fighters'—started from the East, and a French-Bavarian invasion of Bohemia was rolled back. Carteret sent old Lord Stair, a veteran of Marlborough's wars, with sixteen thousand English troops to Flanders. If only those sluggish Dutch could be galvanized into undertaking the defence of that province, Stair could be thrown on to the retreating French Army somewhere on the Main or the Danube, and could smash it up; but all '42 the Dutch refused to budge. Carteret was very ill backed up by his own Cabinet, and Pitt and his yelping throng denounced him as 'sold to Hanover'; but he stuck to his plan, and, in February '43, Stair, reinforced by powerful Austrian and Hanoverian contingents, and following Marlborough's old route, though not with Marlborough's swiftness or secrecy, marched Southwards. By May he had only reached the Main, and there he stayed, till in mid-June George himself arrived and took over the command.

Now we were still supposed not to be 'at war' with France, but only an 'Auxiliary' of Austria. France said she was only an 'Auxiliary' of Bavaria! Nevertheless we had got to cut off one large French Army, which under Marshal Noailles had been sent to relieve another large French Army retreating Rhinewards under Marshal Broglie. George had absolutely no head for strategy, and Stair, who was a good man, could get none of his orders obeyed. Our commissariat system was, thanks to Walpole, as defective as if John of Marlborough had never hanged a fraudulent contractor; and at the end of June we suddenly found ourselves starving, in a narrow wooded defile of the great river Main, with a French Army, 70,000 strong to our 40,000, between us and our magazines at

Hanau. The French held both banks of the river and quietly threw bridges between them; then they encircled us, front, flank and rear, as in a mousetrap; the narrow mouth of the trap was at the village of Dettingen. There were three choices before us: (a) to starve, (b) to surrender, (c) to cut our way through to Hanau.

Noailles' plans were excellently laid, and, had he or his lieutenants been capable of executing them, it is hard to see how a man of us could have escaped. But the peace had been almost as fatal to French military education as to our own; they had 'hardly a Brigadier who knew how to draw up his brigade.' Their leader in front at Dettingen charged when he ought to have stood firm, and so Noailles' heavy guns on the Southern bank of the river couldn't play upon the head of our column, lest they should shoot their own men as well as ours.¹ And—

Dapper King George was a fighter grim,
With some English blood at heart of him,
And a man of wrath, and a man of his fists,
And a wrecker of orthodox strategists.

His horse, unbroken to musketry fire, as English troop-horses were apt to be, bolted with him to the rear;

Then he cursed such cattle for cowardly brutes,
And led us to the front in his big jack-boots.²

And one thing of Marlborough's teaching remained—our admirable volley firing, which blasted away whole regiments. For once, too, the French infantry, being badly led, failed to do its duty, and we won a complete

¹ The centre and rear of our column suffered heavily from these guns.

² Frank Taylor, in the *Spectator*, October 12th, 1907.

victory; the French loss was at least 8,000—more than treble that of the Allies.

Carteret was overjoyed, and worked hard for a union of all German Princes for the recovery of the provinces lost to France during the last two centuries. But Maria thought far more of taking signal vengeance on Bavaria, whose territory she now had within her grasp, than of German unity, for which she did not care two straws, and Frederick knew well that, if she were too victorious, his turn would come next; he knew she always called him 'the wicked man.' German unity, in fact, was, for more than a century to come, a mere dream; and, even now that it has been achieved, I have not heard that they have erected in Berlin a statue to Carteret, though they certainly owe him one. And in England, so unpopular was King George that not even his splendid valour at Dettingen could win his great Minister a moment's real authority, either in Cabinet or Parliament. So violent were the infamous 'patriots' against Carteret that even old Walpole was moved to speak strongly in his favour in the Lords. Hence the results of Dettingen, most favourable to Austria, were to England simply *nil*, except that in '44 we screwed up courage to 'declare war' on France. France indeed quickly recovered from the blow, concluded a close alliance with Spain, stood up bravely to Admiral Mathews off Toulon,¹ and prepared a great Fleet, with the Hope of the Stuarts on

¹ It is commonly said that Mathews was beaten, and it was not the fault of his subordinate, Admiral Lestock, that he was not. Mathews' signals were confused, and Lestock, who had a long-standing quarrel with Mathews, deliberately kept out of the fight. A Court Martial afterwards acquitted him and cashiered Mathews—most unjustly. The French lost one ship in the action, and were not inclined to renew it on the next day.

board, for an invasion of England. On land she sent her ablest General, Marshal Saxe, to invade the old battle-ground of Flanders. Saxe swept up the frontier towns there at a great rate, and our old Marshal Wade, though by no means the 'grandmother' that popular song called him, failed, all through '44, to get the Austrians to combine with him for the defence of their own Flemish territory. The truth is the Austrians never cared much for Flanders; they were fighting on the upper Rhine as well, and were very reasonably afraid of Frederick, who justified their fears by breaking with Maria and springing upon Bohemia in the autumn of '44.

Meanwhile, on the death of Lord Wilmington, Henry Pelham, a vastly inferior Walpole, but a more adept briber and parliamentary jobber, had succeeded at the Treasury, and he and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle—two toads against an eagle—never rested till they had got rid of Carteret. They deliberately intrigued with all sections of the Opposition, even with Pitt, and promised to all a share in the spoils of office. George yielded to them, sorely against his will (one begins almost to like George sometimes), and the great statesman went back to read Demosthenes in November, '44. No more traitorous course could have been pursued than Pelham's. The projected French invasion had indeed failed and the plans of the Jacobites were put off for a time; but every one could guess it was only for a short time. The safety of Britain, if indeed it were bound up with the maintenance of a German dynasty—and no Whig could be blamed for thinking it was—was deliberately jeopardized for the sake of giving certain greedy Whigs all the spoils of office. In seeking to combine Germany

and England against France, Carteret had only been anticipating the design of Pitt to win colonies and commerce by tying France's hands in a Continental war. Even stupid George, little as he cared for England, or for Germany, except Hanover, could see that, and, in the next year, it was brought home to him and his new Minister in a tangible shape.

Early in '45, leaving a garrison of barely 12,000 in Britain, Pelham sent 25,000 men to Flanders under William, Duke of Cumberland, George's second son. Austrians and Dutch unwillingly contributed as many more, and in May this allied force suffered, at the hands of Saxe and Louis XV. at Fontenoy, one of the most glorious defeats in the history of the British Army. Again, as at Dettingen, we had to try to storm, by sheer English (and German) valour, an almost impossible position, and we almost did it. To us fell all the sad honour, and nearly all the loss of the action.

Of the Scottish legitimist rising, which soon caused the recall of the remainder of the English Army from Flanders, you will read elsewhere; but that recall enabled Saxe, in the next year, to sweep the Netherlands from end to end, and to win the battle of Rocoux. In the year '47, when British troops were back again in the Netherlands, he had another victory at Lauffeldt. He was already knocking at the Dutch gates when, in '48, peace was somewhat hastily concluded. In more distant quarters of the globe, if we had lost Madras to the French, we, with the aid of our American Colonists, had taken the great outwork of French Canada, the fortress of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton. In 1745 Frederick again made his peace with the angry Maria and

retained her province of Silesia, in that year, too, the Bavarian Charles having died, Maria's husband was peaceably elected Emperor. In Britain, if the English Jacobites proved, after thirty years of peace and plenty, to be but a broken reed for poor King Jamie to lean upon, and if they left Scotland to bleed for him gloriously but unaided, it was made tolerably clear that very few people cared to fight for King George. His Ministry showed that they cared as little for him as his people. Within a month of the serious defeat of his troops at Falkirk, February 10th, '46, Pelham and his friends came to George in a body and suddenly resigned their offices. Why? Because they had promised that noisy man Pitt to get him a place, and King George had refused to give him one. Pitt threatened to make their lives as miserable as he had made Walpole's or Carteret's unless they got him one. The King sent for Carteret, who had now become Earl Granville, and for Pulteney, now Earl of Bath. Granville believed that he could free his King from this despicable thralldom, but Bath, who had faithfully promised to support him, turned tail after three days, and Granville's last chance was gone. The Pelhams returned, bringing with them Pitt as 'Vice-Treasurer for Ireland,' soon to be 'Paymaster of the Forces.' Except the case of Lord Sunderland in 1706 it was the first instance in which an absolutely detested man had been forced upon the Crown as a Minister by a family or party clique. It was an even deeper humiliation for the King than if Pitt had been called, as people sometimes say he was, by a 'popular cry'; in fact, whatever he became hereafter, Pitt was now merely the nominee of the Grenvilles, Cobhams and Lytteltons, who could make things very unpleasant for any Ministry which

refused them a share of the spoils. George, who by this time hated the whole gang of politicians, left them to do as they pleased : " It signifies," he said, " nothing to me, as my son, for whom I don't care a louse, will live long enough to ruin all." The news of Prince William's victory at Culloden reached London on April 25th, and there was a disgraceful scene of ' mafficking ' in the streets, which contrasted badly with the terror shown when the Highland army was at Derby in the previous December. For the last time the London mob, more Whig but not therefore less brutal than in 1716, enjoyed the spectacle of honourable gentlemen being cut up alive for loyalty to the ancient line of Kings and to an ancient political creed. But the sympathy of the educated classes, in spite of political indifferentism, was freely given at the trial of the loyalists in 1746, and

Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died;
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.

Even this wretched Government, however, shaken as it was by legitimist risings, and defeated as it was in Flanders, could not wholly curb the natural propensities of English sailors to win naval victories and to take French prizes. Before the war closed, though there was no great naval action, the British Fleet had mysteriously doubled itself, while the Fleets of France and Spain had, less mysteriously, dwindled. Lord Anson, soon to prove a most efficient First Lord of the Admiralty, returned victorious from the Spanish Main, laden with untold booty. Hawke and Boscawen had begun their great careers, and Rodney was already a captain. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) was merely a truce between the two great Western Powers. Though it left most colonial and maritime questions in

the *status quo ante bellum*, and though we therefore restored Louisburg to France, we inflicted, in a land where prestige counts everything, a terrible blow to French prestige in India by getting back Madras. As for the right of Spanish coastguards to search our ships in America, which had been the original *casus belli*, the Treaty said not a word. It is even more strange that Louis XV. quietly gave up all the vast conquests that Saxe had made for him in Flanders.

The next six years are almost the quietest in Eighteenth Century history, and this at least says something for the conciliatory character, if not for the industry, of the brothers Pelham, though more perhaps for the wisdom of Lord Hardwicke. Dear old Lord Granville was readmitted to a nominal office in 1751, that of President of the Council, and retained the position till his death in '63. Except as a mediator he seldom gave advice, but when he gave it, it was always on the side of the honour of his country; henceforth the politics that interested him most were those of the Gods and Heroes of Greece. The most exciting home events were an attempt to naturalize Jews; an excellent improvement (Hardwicke's) in the Marriage Laws, by which it was made difficult for a couple to get married without their parents' will, or, as had often happened, their own; and a reform of the Calendar, which many unmathematical people believed to have diminished their lives by eleven days.¹ Various nonentities came and went, and offices

¹ England now at last adopted the Gregorian Calendar, according to which the year began on January 1st instead of March 25th. The old Roman Calendar, which we were still using, had got eleven days wrong; eleven of the days of September, 1752, were now struck out.

occasionally passed from Whig to Whig, but two deaths, those of Bolingbroke and Frederick, Prince of Wales, both in 1751, took all the stiffening out of the Opposition and the King seemed to have surrendered blindly to the Pelhams. Pitt remained Paymaster and quietly studied military questions; he gained great and deserved honour, as well as popularity, by refusing to take, in addition to his large salary, the vast perquisites which previous Paymasters had taken.

But, before the death of Henry Pelham, which in 1754 broke up the halcyon period, the clouds were gathering thickly on the horizon.

CHAPTER VI

THE SEA-QUEEN WAKES

She calls, and her ships of battle, dragons her seas have bred,
Glide out of Plymouth harbour and gather round Beachy Head :
She wakes ! and the clang of arming echoes through all the earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth ,
In the world there may be Nations, and there gathers round every
throne

The strength of Earth-born armies, but the Sea is England's own ;
As she ruled, she still shall rule it from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless, as long as the waves are salt.

A STRANGE Sea-Queen she has been sometimes, a very prosaic, mercantile Sovereign Lady ; at one time a busy bumboat woman—but anger her, and she is transformed into an armed mermaid. But it has always been so ; Mr. Ruskin, in his famous analogy of Tyre, Venice and England as the three successive Sea-Queens, ignores the fact that the hope of material gain is the one sure motive for maritime exploration and adventure, on which all Navies must be based.

The middle of the century witnessed a great awakening of the Nation in many departments of life. In the spheres of religion, of manufacture, of sea-power, a new spirit was abroad, and the Britain that was to beat Napoleon was beginning to take shape. She was about to gird up her loins for a renewal of the secular contest with Napoleon's predecessors, the old story of *littora littoribus contraria*. It was not to be a War of Succession

to this or that throne, or a war for the maintenance of some stupid German province, or even for the 'Balance of Power' in Europe; but a life and death struggle for mastery in the New World, in the Far East; and on the roads leading thereto. The Indian side of the business I must necessarily relegate to a separate chapter; the American, which loomed largest to contemporary eyes, needs some retrospect into the history of our Colonies, which we left as far back as 1660.

During the ensuing ninety years our settlements in North America had passed from infancy to vigorous and exceedingly independent youth, so independent indeed, that, each on its own lines, they resisted a well-meant attempt of James II. to fuse them into one federation and to appoint a single Governor over them. The English Parliament, when legislating on matters commercial, frequently treated them as a single unit^e and imposed, in the interest of the Mother Country, restrictions upon their trade; but it would not burn its fingers by interference in their internal concerns. The Colonial Legislatures were thus free to do much as they pleased, and they usually spent their time in quarrelling with their several Governors, especially when these asked them to vote money, even for defence against Spaniards, Dutch, Frenchmen or Red Indians. The seizure, during the wars of Charles II., of the Dutch territories, which became New York and New Jersey, the settlement of the two Carolinas, the creation in 1682 of Pennsylvania, as a Quaker province, with a Quaker Legislature (which thought it wicked to make war but not wicked to make money by selling guns to the enemy), and the carving out of the territory of Delaware in 1701, filled up the gap between New England and Virginia; finally

the foundation of Georgia by General Oglethorpe in 1732 completed the famous 'Thirteen Colonies,' which thus occupied the seaboard space between French Canada and Spanish Florida. The population was by no means exclusively British; Swedes, Dutch, 'persecuted Palatines' and other Germans were freely admitted. New York especially acquired a cosmopolitan character; neither now nor at any other time did it receive a charter or any definite 'British institutions,' although the latter grew up spontaneously in that Colony.

By the end of the Seventeenth Century the Colonists were already beginning to spread Westwards through the Alleghany Mountains, and they then began to find themselves confronted by rivals very different from the Red Indians. The occupation by France of the valley of the St. Lawrence, with its dependencies insular and peninsular, such as Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Acadia, was on the whole more intelligently conceived than the settlement of British America. The French Colony was administered as a whole, and was governed and well equipped from a military point of view; great statesmen such as Richelieu, Colbert and Seignelay devoted attention to it; great pioneers like Frontenac, La Salle and La Galissonnière were its Governors; and these perhaps foresaw, as no English statesman did, that America would one day be a battleground between the two Nations. The despotic government was powerful enough to override mercantile and provincial jealousies; and, while British Colonists were often on the edge of rebelling, the population of Canada was always loyal to the French Crown. France also enforced better treatment of the Red Men, as she did

of her slaves in the West Indies, whereas no British Governor dared to interfere with the sacred right of a freeborn Briton to flog his own property, nor even to remonstrate when pious Dissenters proposed to exterminate the Red Men by selling them blankets infected with smallpox. In an age when Protestant missions to the heathen were all but unknown, the French Jesuits showed the same untiring zeal and devotion in the New World as in China. The gayer nature of the French people led them to drink, dance and intermarry with the natives—even to dress, as Frontenac once did, in their war-paint and feathers,—but the dour Briton thought shame to do such things, which he classed with the ritual of Popery, so appealing to the Indians, as ‘monkey-tricks.’ The result was that the French won the sympathy, and often the terrible help of the forest-children, as our people never did.¹

But in spite of these advantages the population of Canada was of very slow growth. Where British America may have had (say 1713) half a million of Colonists, New France had not one-tenth of that number; and the cession of Acadia and Newfoundland to us in that year increased the disparity. The distaste for emigration remained, as it remains, rooted in the French people, and so Canada became a fur-trading and military settlement, but hardly an agricultural one. Even in the fur trade the Briton, better supplied from home, cut out the Frenchman; he had articles for sale (including the firewater of the Paleface, of which the sale to Indians was prohibited in New France) which

¹ But when all North America was ours the Red Men came to realize that only the British Government could protect them against the British Colonists.

his customers really coveted very much ; and in America, if nowhere else, the axiom that ' trade follows the flag ' was reversed.

But, if the lilies and the leopards were to go to war, the geographical situation of New France gave her three excellent ' jumping-off places.' In 1682 La Salle had made a wonderful journey of 5,000 miles from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi mouth, and had founded the settlement of New Orleans ; from that date his idea of occupying the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and so of cramping the Westward advance of British America, was never absent from French minds. Again, France might strike at New York or Boston by the shorter route down the ' Little Lakes ' and the river Hudson ; and finally she might raid and keep in alarm the rich New England Colonies from the Acadian border*. There was, however, no such war till 1689, and ' King William's War ' (as they called it out there) was mostly fought on the Hudson and in Acadia, ' Queen Anne's War,' 1702-13, in much the same region.

These two wars fully opened the eyes of French statesmen to the preponderance in wealth and population of their British rivals ; the cessions made at Utrecht had seriously weakened the outworks of Canada, and her Governors set themselves to strengthen the remainder of these by building in 1720 the great fortress of Louisburg on that Island of Cape Breton which guards the entrance to the St. Lawrence ; while, before we had founded our last colony of Georgia, France had refounded La Salle's lost settlement at New Orleans, and given it the name of Louisiana. The possibility of a conjunction of French and Spanish interests in the New World was a further disquieting factor for us, and, in order

to realize this, we must take a brief glance at the West Indies. There Spain was in even greater preponderance over France than France was over Britain; with the exception of Jamaica, not yet fully developed, we held only Barbados, whose best harbour was an open roadstead, St. Kitts, Antigua and a few settlements in the Bahamas—in all a mere nothing compared to the French possessions, which comprised the great islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, with their splendid harbours, the Western half of San Domingo, ceded to France by Spain in 1697, Grenada and Marie Galante; and less than nothing compared to Spanish Cuba, Porto Rico and Trinidad. By Treaty, none too well observed, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Tobago were supposed to be 'neutral islands,' but France was already clutching at them before 1740. With the exception of Louisiana and of tiny British settlements on the coasts of Honduras and Guiana, Spain held the entire coast of Central and Southern America from the Gulf of Florida to Brazil, from the Southern border of Brazil to Cape Horn, and up again on the Pacific side to San Francisco. We had a perennial dispute with Spain about our right to cut mahogany in the forests of Honduras; and, as we saw in the last chapter, to this dispute was added, after 1730, a series of quarrels about our Treaty-trade with other Spanish Colonies.

Spain of course did nothing to develop or improve this glorious heritage. Her first two Bourbon kings were nearly as stupid as her Hapsburgs had been, although they had one or two able Ministers who spasmodically tried to revive the commercial and maritime life of the country. For the most part Spain simply sat down and lived on the colonial tribute of gold and silver.

'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!' as Captain Flint's parrot said; that was the crop raised on the soil of New Spain. Still, Spain was the old colonizing Power, and we were the interlopers. France, on the other hand, paid to her West Indies an attention even more intelligent than she paid to Canada, and, by the middle of the Eighteenth Century, San Domingo was the sugar-shop of the World. The best guarantee for British penetration into those regions was always the fact that France and Spain were if possible more jealous of each other than Spain was of England. Their two Governments might make Family Compacts, but Spaniards over there preferred the English as commercial clients. Not even the exploits of Drake or of Blake had ever quite upset the tacit understanding between the two peoples which dated from old Burgundian days or even earlier. The war of 1739-48 had interrupted this good feeling, but without making the Spaniards love their French allies. That war, on its French side, had been fought in Acadia (whose population remained wholly French in sympathy), and on all the borders, and had been signalized by the Colonial capture of Cape Breton; our Americans were very angry when at the Peace we ceded back the Island.

Over there that Peace was hardly even a truce. La Galissonière, Governor of Canada, had openly planned the absorption of the Ohio valley; and the Virginians were soon engaged in a race with his successor, Duquesne, for the occupation of the forest region lying between that valley and the border of Canada. Both sides ignored the fact that a 'Boundary Commission' was sitting in Europe to settle all frontier questions. The building and garrisoning in 1749, with a colony of veteran soldiers, of the town of Halifax as the Capital

of Nova Scotia (Acadia) was an Anglo-American revenge for the loss of Louisburg; five years later the French completed the strong post of Fort Duquesne in the disputed Ohio region, and so matters stood when King George's Prime Minister, Henry Pelham, died

For his succession Henry Fox, William Pitt and William Murray were all candidates, but Pelham's brother Newcastle managed, through his vast parliamentary influence, to keep the place for himself, and pretended that, owing to the King's personal spite, he was unable to offer the Secretaryship of State to Pitt. Pitt, who had only £200 a year of his own, and who had just married, went into practical opposition without resigning the Paymastership. Fox became Secretary, and defended Newcastle's measures in the Commons. These included a Subsidy-Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse for defence of Hanover in the event of a new war; and in the autumn of '55 there was added a similar Treaty with Russia, who promised to attack Frederick of Prussia if he threatened Hanover. But what Austria was doing no one except Frederick seems to have suspected. As a matter of fact Maria Theresa had been for three years knocking at the door of the King of France. Dominated by but one thought, that of revenge on 'the wicked man,' furious with England for having made her cede Silesia, sick to death with the burden of the unprofitable Netherlands, she was ready to upset any and every alliance. Louis at first turned a deaf ear, but he loathed Frederick, who had twice broken Treaties with him during the late war. Might not such an alliance as the Empress now offered him actually lead to a French acquisition of Belgium? If Austria cared nothing for

Belgium, what had Austria and France left to fight about? At any rate any one could see the advantage of detaching Austria from the English alliance. So Louis dallied, *more suo*, with Maria's idea until the autumn of '55, and long before that the tension in America had become acute.

Even Pelham had authorized our Colonists to 'repel force by force,' and, when the Virginians acted on that order, and, under a young man called George Washington, *etat.* 21, were defeated in the year '54, it was impossible for Newcastle to leave them to their fate. In January, '55, he therefore sent out two British regiments under Braddock, a favourite officer of the Duke of Cumberland's; Braddock would show 'these provincials' how to fight. He also sent Admiral Boscawen to cruise in American waters, with orders to stop French reinforcements being shipped to Canada. Boscawen took several French ships, and this act, which we called reprisal and the French called piracy, led to open war. Still, in fear for Hanover and in greater fear for Belgium, Newcastle hoped to confine the war to the New World, and, being utterly ignorant of the new Austrian move, expected to isolate France upon the Continent. It was Frederick who first opened his eyes.

Meanwhile Braddock arrived in America and found 'these provincials' culpably indifferent to their own defence, and to the numerous wants of his Army such as waggons, horses, forage, food, things which a backwoodsman did not need, but which the British soldier thought he did need. However, at last Braddock began to lumber forward from the Virginian frontier into the primæval forest at the rate of about three miles a day. The story has been most finely told by Mr. Thackeray

in 'The Virginians.' Think of the gallant redcoat of that day, recently enlisted from the plough, choking in his tight stock, bursting in his tight breeches, loaded as to his knapsack with every useless incumbrance that a War Office could devise. We saw him at Dettingen hewing his way to safety against tremendous odds; but look at him again here in the dark forest, a hundred miles from his base (Braddock got very nearly to Fort Duquesne), in a column over a mile long, with pioneers in front actually cutting down trees to make a road; suddenly the woods echo with war-whoops, and from behind every rock and tree pours in a tremendous musketry fire. The word of command rings out; again and again we form front and pour our famous volleys into—nothing but trees. The three guns are unlimbered and crash into the trees as aimlessly. From General to Private we face the unseen hail as valiantly as such hail has ever been faced; but two-thirds of our officers and half our men are down, and at last we become a huddled group of fugitives, shot down from every side. Braddock was carried along in the retreat dying of his wounds, muttering 'better next time' and other like words. Washington, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, escaped by miracle; the Virginians suffered less than the British because they were more expert at taking cover. The effect of this rout was enormous; two English regiments¹ practically annihilated by one-fifth their number of French and a few hundred savages. All along the frontier a regular terror set in; French troops were heard of within two or three days' march of Philadelphia.

¹ The 44th and 48th. Both were full of recruits, and the only service the former had seen had been at Prestonpans in 1745.

But the Quaker parliament sitting there even then refused to vote supplies for the war! And, in spite of Boscawen and even of Sir Edward Hawke's Channel Fleet, France kept on pouring troops into America. Equally unsuccessful were two Colonial attacks on Ticonderoga, a French outpost on the Little Lakes, and on Fort Frontenac on the Great Lakes; only on the Acadian border Colonel Monckton, with a Colonial force, stiffened with some men of the 45th, captured a French outpost called Beauséjour, and began to export the old French population of Nova Scotia wholesale.

Now it seems to me that it was madness on the part of France to allow herself to be involved in a Continental war at this time, nor did she at first intend to do anything of the kind. Louis indeed had only unwillingly resolved to fight England even in America and at sea. *But 'the wicked man,' best informed of European Sovereigns, had an inkling of what Austria was after, and he professed to discover a great conspiracy against himself. Saxony, Poland, Russia, Sweden and perhaps France were all to dance at Maria's bidding; he and his Prussia were to be partitioned. Frederick was startlingly free of conventional prejudices—even against Uncle George, to whom until now he had constantly applied most of the ugly names in his extensive vocabulary; and in January, '56, he suddenly astonished the said Uncle by offering to guarantee the safety of his Hanover against all and sundry. Newcastle and George had recently learned with horror that Austria, to whom they had applied, refused to do anything of the kind (Russia had indeed accepted and had actually 'touched' British guineas); and so this news of Frederick's seemed almost too good to be true, and a 'Convention of West-

munster' between Prussia and Great Britain was the result. But how much greater was their horror when Austria seized the opportunity to conclude in May a defensive Treaty with France! And how much greater still when Russia declared that her Treaty bound her to defend Hanover only against Frederick!

The peculiar danger of an Austro-French alliance lay, of course, in the great probability that Belgium would thereby become a French province, a contingency against which we had struggled since Edward III. The World seemed to reel under Newcastle's feet, and he went about wringing his hands. Pitt, who had been dismissed in November for denouncing the Russian Treaty, was now playing openly to the gallery, the Nation and the future. In truth the situation was serious enough. The Dutch hastened to declare an invincible neutrality. France was swallowing our Colonies, and preparing either for a seizure of Minorca or an invasion of England, perhaps for both. Pitt, after his dismissal, had introduced a National Defence Bill for the revival of a Militia, and the Duke had actually denounced 'the spirit of militarism' which this would provoke, and got the Bill rejected! As the panic spread in the early months of '56, and as Pitt fanned the flame, Newcastle's head began to feel loose on his shoulders. Now or never, then, was the chance for Pitt.

Hitherto we have been obliged to look upon this man as the incarnation of the spirit of unpatriotic faction, an adventurer forcing his way to place by spouting out torrents of words and by making himself a nuisance to every Government. He was an orator in the worst sense, all theatrical froth and bombast, a coiner of

striking phrases to catch the vulgar ear, and as destitute of logic as a modern tub-thumper; whenever he had crossed swords with Walpole or Carteret, they could always prove his logic to be at fault. His strongest weapon was his fine and pointed irony. But he was for ever on the stage, and dressed himself in the tragic buskin. Moreover he had hitherto been quite incapable of acting with any one else, or of accepting any compromise not of his own invention; he was grossly rude and overbearing to colleagues as well as opponents, and, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, he had by no means an infallible judgment of subordinates.¹ But, to counterbalance all this, Pitt had one or two gifts great enough to make him the man for his Country at this her supreme hour. His hands were clean of bribes. He could grasp the Map of the World, and the strategy necessary for Great Britain, diplomatic, naval and military, as a whole. He thoroughly understood the value of morale. He had unflinching courage, which only rose with danger, and a firm belief that, under his leadership, there was nothing that Great Britain could not accomplish. And, though no one had suspected that he possessed administrative talent or industry, he was immediately to prove himself, not only the most brilliant and daring, but also the most industrious of Ministers:—

ἄλλο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδὲν ἔχων βίον ἤδὲ φαρέττην.

¹ People generally speak as if Pitt had had, after 1757, a free hand to appoint to the commands in both Services; this is an exaggerated view; the King's preference for old generals often overrode the Minister's zeal for young ones. Some exceptional appointments, like Wolfe's, were of Pitt's personal choice, but more were of Anson's and Ligonier's. As an instance of what I said above, Pitt quite undervalued Hawke.

The fall of Minorca was to prove his opportunity. That fall was the result of gross incompetence at home. The garrison was insufficient, and had not been strengthened. Admiral Byng was sent out in March, with indefinite orders and in indifferent force, he found the French, under the Duc de Richelieu, already landed, engaged in a difficult siege of Fort St Philip, the citadel of Port Mahon. It was valiantly defended by old General Blakeney with 2,000 men, and blockaded by a moderate French Fleet under La Galissonnière. Byng, who had no troops to throw ashore, had only one thing to do, namely to fight La Galissonnière till one or both Fleets sank. Instead of this he fought an indecisive action, professed fears for Gibraltar, and sailed away, leaving Minorca to its fate. Then Richelieu stormed Fort St. Philip, at a frightful cost of life. Byng was tried by Court Martial and shot, a victim to the incompetence of the English Ministry, and even of Lord Anson, who had scattered our Fleet in such small detachments that we were nowhere in adequate force. But Fox had resigned office in terror, and Newcastle was left alone to face Pitt, who voiced the righteous anger and fear of the Nation. The Duke's last supreme degradation was to send for twenty thousand Hessians and Hanoverians to garrison the coasts of Kent; "And you dared not," roared his terrible opponent, "arm your own citizens!" Bad news also poured in from India and worse from America, and at last in October the Duke threw up the sponge, and the King consented to take Pitt as Secretary of State, under the ægis of the respectable Duke of Devonshire as First Lord of the Treasury. Pitt's brother-in-law and evil genius, Lord Temple, went to the Admiralty in place of Anson.

For the first six months Pitt had against him not merely a hostile King and a hostile Commander-in-Chief (Cumberland, who hated him), but a hostile House of Commons, in which Newcastle, having lost the Executive power, now bribed and jobbed more disastrously than ever; and, long before the new Minister could inspire his subordinates with his own spirit, the Duke had made his Government impossible. Pitt reintroduced, however, his Militia Bill, which was carried in June, '57,¹ and he held out the hand to Frederick. Though he was at once accused of having, in order to curry favour with the King, eaten his words about Hanover (and indeed there was a fine mass of confused feeding in them), the truth is that he was really seeking to resume, with a different German ally, the Anglo-German policy of Carteret. He thoroughly realized that France's hands could be best tied by involving her in the Continental war. Frederick had, in fact, made this path clear for Pitt, for, two months after the fall of Minorca, he had suddenly invaded Saxony and seized its Capital and Army. Maria declared that this act pledged France to give effect in her favour to the defensive Treaty of May, for Saxony was her ally; Louis agreed, and sent a large French Army over the Rhine to seize Hanover. "Now," said Frederick to Pitt, "send back those Hanoverians and Hessians whom you hate so much, send your stupid Duke of Cumberland to command them, to Westphalia; keep a bold defensive

¹ Each county was assessed at a definite number of men, who were to serve for three years; if not enough Volunteers enlisted, ballot was to be employed among those eligible. The Lord-Lieutenant of each County commanded its forces. The Crown could thus call out a territorial army of 32,000 men.

front there against the French, and protect my right hand, while I polish off the Empress in Bohemia with my left. France will soon withdraw the Army, which now threatens your shores, to fight in Westphalia; you can keep her uneasy by frequent small descents on unexpectant French ports; thus we will play into each other's hands, and France will not be able to strike her hardest at either end of the line"

Frederick was, of course, a dangerous ally, for his habit was to desert his friends, make peace with his foes, and go off with a province in his pocket. But Pitt's foresight showed him that Frederick had got his back to the wall this time, and that the interests of England and Prussia really coincided on the lines which the Prussian King laid down. He therefore began to put the plan in force at once, as well as to send off reinforcements to America, two newly raised Highland regiments among them¹ But suddenly Cumberland refused to go in command of the Hanoverian Army unless his father dismissed Pitt; poor old George, too, was clinging to some stupid notion that even now Hanover might be made 'neutral'; Newcastle jumped at the idea, and Pitt was actually dismissed in April, '57. Then for two months there was no Government in Britain except the shadow of the Duke of Devonshire. At every door at which Newcastle knocked the answer was, 'we cannot

¹ Fraser's and Montgomery's It is generally said that Pitt was the first person to enlist Highlanders to serve King George; but, in fact, the Black Watch had been raised in 1739 and was now in America. This, however, had been raised from Whig Clans; the new regiments were Jacobite in origin; even this departure had been suggested before Pitt took office. By the end of the war twelve battalions of Highlanders had been added to the Army List.

face Pitt with an angry Nation behind him.' Old Granville, the most placable of men and most loyal of subjects, told Newcastle, "You are now served as you and your brother served me."

No greater condemnation of the Walpole-Pelham-Newcastle system of government by parliamentary jobbery can be imagined than the condition to which it had brought a high-spirited people in that fateful year '57; and, but for the fact that the France of Louis XV. was almost as unready, her government almost as chaotic, the Britain of George II. must have fallen. One false-hearted, nervous old man could paralyse the whole machine of State. Newcastle had not what are usually called great vices; he was industrious and benevolent, and, in private life, after a fashion honourable; but to control the votes of the House of Commons and the backstairs of the Court had become such a passion with him that he was not only ready to ruin his country, but did actually sacrifice most of his immense private fortune in the task. But at last, no other means of continuing this task occurring to him, he went in June to Pitt and said: "Let us two coalesce; leave me the bribery and the gifts of places, pensions, titles, ribands, bishoprics, boroughs; you lend me your terrible voice and your terrible ideas about saving the country." And Pitt, to whom also no other means of resuming *his* task occurred, agreed. King George might bark if he pleased, but he was now muzzled; and Pitt, although he never afterwards stooped to conciliate any one else, was clever enough to conciliate his King, who came rather to like wearing his muzzle.

Pitt thus came back at the end of June, '57, almost as dictator. Anson came back to the Admiralty, and,

though Hardwicke had resigned the Great Seal, Hardwicke was Anson's father-in-law, and much good counsel came to Pitt from both of them. Lord Granville supported him warmly. Legge, his old friend, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Temple took the Privy Seal, and Fox, Pitt's one rival in debate, became his Paymaster; Fox loved money and had no scruples as to perquisites. Cumberland was, of course, furious, but events soon put him out of action. For the war went from bad to worse. In May, '57, a fresh Treaty between Austria and France, an offensive one this time, was openly directed against Kings Frederick and George. Russia joined Austria, and her great Army lumbered towards Eastern Prussia. Sweden descended on Frederick's Northern coasts. Frederick had won a great battle at Prague in May, but a month later was defeated at Kollin and driven out of Bohemia. The French Army drove Cumberland and his Hanoverians over the Weser and smashed them at Hastenbeck in July; the Duke retreated and retreated till he reached the sea at Stade, where he might easily have held out. Instead of that he concluded with the French the Convention of Klosterseven, separating England's cause from Frederick's and receiving in return a promise that Hanover should be treated as neutral. Meanwhile a new South-German Army of Maria's friends was joined by another French contingent in Thuringia, and was marching against Frederick down the river Saale. In fact, five Armies were converging against the 'Protestant Hero,' as the illustrious infidel now began to be called in England.

But England, long in travail, had brought forth her man at last. Pitt even bettered Frederick's instructions.

He was no doubt often too hasty, and he was frightfully extravagant, but it was a time that would brook neither delays nor economies. No one will deny that he made great strategical mistakes ; the whole of his policy of attacks on French coasts is open to question. As 'diversions' these descents were excellent ; but they were *entrées* merely, and Pitt was occasionally in danger of mistaking them for the roast meat. At least on one occasion he offered to buy the alliance of Spain with the cession of Gibraltar, which he strangely undervalued. But the real merit of his offensive strategy was that he saw the World as a whole, and knew intuitively how pressure employed in a distant theatre of war, either by sea or land, would divert the danger from a near theatre, and *vice versa*. His first attack on Rochefort, an important Atlantic dockyard of France, was ill-executed and failed to do even serious damage ; but the mere threat of it was enough to give the French in Hanover pause, and to cause a backward movement of their troops. King George had authorized Cumberland to conclude a Convention, but not such a Convention as that of Klosterseven ; at Pitt's suggestion he readily disavowed it, and asked Frederick to send one of his best generals to take over and strengthen Cumberland's beaten Army. Frederick sent his very best man, Ferdinand of Brunswick, 'the greatest leader of British troops,' says Mr. Fortescue, 'between Marlborough and Wellington.' Result, Frederick was able to deal in November and December two smashing blows, the first at Rossbach on the Saale at the French and South-Germans, the second at Leuthen in Silesia at the Austrians ; while Richelieu, the French commander, sat inactive and uneasy in Hanover. In the beginning of

58 Pitt sent a small English Squadron under Admiral Holmes up the river Ems to Emden, to create a further panic in Richelieu's left rear. To Frederick himself he sent a welcome subsidy of £600,000, and paid the same four years in succession.¹ Cumberland was at once disgraced for Klosterseven, and the Command-in-Chief given to Ligonier, an excellent old soldier of Huguenot descent, who had distinguished himself in Flanders against Saxe. The Navy and the war-budget were placed on a gigantic footing, though the dockyards could never turn out ships fast enough to satisfy the imperious Minister.

In America the turn of the tide was coming. The English commander, Lord Loudoun, had failed in '57 to execute an attack which he had planned on Louisburg, and the great French General, Montcalm, had been able to push his outposts to the Southern end of the Little Lakes and had taken Fort William Henry; his Indian allies had, without his sanction, massacred the British who evacuated that fort. But it was a French offensive for the last time. Pitt grasped the importance of conciliating the Colonists, who had been disgusted with the overbearing manners as well as the incompetence of British officers, while these had rightly complained of the stinginess and frauds of the Provincial Legislatures and contractors. Pitt resolved to pay for everything from home, except the mere wages of the Colonial troops, and the result was that he was able to

¹ Frederick could do more with a shilling than the Austrians could with a pound. His finances were simple; he never borrowed, and levied few taxes, but the Prussian Crown owned and carefully cultivated huge tracts of land. The rents and profits of these were stored in strongboxes in the royal cellars year after year as a reserve against war time.

raise twenty thousand of these. And no reinforcements were to be allowed to escape from French harbours if he could help it. In February, '58, Admirals Osborne and Saunders beat the Toulon Fleet off Carthagen. In the same month Boscawen, with twenty sail, escorted Amherst with a large British force to the siege of Louisburg, and in April Hawke chased a detachment of the Brest Fleet into Rochefort and sealed the entry of that port.

To understand the American business of '58, '59, '60 we must look at the map and remember that we are now at last on the offensive. Our right is first to tackle Louisburg, and then, if possible in the same year, Quebec, our left is to creep round by various routes to Fort Duquesne, and then on to the Great Lakes; our centre is to force—hardest task of all—the valley of the Little Lakes; and the three columns, if all victorious, will converge on Montreal. That this was accomplished in three campaigns is a marvellous tribute to the fighting and enduring qualities of the British soldier, to the skilful organization of the great General Amherst, to the watchfulness and resource of the Admirals who kept the high-road from Britain open and safe, and to the genius of William Pitt, who planned the whole in London. The French defence was as able and as valiant as anything in French history, but before the end of '58 Canada knew that she must rely on herself alone. Louis could spare her no reinforcements, even if they could have got through, and one large convoy of stores (very early in '59) was all he managed to send.

Boscawen's voyage lasted eleven weeks, and young Brigadier Wolfe was gnawing his sword-hilt with im

patience Lousburg had ample time to entrench itself to the teeth. The landing, on an open beach in an Atlantic surf under a murderous fire from six French ships and the guns of the fortress, was a terrible task. The defence of the Citadel was protracted till the end of July, and, when it fell, Wolfe urged Amherst to start at once against Quebec. But the wise strategist decided rather to reinforce our centre, where General Abercromby had just experienced a fearful repulse and slaughter at the hands of Montcalm, before the fort of Ticonderoga (July 10th). On our left, however, Bradstreet had pushed through the wilderness to the Great Lakes, had captured Fort Frontenac, and was building a fleet of small boats on Lake Ontario; while a detachment of Highlanders and Colonials under Forbes had seized the dreaded Fort Duquesne. Among the new soldiers sent out had been Lord Howe, who was killed at Ticonderoga; to him is due the credit of having taken lessons from the enemy and the Indians in the art of forest warfare; he stripped his men of their ridiculous tight coats, and filled their knapsacks with food instead of pipeclay and clothes-brushes. Bradstreet, Forbes, Monckton, Murray and many others were quick to learn and enforce the same lesson, and so matters looked hopeful for the coming year.

In the European theatre of the war the profit and loss were about equal. If Frederick beat a large Russian Army at Zorndorff, he was badly beaten by the Austrians at Hochkirch; yet ever the indomitable man stood somewhere as near as possible to his centre, facing now this way, now that, as the blows were aimed at him from East, South or North. Ferdinand guarded him well on the West, drove the French out of Hanover,

out of Westphalia, over Rhine, and won a great battle on the left bank of that river at Crefeld. On getting the news of this, Pitt, who had promised Ferdinand two thousand British troops, sent him six thousand, and took his whole Army into British pay. He also kept the French coasts in continual alarm by descents, either executed or threatened, at St. Malo, Cherbourg, Havre and again St. Malo. None of these raids, one of which was beaten back with heavy loss, effected anything permanent, but, as a whole, they wrought dreadful havoc on French docks and shipping, and almost wholly paralysed France's left hand. Old Lord Anson himself actually took command of a Squadron and went and dared the Brest Fleet to come out and fight him. In West African waters, Senegal and Goree, two important French slave-trade stations, were taken by English ships.* In the West Indies our first big expedition was beaten off at Martinique, but seized the hardly less important Guadeloupe; the mere commerce-protection we had to do in those waters occupied twelve ships of the line and twenty frigates. In India Clive had turned the tide of defeat, with the great victory of Plassey, the year before.

Newcastle was already shivering in the grasp of his terrible colleague; he wanted to sue for peace, desert Frederick and offer Louisburg back in exchange for Minorca! In this attitude he was occasionally backed up by British merchants, for in a maritime war the Nation with the larger commerce generally suffers the heavier commercial loss, and the French were past masters in the art of privateering. The fear of invasion was never absent from the Duke's narrow mind, nor was it a wholly unreasonable fear. The French War

Minister, Belleisle, and the Chief Minister, Choiseul, kept that threat ever alive, and the more they were beaten in America and India the more they recurred to it. Although by the end of '58 France had not one-third of our number of warships afloat, yet a big storm or a small victory might easily give her control of the Channel for ten days; she contemplated no lasting occupation of Britain, but only a great raid, which would paralyse us at the heart by shattering our credit. She hoped, too, to use the Neutral Fleets—Swedes, Spaniards, Dutch—for this purpose; these Nations were already very cross with us for the way in which we searched their ships. Neutrals always suffer commercial loss, if, like the Dutch, they insist on carrying 'contraband of war' and on running blockades. But, in spite of these fears, Pitt had already fired King George with the prospect of conquering all Canada; and George was able at least to see how well he was protecting Hanover. As for invasion, Pitt boldly—perhaps too boldly—took the risk year after year, and the results justified him. Moreover he took care that Hawke's great Plymouth Fleet should never be far away.¹

For the year '59 our greatest objective was the rock fortress of Quebec, the key of the St. Lawrence. Twenty-two of the line under Admiral Saunders and Admiral Holmes, the bravest of the brave, had made rendezvous at Louisburg the year before. James Wolfe, *ætat.* thirty-two, was in command of the troops, 8,500 strong, with Monckton, Townshend and Murray as his Brigadiers. One of the pilots of the Fleet was a master

¹ Indeed the truest defence was to keep Hawke outside the Frenchman's own front door at Brest.

mariner, once a draper's apprentice, and the name of him was James Cook. The French removed all buoys and marks from the fairway of their great river, which narrows from eighty miles at its mouth to one mile opposite Quebec, four hundred miles up-stream; but James Cook and his kind, sounding-lead in hand and eyes ever on the V of the tide-way, found it 'not a bit worse than the Thames.' What Montcalm had never contemplated was that Holmes would drive his ships, not only up to, but past the Narrows, right under the guns of Quebec, and up to Cap Rouge eight miles above the city. He tried fireships, but the English Jacks went to meet them and towed them ashore with roars of laughter. 'Well, let Holmes raid to Montreal if he likes; that won't take the rock of Quebec'; so argued the Marquis Montcalm; he had indeed more reason to fear Amherst than Wolfe, and had to send a detachment under Lévis to strengthen the garrison of Montreal. As Amherst advanced from our centre up the Little Lakes, the French commander, Bourlamaque, successively evacuated Ticonderoga and Crownpoint, and fell back to the fortress of Noix at the North end of Lake Champlain. Further he could not at present be driven, and Montcalm knew the value of Fabian strategy. Few as his troops were, perhaps 4,000 French regulars and twice as many useful Canadian militia, he held the whole Northern shore of the St. Lawrence down to the river Montmorency, seven miles below Quebec. Wolfe entrenched himself below that river on the same bank, and also occupied the whole Southern shore and a great island. His guns were able to do some, but not much damage to the Citadel, and to wreck the lower town; and Holmes, sailing up and down and

threatening landings above the city, kept the French troops, both at Quebec and Cap Rouge, continually 'on the trot,' wearied them and often cut off their supplies. But every attack on Montcalm's main position just below Quebec was simply so much waste of English life; the French were entrenched to the teeth. Before August was out Wolfe was dying of fever, and his Army, one battalion of which had suffered murder in a frontal attack on July 31st, was wasting by his side. Early in September the three Brigadiers and the two Admirals took the almost desperate decision to attempt a surprise landing above the city. Wolfe, too ill to attend the council, cordially agreed, and, having agreed, rallied for one more week of glorious life. Saunders with the main Fleet was to wait below, and on the 12th make a strong feint on Montcalm's main position; Holmes was to ferry 5,000 carefully concealed troops from the Southern shore to some point on the Northern. So in darkness and silence the English leaders slipped up and down with the tide, looking for such a point, for several successive nights; and, after a long search, Wolfe fixed on the cove now called after his name, a landing-stage almost under the city walls, whence a goat-path led up for two hundred feet to the plateau called the 'Plains of Abraham.' Even Holmes, to whom fell the task of the actual landing, and all the Brigadiers declared it to be an impossible place, but no other could be found. Wolfe took the full responsibility, and was loyally obeyed:—

Τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεὺς·
 πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
 Δῶκε, σόον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἐξ ἀπονέεσθαι.¹

¹ Il. xvi. 249.

The men could only scramble up by catching at the bushes and in single file ; but an hour after dawn on the 13th, 4,500 British soldiers and one light gun stood on a level plain within a mile of the walls of Quebec. Montcalm, who had thrown his main strength to oppose the feint of Saunders, now made his one and gallant and fatal mistake ; barely 5,000 strong he rushed to the attack, and within an hour was carried into his city desperately wounded from a lost battle. The action was short and sharp : the two most effective volleys ever delivered—at thirty-five yards !—shivered the leading French lines, and claymore and bayonet did the rest. Wolfe, as we all learned in our nurseries, was hit early, but lived long enough to learn that ‘ they run.’ Monckton was severely wounded, but our whole loss was not over 800 men.

Even so Quebec need not have surrendered. Had Montcalm lived, and had Vaudreuil not marched away his main force in a panic for the defence of Montreal, it would not have done so. And if it had held out, the British position would have been pretty desperate. There were troops at Cap Rouge, not eight miles away, who could easily have helped to enclose us between two fires. But Ramsay, who was left in Quebec, made little attempt to defend it ; the Canadian militia streamed away after Vaudreuil, and on the 18th the white flag was run up on the Citadel.

‘ Wolfe was mad,’ says your modern ‘ humanitarian ’ ; ‘ a brutal, boastful savage, reckless of his own and his men’s lives, who attempted the impossible and blundered into a triumph.’ That was not what his contemporaries thought of him ; it used to be lovingly told in his Army how, as they stole down in the boats to the gallant feat,

he repeated, to keep his tingling nerves quiet, the whole of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' and said he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec. And even George II, not famous either for tenderness or humour, said, "Mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

Perhaps the crisis was yet to come. The dramatic scene of Wolfe's victory and death has eclipsed the story of the splendid defence of our new conquest by Murray. For Amherst could not get through those last few miles from the South, Montreal blocked all relief from the West; and our Fleet had to sail away in October before the ice should come. The remnants of Wolfe's Army were gathered into a half-burned, half-breached town; and the gods of a Canadian winter laugh at the puny efforts of entrenching-tools. Supplies were very short, and medical comforts and warm clothing there were none. By March Murray had not 2,500 men fit for duty—the rest were down with frostbite and scurvy. In April, Lévis, from the yet unshaken base of Montreal, attacked Quebec vigorously, and Murray's splendid sally was beaten off with heavy loss. He was at his last gasp when, on May 9th, 1760, a British frigate forced its way through the loosening pack-ice with the news of speedy relief, and Lévis marched sullenly away. Even in that dreadful winter of suffering the first links of affection between Catholic Canada and Protestant England had been forged by the tender care with which the dear French nuns of Quebec nursed our sick men.

As the peril of Canada became acute all through '59, the French Government turned more keenly than ever to the war in Germany and to fresh plans of invasion. Ferdinand, soon after his victory at Crefeld, had been

obliged to retire over Rhine again, and, until August, '59, he remained on the defensive, much overmatched in numbers, in Westphalia. Ferdinand was a man who could make one army do the work of two; and in August the splendid courage of six British Infantry regiments, especially the Twelfth and the Twentieth, and the admirable handling of the British Artillery, gave him the great victory of Minden. Lord George Sackville, however, refused to use the British Cavalry, as he was repeatedly ordered to do; why some one didn't shoot him dead on the field I have never been able to make out, but he was court-martialled and dismissed the Service when he got home. But not even Minden could save Frederick from a fearful reverse at the hands of Austrians and Russians at Kunersdorf, and, before the year was out, Prussia had lost 12,000 more men at Maxen. During the last months of '59 and the first half of '60, it looked as if Frederick and his Army must be annihilated.

But these victories of her Allies profited ruined and exhausted France but little; unless she could strike at the heart of England, and that quickly, she had better make peace. Once more, therefore, she roused herself for a grand combination of her Brest and Toulon Fleets, and got ready a large number of troopships at Rochefort. Admiral de la Clue got out of Toulon and even out of the Straits, but Boscawen caught him before he had got very far and smashed him to pieces off Lagos. Captain Duff sat doggedly outside Rochefort, and Hawke ranged to and fro, according to the weather, between Plymouth and Belleisle, with an eye ever on Brest. At last, on November 14th, in a lull between two gales, Admiral Conflans cleared Brest harbour, and flew to drive off

Duff and release the Rochefort transports. After him flew Hawke from the Devon coast. After Hawke flew Saunders, who on his way back from Quebec had heard the great news off Scilly. Hawke was not only the greatest of living Admirals, but, so far as personal feelings went, he was a desperate man. All the brunt of the Channel defence throughout the war had fallen to his lot, all the weary blockade-routine, and the winter gales which drove him back to Plymouth month after month, with leaking hulls and strained tackle, to be patched up in a week, and then back to Brest half healed to begin his watch again. At every turn fortune had robbed his patient tactics of all the glory due to them ; and he knew that Pitt strangely undervalued his zeal and skill. Now the chance of his life was come, and so he played a game that perhaps no one else would have dared to play, and hurled his Fleet upon Conflans at the entrance of Quiberon Bay on a dark night, in a winter gale, on a lee shore. Conflans never dreamed that any one would follow him in such weather upon such a coast, and indeed Hawke piled up two of his own vessels. But of Conflans' Fleet six were either taken, sunk or wrecked, and the remainder fled up the little river Vilaine on the top of an exceptionally high tide ; it might be months before they would be able to get out again. This was on November 20th ; the Brest and Toulon Fleets were both as good as gone, and so ended the great year '59, the ' Year of Victories.'

Throughout the winter Choiseul kept on attempting to induce Pitt to desert Frederick. Pitt answered by fresh and fresh reinforcements to Ferdinand's Army. Ferdinand therefore, in 1760, was able not only to hold his own, though against nearly double his number, but

to detach troops to help Frederick, and once more to strike, though only in a short raid, across the Rhine. At Warburg in Westphalia that gallant English soldier John Manners, Marquis of Granby, who had been robbed by Sackville of the glory which would have been his at Minden, led the British Cavalry to a victory which contributed principally to Ferdinand's success; and in every succeeding engagement till the close of the war Granby's own regiment (the Blues) earned immortal honour. Frederick, for his part, made headway again, and, though very hard up both for men and money, beat Austrians and Russians at Liegnitz in Silesia, and Austrians again at Torgau in Saxony. In the East Indies it was also a great year; the year of the *ἀπικρσία* of Admiral Pocock at sea and Sir Eyre Coote on land, of the battle of Wandewash and (January, 1761) of the fall of Pondicherry. Pitt would fain have struck at the French East Indian base, the Mauritius, but was obliged to employ nearer home the expedition he had designed for that purpose. And in America the end came. Amherst, with admirable prudence, left the direct advance from our centre to Brigadier Haviland, who finally took the position at Noix, while with his own forces he felt round to the left till he got in touch with Bradstreet on the Great Lakes; then the two of them began to negotiate successfully the descent of the St. Lawrence, rapids and all, towards Montreal. Bourlamaque and Bougainville resisted Haviland's and Amherst's advancing columns with great tenacity, but were overpowered in every action. Murray with his war-worn remnant marched out of Quebec towards his colleagues, and, early in September, the three columns converged under the walls of Montreal. Vaudreuil, with barely 3,000 to

oppose to sixfold that number, felt that enough had been done for honour, and capitulated for the whole of New France on September 8th, 1760. To Amherst his due, which no one until Mr. Fortescue has really given him; the conquest of Canada was his work; and the difficulties of transport, of commissariat, of conciliation, must indeed have been overwhelming. Yet without a few *Wolves* even this excellent organizer of victory might have failed. Six weeks after the fall of Montreal died King George II, *ætat* 77.

Other people were dying too; in January '61 died the gallant French War Minister, Belleisle, heart and soul of all invasion-plans, who had once been prisoner in England, and knew something about the fruits of government by Walpole, Pelham and Co. But even more important for Britain was the death in 1759 of the peaceable King Ferdinand VI. of Spain, for he was succeeded by his half-brother, Carlos III., a fine, rough, spirited character, who hated England bitterly, and who did something and tried to do more to revive the great traditions and the prosperity of his noble people. Now all sorts of nonsense has been written about the foresight of Pitt and the blindness of his colleagues in regard to the certain attitude of this new king. Any one could foresee that it needed little to impel Spain, already growling at our treatment of her neutral ships, to take serious thought for her own American possessions in full view of a Britain drunk with glory and self-confidence; a man who doesn't look out his hose-pipe when his neighbour's house is ablaze is a fool. The point on which Pitt differed from *all* his colleagues, except Lord Temple, as well as from the new King and the new favourite, John, Earl of Bute, was in wishing to spring upon Spain

before he could prove that any Treaty had been signed between her and France, and even without declaration of war. Here he had even Lord Granville against him, and here his imperious temper and reckless language in the Cabinet gave away his own cause.

At first he merely took the very sensible step of diverting his expedition designed against Mauritius to the seizure of the island of Belleisle, off the West coast of France. It might prove a most convenient exchange for Minorca, or might even be fortified into a new Minorca to bridle Brest. Its capture was one of the splendid feats of the war, for it is a natural rock fortress, and art had made it even stronger; Keppel, Lambart and Craufurd were the heroes of the siege, June, 1761. In that same month Dominica, West Indies, was seized by Lord Rollo, and preparations for a fresh attack on Martinique began. But Choiseul had been for some months suggesting a peace conference, and he now began to slide in suggestions about the 'mediation of the King of Spain', next, even after these fresh losses, he began to speak of the 'grievances of the King of Spain.' From this time (say July), no one doubted that the two Bourbon Powers were acting in concert in some shape or other. But Choiseul, astutest of diplomatists, knew something of what naturalists would call the 'life-history' of English Ministries, and of the pendulum of English opinion. No doubt he was also well informed of the temper of the new Court of England; knew, for instance, that Newcastle went whispering about the 'fear of exciting all Powers against Britain' and about 'no country being able to stand such expenditure much longer';¹

¹ There were then 200,000 soldiers in British pay if you count the German Auxiliaries with Ferdinand.

that the Duke of Bedford and Lord Bute, originally Pitt's friends, were 'shocked' at his colossal notions of British greatness—it was so easy to shock an Eighteenth Century Peer—and that they were justly alienated by his overbearing and theatrical manner.

A 'Family Compact,' closer than any previous Treaty, and a Special Convention for immediate use were signed in deep secrecy between Spain and France on August 15th. Spain would declare war on England on May 1st, '62, if England had not made peace earlier. Now Pitt knew nothing of the details or of the dates of this Treaty; in fact, there is no evidence that he knew anything which his colleagues did not know. But in September intercepted despatches clearly revealed that Spain was really only waiting to strike till her Plate Fleet, due in October or November, should get to Cadiz, and till her West Indies could be decently warned and reinforced. And, though Anson, Granville and Ligonier were against him, I think Pitt was right in wishing to strike at once, not in order to capture the stupid Plate ships, but to precipitate a Peace by bringing Spain at once to her knees. But he was wrong in making no attempt to manage his colleagues, who were quite willing to make preparations for the inevitable Spanish war; he allowed his inordinate pride to get the better of his patriotism, and resigned his office on October 6th.

His last plans, however, had been so well and truly laid that Martinique, which proved almost as tough a job as Belleisle, fell to Rodney at the opening of 1762, and then Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia and Marie Galante. Spain, having got her pieces of eight safe home, laid, in December, 1761, an embargo on British ships, and war was declared in the first days of the new year. Spain

meant, among other things, to hammer our old and faithful ally, Portugal, into submission at once, and so to close the harbour of Lisbon to us. France would then overwhelm Ferdinand—1761 had been a bad year for him till July, when he won a battle at Vellinghausen, since which time he had been again on the defensive between two French Armies each larger than his own—and surely some one could be found in Eastern Europe capable of dealing the *coup de grâce* at that man Frederick. Finally, up should spring the Neutral Navies upon the same side, and then let the Sea-Queen look to her crown! A Squadron of seven sail actually broke blockade again at Brest before the end of 1761, and was off to the West Indies to combine with the Spaniards for an attack on Jamaica.

But oh, perverse fate of the gallant French sailors! They arrived to find Martinique in Rodney's hands, to learn that, on news of their approach, Rodney had flown, without orders, to the rescue of Jamaica, and that their junction with the Spaniards was impossible. And oh, perverse fate of their Austrian allies! On January 5th, 1762, died Frederick's bitter foe, the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia; her successor, Peter III., was Frederick's warmest friend; one day the whole Russian Army was threatening Frederick's very existence, the next day it was under his command. As for Ferdinand, odds of two to one seemed to make little impression on him; one knows not which to admire most, the man's skilful strategy, his unfailing patience and tact, or the splendid valour which he inspired into his soldiers on every day of action. Meanwhile, in April, Anson sent Admiral Pocock with a powerful Fleet and large Army against Havana, the virgin capital of Cuba, the richest

city in the New World ; and from Madras another force was sent to the Philippine Islands, to reduce Manila, the great Spanish mart in the the Far East ; these were Anson's last tasks, and he died a few days before the siege of Havana began. Pitt's successors were wooden-minded Secretaries, Bute, Egremont, George Grenville, but they had only to take his plans out of a drawer, and so they readily made use of them. They did their best, however, to spoil one of them, for they let Cumberland (who now ominously reappeared and 'advised' his nephew George III.) nominate to the command of the troops for Havana an Earl of Albemarle after his own heart. And so, when Pocock had felt his way with astonishing skill and audacity along the uncharted channel between the Bahamas and the North shore of Cuba, where no ship-of-war had ever sailed before (a biscuit-toss between reef and reef in some places), and had thereby taken the city of Havana by utter surprise, this worthy soldier refused all attempts to storm, though the rotten old walls were not guarded by three thousand men, and sat down to 'open the trenches' to slow music in a July sun, and in exactly the wrong place. The Spaniard Velasco made a defence worthy of the greatest days of his Nation, and Albemarle gave him plenty of time to strengthen himself. The waste of English life was awful, and not till August 14th did the city yield. Velasco died of his wounds received in the last breach. The booty was enormous, and included twelve fine Spanish ships in the inner harbour. In October, on the other side of the world, Manila fell also ; while the Spanish attempt on Portugal, which had seemed certain of success, had collapsed five months before, because six thousand British troops, with a good German Count

of Lippe-Bückeburg as commander, had stiffened the Portuguese Army, and three English ships, which were all Admiral Saunders could spare from blockade of the Straits, had sufficed to frighten the Spaniards away from Lisbon.

As the story draws to a close, it is humorous to see that Newcastle was soon intriguing against Bute as eagerly as he had intrigued against Pitt. Bute, at least, knew what he meant—peace at any price; and he withdrew in the spring of '62 the annual subsidy from Frederick. Newcastle, who had shivered at the idea of paying it, shivered at the audacity of withdrawing it. To his intense astonishment, Bute coolly dismissed him, and got himself made First Lord of the Treasury. He called in Fox to be Leader of the Commons, and to bribe that body into accepting any terms of peace it might please him to suggest. He wanted to desert Frederick and Ferdinand in some striking manner, regardless of the fact that it was the latter's victory at Willemsthal in June that led Choiseul to consider seriously the granting of peace.

For now it was the victor who sued and the thrice vanquished who granted terms. Frederick's Russian friendship did not outlive his Russian friend, who, after six months' reign, was murdered by his wife, Katharine, in July. That lady became Katharine II., and recalled her troops from the Prussian Army; but they stayed just long enough to enable Frederick to make good his footing in Silesia once more; for him, too, peace was not far off. Ferdinand ended up in October with a last victory at Cassel, in which Granby played a distinguished part. As soon as Bute heard of the fall of Havana he proposed to France and Spain to restore it

to the latter, if Spain would give England the barren swamp of Florida instead; and on these terms the preliminaries were signed in November, the news from Manila coming too late to affect them. The final Peace dates from February 10th, 1763. By it France ceded to the British Crown all Canada, the Eastern half of Louisiana, the Islands of St Vincent, Tobago and Grenada, the fort of Senegal in West Africa; she also restored Minorca, not to Spain but to Great Britain; but she recovered her really important West Indies, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Marie Galante, while the other West Indian islands, which we had taken, again became neutral: she recovered Belleisle; she received, as fishing stations, two little Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the coast of Newfoundland; she dismantled the fortifications of Dunkirk; and, though she recovered from us her three principal East Indian stations, she promised never to fortify them again. To Spain she ceded the other (Western) half of Louisiana; and Spain, who recovered Havana and Manila, ceded to us merely Florida.

So the whole coast of North America from the Pole to the mouth of the Mississippi became British. And, in spite of the scuttle with which it had been purchased, and the low political views of the negotiator, this Peace of Paris was, like that of Utrecht, a 'great Treaty'; the greatest statesman of the period, Lord Granville, said so with his dying breath, and even quoted Homer to show his right to be interested in it. If Pitt denounced it, and even appealed against it, with some show of fairness, to popular passion, it was mainly because he could cry that we were deserting Frederick, which to some extent was true, though not as true as

Frederick declared it to be. To Englishmen Frederick was more than ever the 'Protestant hero,' and in that capacity still swings, visible to all men, over many an English public-house.¹ On similar signs swings, at Dorking and elsewhere, 'the Marquis of Granby.' As for Ferdinand, 'the men that fought at Minden' showed the same mutinous unwillingness to leave his Army as the men that fought at Malplaquet had shown to leave Eugene's. John, Earl of Bute, on the other hand, dared hardly appear in the streets; the mob rejoiced to consume, in one bonfire with a Jack Boot, a lady's petticoat, in allusion to the fact that the handsome Scot was supposed to be too fond of George III.'s amiable mother. All this was a bad omen for the new reign. The epitaph on the old one was spoken seven years later by Edmund Burke.²

One of the half-forgotten lessons of the war is 'never despise the French Navy.'³ At the Peace England had

¹ Perhaps this is a recollection of childhood; recently I have noticed that the sign of the 'King of Prussia' usually resembles the late Emperor William I.

² "George II. carried the glory, the power, the commerce of England to an height unknown even to this renowned Nation in the times of its greatest prosperity; and he left his succession resting on the true and only foundation of all national and all regal greatness; affection at home, reputation abroad, trust in Allies, terror in rival Nations. The most ardent lover of his country cannot wish for Great Britain an happier fate than to continue as she was then left."—BURKE, 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents.'

³ "We may laugh at 'em," said my Father, "and call 'em Johnny Crapows, but they are a right brave nation, if they ar'n't good seamen; but that I reckons the fault of their lingo, for it's too noisy to carry on duty well with, and so they never will be sailors till they larn English."—CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S 'Poor Jack,' p. 31.

at least 110 great ships in full commission and in perfect fighting trim, such a Navy as the world had never seen. But France, with not half that number, and seldom during the whole war with much above half the existing English number, had never entirely relaxed her efforts: 'She kept the command of the sea in dispute till the very end.' When she made peace her great Minister Choiseul industriously set to work to increase her naval strength; while the Sea-Queen hung up her crown in Westminster Abbey and went to sleep again, or allowed dirty political party squabbles to fritter away her strength.

CHAPTER VII
'AN END OF AN AULD SANG'
(SCOTLAND, 1660-1745)

THE return of King Charles was welcomed by all Scotsmen, except a few fanatics, with universal joy. Yet the Protectorate had had its merits; if it had enforced upon Scotland a sham Parliamentary Union, it had given her free trade with England, and, in the teeth of the shrieking Covenanters, it had silenced the Assembly of the Kirk and insisted on the 'deadly and damnable sin of toleration.'

Charles repealed the Union and restored the Scots Parliament, but his English Parliament took away the free trade, and excluded Scots from the benefit of the Navigation Act. The settlement of the religious question, which was the thorniest of all, satisfied very few; and the result was that Scotland was miserable. The fact is that she had been miserable ever since 1603. From 1603 to 1638 she had suffered all the evils of Home Rule in its worst form, and yet had been treated as a half alien Dependency; then she had asserted herself by arms, and had been conquered at last only owing to her own fierce internal dissensions. She had been cut off, since the Reformation, from her old civilizing intercourse with France, and Holland had only recently

begun to take the place of France as the refuge in which exiles could imbibe new political ideas.

Yet she had learned something from the Civil Wars. She could not help seeing that the Houses at Westminster were a very different thing from her own single chamber of Parliament, 'in which they sat a' thegither, cheek by choul, and didna need to hae the same blethers twice ower again,' but which used, in spite of this advantage, to delegate its powers to a Committee called the 'Lords of the Articles,' virtually nominated by the Crown. Moreover, she saw England getting richer and richer, and herself condemned to hopeless poverty for want of a market. And so, though the religious question loomed large to contemporaries, and has been allowed in history to overshadow all others, we must remember that constitutional and commercial grievances loomed large too, and could never get a perfectly satisfactory settlement. I will return to them by and by, but meanwhile we had better follow the beaten track and discuss the events that led to the so-called 'Killing times.'

We must remember *ab initio* two things. (1) That the Kirk—reserving that name for the Presbyterian Kirk alone—was divided in itself, into moderates or 'Resolutioners' and fanatics or 'Protesters.' Both alike were strong Calvinists in doctrine, and clung to the 'Westminster Confession' of 1647; but it was the latter alone who demanded the enforcement of the Covenant, upon pain of death, on every subject of King Charles. (2) That in 1660 the Episcopalian Church of Charles I. had been reduced to a mere 'suffering remnant,' numerically not greater than the still more suffering Catholic Church.

For the first two years, indeed, the Earl of Middleton,

once a Covenanter but subsequently a Royalist, who had commanded the cavalry at Worcester fight, did attempt, in the teeth of Scottish sentiment, a restoration of Episcopacy pure and simple; but the real settlement dates from 1663, when Lauderdale, a far more shrewd statesman, got the ear of the King and tried to bring about a fusion of the Episcopalian 'remnant' with the Moderates of the Kirk; and, if we cry out upon the failure of the experiment, and regret that it was begun two years too late, we must still admit that it was an honest attempt to find a *via media*. But the *via media* was vitiated by the political circumstances in which it was tried, and by those of the two years preceding it; it was Royalists who had to be restored and indemnified, and many Royalists had been Episcopalians. The bloody savagery of Argyll towards every Royalist and every personal enemy had gone hand in hand with the 'rabbling' of Episcopalian clergy by the Covenanting mob. Could Scotland—the last home of the family feud in civilized Europe—be expected to exact no vengeance for these things? I think, on the whole, the vengeance was very moderate, but it was unfortunate that the religious settlement was mixed up in men's minds with the political and personal vengeance; they appeared to be part and parcel of the same thing, and the sufferers by the political vengeance were given the air of religious martyrs. Argyll, who had given Montrose no trial, got a fair trial and was beheaded. Johnstone of Warristoun and two ministers—one Guthrie, who was openly calling out, in his 'Causes of God's Wrath,' for civil war—were hanged. The Scots Parliament repealed *en bloc* all civil and religious Acts passed since 1639, passed a moderate Act of Supremacy, imposed

on all holders of office an oath of 'non-resistance,' and re-established an Episcopal Church. But it did not burn, as the English Parliament burned, the Covenant by the hands of the hangman, it did not impose Laud's or any other Prayer Book, and there was no difference in doctrine or ritual between the 'Kirk' and this new 'Church,' except that the 'curates' or 'piskies,' as their opponents called the new ministers, got into the habit of using the Lord's Prayer and the *Gloria Patri*. All alike prayed and preached extempore in black gowns, administered the Sacrament to sitting communicants, held Kirk Sessions and Synods, and enforced morality (?) by making naughty people stand on the stool of repentance to be preached at.

What, then, was all the subsequent fuss about? Not about ritual, not about doctrine, not even, I think, because the Church was now governed by fourteen Bishops; but because the General Assembly of the Kirk was taken away, and, with it, the power, which the Kirk had so fearfully abused, of excommunication. In other words, it was about Erastianism—the 'black Erastianism'; the State had imposed forms upon the Church. The Covenanters did not want toleration, they spurned it when it was hurled at them by three successive 'Declarations of Indulgence'; they desired to tyrannize over men's souls (and bodies) with a tyranny compared to which Laud's had been a mild paternal chastisement. It is perfectly clear that nothing short of supremacy over every department of State, over every act of family and individual life, would have satisfied those who now cried out against the new settlement. Now no reasonable Government could permit this; and, when time after time their prophets rose in rebellion for this

cause, no Government could have refused to suppress them.

So manifest did these things become that, in spite of the fact that the shaping of the Episcopal Church fell into bad hands, in spite of the blunders and cruelty of many who had the task of suppressing revolts, cruelty sometimes involving flagrant violations of civil liberty, the loyalty of five-sixths of Scotland to King Charles was never in the least shaken, and its loyalty to King James VII. only ended when he began to introduce Popery with a high hand. Nay more, a large majority of the Nation had before 1689 rallied to the very moderate Episcopal Church. Thus it was a minority, and mainly a political minority, which triumphed with the substitution of Presbyterianism for Episcopacy in 1690. And, as we have seen in England during the struggle of 1679–89, High Church and Low Church becoming ‘Tory’ and ‘Whig,’ so in Scotland Whig and Tory ultimately became but names for Presbyterian-Hanoverian and Episcopalian-Jacobite. The last dying embers of the family feud came in to aid this; a Cameron or a Macdonald, an Ogilvy or a Graham, was bound to be a Tory just because a Campbell, a Mackay, or a Dalrymple was sure to be a Whig. All that is changed now, but perhaps in the hearts of some of us the old song still finds an echo.—

To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And a gallows built to hang the Whigs,
And the Right restored where the Right should be,
Oh! that is the thing that would wanton me

Alas! there are no Whigs left to hang; and, if there were, there are few Tories of convictions strong enough to pull at the tow; the Right has passed away unre-

storable, and the green rigs of many a Scottish county are blackened slag-heaps or covered with roaring furnaces.

But the shaping of the Church did fall into bad hands. Only one Bishop of Charles I.'s time survived; thirteen Sees and five-sixths of the manses had to be filled with moderate Presbyterians who accepted Episcopacy. James Sharp, minister of Crail, an astute man, had been sent to negotiate at Breda and London on behalf of the Kirk. Convinced (by whatever arguments) that the maintenance of the Kirk was hopeless, he returned to Scotland as Archbishop of St. Andrews. To the 'godly' he at once became a compound of Lucifer and Laud, of Judas and Strafford, to slay whom became the first duty of every champion of the broken Covenant. He was, indeed, selfish, grasping and vulgar, and he cringed to the Royalist nobles, who despised him and told him so. Only one of the Restoration bishops, Robert Leighton, was specially famous for learning or piety, and oddly enough he was the son of that ferocious Alexander Leighton whom Laud had whipped for denouncing Bishops as "knobs and wens of bunchy Popish flesh." Could Leighton have ruled at St. Andrews the subsequent history of Scotland might have been different; and yet Leighton, after all, was a Saint rather than a Statesman.

At first some three hundred Covenanting ministers refused to conform to the new Establishment. This number was gradually reduced by successive Declarations of Indulgence to less than a hundred, and all who finally refused were 'outed,'¹ and their lot was very hard.

¹ Remember that in England two thousand were 'outed' in 1662.

Persecution of such there undoubtedly was, and by very rough hands, for they rebelled, and suppression of rebellion easily develops into persecution. The 'Martyrs of the Covenant,' who had, in the hour of their triumph, been zealous even unto slaying, though their numbers and sufferings have been ludicrously exaggerated by Whig tradition, are a real fact, and one which we can never sufficiently regret. But the persecution was never consistent. The main agents were the Scottish Privy Council and Sharpe's 'Court of High Commission,' established in 1664 for the purpose of enforcing conformity. The Privy Council was constantly hampered by contradictory instructions from London, and perhaps sometimes exceeded these instructions. Charles, much as he had hated the old Kirk, was all for toleration except in cases of rebellion. Clarendon hated the whole 'nation of vermin,' as he called the Scots, and other English Ministers were profoundly indifferent. The persecutors in the Council were the very men who, then and afterwards, were defending the independence of Scotland against Clarendon and his kind. Further, we must not forget that every symptom of moderation, every grant of indulgence, was treated by the Covenanters (as such things always are treated by Radicals) as a confession of weakness; that the Dutch were constantly intriguing with the malcontents, that they fomented the rising of 1666 and tried to foment another in 1672; that Holland swarmed with plotters and exiles from Scotland; finally, that the Covenanters, when they had once taken up arms, established a perfect reign of terror, not only in Galloway but in all the five South-Western shires, in which district alone there was discontent. No curate's house or person was safe in

that remote country; and the 'prophets,' Welsh, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, constantly travelled about exciting the peasantry to the work of 'rabbling,' and denouncing the King and his Ministers by every evil name known to Old Testament history.

The leading director of the Scottish Privy Council from 1663-78 was John Maitland, Earl, and soon Duke of Lauderdale, once the delegate of the Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly. He had been the King's personal friend ever since '49, and, in '50-'51, had saved him from many humiliations at the hands of Argyll. From Worcester till the Restoration he had been in prison; of coarse talk and immoral life, he was yet a finished scholar and linguist and a wit among the wits at Whitehall. If Sharp was an apostate, Lauderdale was a mocking apostate, 'ready to take a cartload of oaths.' For Bishops as such he cared not a jot, and made them feel it. For Scotland he cared a good deal, and resisted stoutly all Anglicizing measures. Rivals he had in plenty, but till the day of his death, 1682, he retained the King's favour, though he took no part in affairs after '79. Just about the date of Lauderdale's retirement we meet other two whom Whig tradition has raised to a Satanic eminence, the accomplished scholar and lawyer Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, the founder of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, 'the bluidy advocate Mackenyie, who for his worldly wit and wisdom had been to the rest as a God'; and John Graham of Claverhouse, of royal blood and also of kin to the great Marquis of Montrose. Claverhouse had fought under William of Orange and saved his life at Seneff;¹ he, too, was a man

¹ There has been a controversy over this fact; certainly Claverhouse was in William's service at the time.

of carnal learning, odious to the godly, who regretted that they could never prove him to be addicted to wine and women as most of the Tories were supposed to be. Behind these leading figures come the lesser lights, whom Scott, in the weirdest of all his tales, has gathered round the infernal table—'the fierce Middleton, the dissolute Rothés . . . Dalyell with his bald head and a beard to his girdle' (he had served in Russia and let his beard grow ever since Charles I's death) . . . 'and wild Bonshaw that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung,' etc., etc.

The Acts which made persecution law were of course Acts of the Scottish Parliament: but we must remember that the Crown, through the Lords of the Articles, decided what Bills should and what should not be brought in and read, and also that from 1673 to 1681 no Parliament met. The Act of 1663 forbidding 'outed' ministers to hold 'Conventicles,' re-enacted in 1670 with the death penalty attached to it, is the mainspring of the persecution. Now a Conventicle, *i.e.* an assembly for public worship in some place other than a parish church, sounds a very harmless thing; but a Scottish Conventicle of the reign of Charles II. or James VII. came to mean an assembly of many hundreds of armed peasants, with their wives, gathered from perhaps thirty or forty parishes, on some remote Galloway moor, listening from sunrise to sunset to some Ephraim Macbriar or Habakkuk Mucklewrath, as he lifted up hands that had born fetters in testimony for the broken Covenant, which had been the marriage garment of the Bride of Christ, and denounced as bloody Doegs and Agags not only King and Council, but every Christian who did not rise in rebellion against them.

The listeners might, indeed, as Cuddie Headrigg did, 'catch a gude fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking'; but they caught flame in their hearts, and were ready for any deed of violence. It was such meetings as these which inspired the first outbreak in the Glenkens in 1666, when a band of insurgents occupied Dumfries, grew to the number of 2,000 before they got to Lanark, but were routed at Rullion Green by General Dalyell; thirty-five persons were executed, and many more imprisoned in uncomfortable places like the Bass Rock.

The Government answered on the one hand with a much stiffer Act of Supremacy over the Church, and on the other with the first Declaration of Indulgence, of which one hundred and twenty of the less extreme Covenanters took advantage. An 'indulged' minister was not asked to be reordained, to own the lawfulness of Episcopacy, or even to renounce the Covenant; he was merely to allow the Bishop to admit him to his church, and to give security that he would pray for the King and hold his tongue on politics. The remnant who refused this naturally became fiercer than ever; 'Laodiceans,' 'Achimophels,' 'Esau,' 'dumb dogs who bark not,' were the least words that the carnal compliers with the 'Black Indulgence' got from the field preachers. Many of the Bishops, even the better ones, liked the Indulgence very little; it seemed an abandonment of principle, as indeed it was; and, so hard is it for any Scot to be an Erastian, they liked the new Act of Supremacy even less. Lauderdale, with horrid glee, actually kicked out a remonstrating Archbishop of Glasgow and put Leighton in his place. Leighton went to the most Covenanting diocese in

Scotland and tried, in the true spirit of an Apostle, to evangelize it; but his health broke down in the effort, and he retired to end his days in Sussex. When he was gone, 1675, the search for Conventicles became more stringent. Soldiers were quartered on Galloway lairds, who, though seldom extreme Covenanters, felt for their tenants with the kindly feeling of those days. In '77 Lauderdale actually sent several thousand Highlanders into that district at free quarter, and it shows how utterly contemptuous he was of the feelings of his opponents. No act of personal violence is proved against these amiable savages, but when they went home again early in '78, they naturally turned their hereditary skill in cattle-driving to its best account. All that bad year there were two conflicting reigns of terror in Galloway; and in May, '79, when the fanatics at last, after many attempts, 'got' the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the storm burst.

The Covenanting standard, blue and red, with 'No quarter to the enemies of the Covenant' on it, was raised by Sharp's red-hand murderers at Rutherglen near Glasgow, and thousands rallied to it. Claverhouse, who was Conventicle-hunting in that region, got more than he bargained for, some two hundred of his men being put to flight at Drumclog. Glasgow fell, and Edinburgh began to feel uncomfortable. Happily the insurgents spent so much time in quoting texts for and against the lawfulness of religious murder and other high points of Covenant theology, that the Government was able to get troops from England under the Duke of Monmouth. Still the insurgents were nearly three to one when they at last marched to meet Monmouth at Bothwell Brigg, between Glasgow and Hamilton. They there threw

away an impregnable strong position, and made no fight at all, most of their horse escaped, but their foot were cut down in hundreds in the pursuit. The vengeance of the Government even then was mild; some seven were hanged and some 250 banished or imprisoned.

Richard Cameron—hence the title ‘Cameronians,’ applied to extreme Covenanters down to the middle of the Eighteenth Century—and Donald Cargill kept the flame of resistance alight till they too were caught and killed, they had just published, at Queensferry and at Sanquhar, declarations excommunicating the King and the Duke of York and ‘delivering them over to Satan.’ But only one of Sharp’s murderers could ever be caught, and, immediately after Bothwell Brigg, Government published a fresh Declaration of Indulgence, allowing Nonconformists to preach in private houses provided they abstained from doing so in the fields.

Let me suggest to the reader to keep in mind the contemporary thread of English politics—the year of Bothwell Brigg is the year of the first ‘Exclusion Bill’ fuss, a fuss that brought with it the first two visits, 1680 and 1681, of the Duke of York, now openly a Papist, to Scotland. It says much for the peacefulness and loyalty of the North (always excepting those terrible fellows in Galloway) that, when James’ life was hardly safe in England, he could be so very well received, as he was, by all classes in Edinburgh. He held a Parliament in 1681, and perhaps the absurd Test Act that it passed was a compromise between his wishes and those of loyal Protestant Episcopal Scotland. All persons holding civil office or ecclesiastical preferment were to swear (*a*) that they held

the confession of faith of 1560 (*i.e.* of John Knox) (b) that they upheld the royal supremacy over the Church (shade of John Knox!), (c) that they renounced the Covenant and the doctrine of resistance. This was really much the worst thing that the Scots Parliament did between 1660 and 1689. So much did the best of the Episcopal clergy dislike it that eighty of them resigned their livings; and naturally it did the Government no good with the other side.

Now stepped forward the Earl of Argyll, son of 'Gillespie Grumach'; as Lord Lorne he had fought by Charles' side at Worcester, he had been the friend of Lauderdale and a persecutor of Covenanters; and he now protested against the Test, he would take 'part of it, not all'. Suddenly his enemies fell upon him—the family feud blazed up again, and foolish James fanned it; rivers of blood lay between the House of Campbell and the Houses of Ogilvy and Graham. Argyll was indicted for treason, condemned on ludicrous evidence, and fled to Holland. King Charles did not approve of this, and would certainly have pardoned Argyll had he not fled. An abler man than Argyll was driven in 1683 into Dutch exile, Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, the great Whig lawyer, over whose family hung already the curse of the Bride of Lammermoor and was to hang the curse of Glencoe. And so on Dutch soil the seeds of resistance began to germinate; in England it was the year of the Rye House Plot. Plots were, in fact, in the air in both countries, and the Scots Privy Council occasionally seized and tortured an agent,¹ among them

¹ Torture was still legal in Scotland and was occasionally used by both parties till 1709, when an Act of the United Parliament abolished it.

good William Carstairs, afterwards leader of the Moderate Presbyterians and Whig Principal of Edinburgh University. When Renwick, a young 'Cameronian' minister lately come from Holland, posted up all over the West a declaration calling on God's people to rise and slay the enemies of God, 'especially the bloody soldiers and viperous Bishops and curates,' the Council replied with a fierce edict, by which all who refused to abjure Renwick's declaration were to be shot at sight. It is then that the true 'killing times' begin, and that the cruelties attributed to Claverhouse did, or did not take place. That Claverhouse shot at sight rebels found with arms concealed in their homes, if they refused to take the Test, is undoubted: the famous John Brown, shot before his wife's eyes, was such a rebel. There is a well-known story of two women being drowned at Wigton, which is possibly true, although grave doubts have been thrown upon it; two women had, however, been hanged in Edinburgh in 1681. Even if the 'killing time' be extended from Rullion Green to the Revolution (1666-89), the total number of authenticated 'Martyrs' does not exceed the number of Jacobites executed by the English Government in the single year 1746.

James visited Scotland again in 1684, and, though good Queen Mary Beatrice was, no doubt, a welcome change as head of Edinburgh society from Lauderdale's wicked wife, the Tory Ministers who continued Lauderdale's policy were not much to boast of—the most notorious being James Drummond, Earl of Perth, who turned Papist to please his master.

That fatal master became King as James VII. in February, 1685, and his Scots Parliament was as loyal

as his English. But in the North, as in the South, *Arry* had blinded him. His loyal Parliament passed fresh laws against Conventiclers and those who harboured them, threatening with death all who 'rabbl'd' conforming ministers, but refused to pass any serious measure for the relief of Catholics; and on this and this alone the King's heart was set. Argyll's rising in 1685 was little more than the last rumbling of the old Rye House Plot, several of the agents of which, as well as some of Sharp's murderers, were among the poor three hundred who accompanied the Earl to Scotland. Argyll in fact was no politician; his previous life had been excessively unstable, and he could not command even the allegiance of all his own Campbells. Worse than this, he had refused all combination with Monmouth, though both his and Monmouth's movements were financed and equipped in Holland. He tried the Orkneys, whence warning was sent to the Government, then tried the Clyde, and, after wandering aimlessly about, was captured in disguise and beheaded without fresh trial on the old charge.

James meanwhile was rushing headlong to his ruin; he filled his Privy Council with Papists, issued a general Declaration of Indulgence to all Nonconformists, put Jesuits into Holyrood Chapel, deprived a Bishop and an Archbishop for remonstrating against this desecration, and generally showed himself stark mad. Whatever the Bishops might think, these proceedings were too much for the Scottish laity; gentle and simple alike preferred almost anything to Popery. The last 'Martyr of the Covenant,' Renwick, hanged in the Grassmarket in February, 1688, met with a sympathy that the Edinburgh mob had shown to no others of that gang. And,

when William landed in Torbay, although no outbreak took place till James had fled, Scotland was more ripe for revolt than England. In vain Lord Balcarres offered to raise in Scotland a loyal militia to overawe the North of England; James, or Perth for him, preferred to send Claverhouse and his 3,000 regular troops to join his Army in the South, and this left Scotland without a single royal soldier. The Scots Privy Council was powerless, the Edinburgh mob rose in December, sacked Holyrood, and slaughtered its defenders. Galloway was already aflame, and, before the end of November, two hundred Episcopalian ministers were fleeing for their lives. Claverhouse (just created Viscount Dundee) and Balcarres had met James in London, and implored him to throw himself upon the loyalty of Scotland, but either it was too late or the hero of Solebay had become a coward. When he had fled to France, a party of Scots Peers, led by Hamilton, asked William to call a Scottish, as he had called an English Convention. In this body, which met in Edinburgh under the anti-papist reign of terror, few Jacobites had anything to say; indeed, there was nothing for any one to say for James. The great Tory nobles, Hamilton, Atholl, Queensberry, were beginning to slip over to the Whig side, though a few cannon-shot from the Duke of Gordon, who held the Castle, might have stiffened their backs. The younger Dalrymple pulled the Whig wires with the utmost skill, and Dundee, who would never recognize a Whig King, concluded that there was nothing to be done but to raise the Highlands for his graceless, spiritless master. He rode out of Edinburgh with a handful of horse, and, when he was gone, there entered Mackay with four regiments of Scots-Dutch, who proceeded further to

seize Stirling Castle. Then the few Jacobites who remained in the Convention melted away, and the brave, if 'bluddy' Mackenzie was one of the only four who voted against the motion by which James was declared to have forfeited the Crown, April 4th, 1689. A week later William and Mary were proclaimed at the Cross.

Meanwhile the poor despised Scottish Bishops, who had writhed under the Erastian tyranny of Lauderdale almost as much as the Covenanters whom they were supposed to be persecuting, showed themselves to be of sterner stuff than the lay nobles. The Bishop of Edinburgh went as their deputy to London, to express their unfaltering loyalty to King James and to concert measures with Sancroft and the other English Bishops. Sancroft had little to recommend but 'passive obedience'; more worldly advisers told the good man to save his Church by recognizing William. William would, in fact, fain have saved the Episcopal Church, which had now on its side, as he knew, a large majority of the upper classes of Scotland. But, without a shadow of hesitation, the Fathers of that Church elected to go out into the wilderness and become Non-Jurors. And Non-Jurors they practically remained till long after the 'Forty-five.' It was a bitter proof to William, and one of the first, that he could only be King of a faction. And so into the 'Claim of Right,' drawn up by the Scots Convention in imitation of the English 'Declaration of Right,' a clause had to be inserted that 'Prelacy is and has been an insupportable grievance to this Nation'; and the Convention added that all ministers must take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary or vacate their manses. In July, '89, an Act of the Convention,

now turned into a Parliament, laid down that the Sovereigns were to settle Church Government 'in the way most agreeable to the interests of the people of Scotland'; had a plebiscite been fairly taken, this 'way' would have been found to be moderate Episcopacy.

Among the humours of the situation we may note that the Presbyterians here gave themselves away, for once, to that wicked man Erastus. They actually asked the State to prescribe a Church for them; in other words, the religious revolution was a mere Whig triumph, a triumph of the trading classes in the burghs over the landed gentry, while the mass of the nobles stood luke-warm or aloof; religious passions had avowedly become mere political ones.

Meanwhile, in March, '89, Dundee in the Highlands received a commission from James, and rewards^f were offered for his head. Mackay and he marched and countermarched against each other, while beating up recruits, and each was badly enough supported by the master for whom he was fighting. At last their Armies met just South of Blair Castle, which bars the Great North Road, in the fierce battle of Killiecrankie, where, with the loss of their heroic leader and nearly one-third of their force, the Jacobites obtained a barren triumph. In the rest of the campaign Mackay, a shrewd and brave veteran, had the best of it, and the desperate valour of the newly raised 'Cameronian' regiment under Cleland drove the Highland Army back from the unfortified village of Dunkeld; this practically ended the war. The disarmament of the 'insurgents,' most of whom had dispersed after Dundee's fall, was a more difficult matter. William, it must be remembered, had still on

his hands the unfinished Irish campaign, and a huge war with France, and so was able to pay very little attention to Scotland ; the only agents whom he could trust were bitter Whigs, like the Dalrymples, thirsting for Tory blood, while he was obliged to pretend to trust noblemen whom he knew to be intriguing with his rival. Mackay did his best ; he built at the foot of Ben Nevis a fortress, whose site still bears the name of the King who was a Whig against his will, and posted a regiment there to keep order. Something was tried through Lord Breadalbane in the way of 'satisfying with money' Chiefs who would 'come in' to the Government, but without much success ; finally the plan was adopted of fixing a date (January 1st, 1692) before which all Chiefs must take the oath of allegiance, or——.

The alternative was 'letters of fire and sword,' a policy difficult to execute in a wild country with the few troops Government could command. But John Dalrymple, son of Sir James, now Viscount Stair, was in William's confidence, and he unquestionably intended to use the proclamation against the Clans most obnoxious to himself, and was very much disappointed when he learned that, hopeless of finding a successor to Dundee, the leading clansmen were rapidly taking the oath. At the end of 1691 but two Macdonalds remained unsworn, Glengarry, who was holding out in arms, and old Glencoe, head of a small Clan in an isolated valley, which could easily be barred at either end. John Dalrymple's spirits rose when he learned that, in consequence of deep snow, Glencoe had reached Inverary, in order to swear allegiance, too late to obtain the benefit of the proclamation (January 6th). Ten days later William in Flanders signed, perhaps unread, an order for the

extermination of Glencoe and all his tribe. Dalrymple at once sent word to the Governor of Fort William to execute this order. The letter which he wrote is extant, and was sold by public auction a few weeks before these words were written. It is a bloody letter; all under seventy years of age are to be slain. The Campbell (of Glenlyon) to whom the job was entrusted made it worse by entering the glen in peaceful guise, asking and receiving hospitality from his intended victims. At 5 a.m. on February 13th he gave the order to fall on. Even then, seeing that we had become a little more humane since Argyll's great days, and that there was no Covenanting minister present to urge on 'the bonny wark,' only some thirty persons were killed; the rest, including Glencoe's son, escaped. William, with the weight of Europe on his invalid shoulders, thought little of it, and the news only leaked out gradually; there was no Milton to cry 'Avenge, oh Lord!' The Scottish Parliament, however, demanded an inquiry, and a report was afterwards drawn up which exonerated the King, but demanded the punishment of Dalrymple and several subordinates. It seems to me that William acted honourably in refusing to do more than dismiss Dalrymple from office, for he thus tacitly took the blame to his taciturn self. The verdict of posterity has not acquitted and cannot acquit him.

The Church settlement was, after all, a more serious matter, and William gave way far too readily to the victorious political faction. His chief adviser was William Carstairs, who had suffered torture for the cause without losing all his moderation, but who found himself quite unable to procure any toleration for Episcopacy, when once the General Assembly of the

Kirk had been allowed to meet. The Scottish Parliament, indeed, was now intent upon another set of grievances, and left the details of the religious settlement to the Assembly itself. But it repealed the Supremacy Act of 1669, though not that of 1661; it abolished patronage, it declared the Westminster Confession to be the faith of Scotland, and it restored to their parishes some sixty of the survivors of 1661, henceforward called 'the Antediluvians.' But it made no mention of the Covenant, and it took away all civil penalties from excommunication.

It was cruel to entrust these 'Antediluvians,' who at once dominated the General Assembly, with the final settlement. They were burning for vengeance, and barely tolerated the seventy-six survivors of the 'Indulged' ministers who sat beside them. Many moderates from among the 'piskies' would have come in, but every one who had been ordained by a Bishop was contemptuously rejected. The result was that, in order to fill the vacant parishes, candidates very slenderly qualified with learning had to be ordained. Learning was, in fact, disestablished and dethroned for a whole generation; nearly all the University Professors were 'outed.' Moreover, whole districts in the North and East of Scotland absolutely refused to submit to the change; newly appointed Presbyterian ministers were kept by force from taking possession, and flocks rallied round their Episcopalian ministers in devout though unseemly riots. Twenty years later there were still one hundred and sixty-five 'piskies' in possession of their manses in defiance of the law. An 'Oath of Assurance' imposed by Parliament on all ministers in 1693, to the effect that William and Mary were

King and Queen *de jure* as well as *de facto*, did not add to the peace of Kirk or State; while, on the other side, there was a fierce Cameronian remnant refusing all oaths to any King or Kirk which did not impose the Covenant on every living soul. In short, the only good thing done in the reign was the re-enactment in 1696 of a law of Charles I., to the effect that a school and schoolmaster were to be maintained by the heritors in every parish in Scotland.

We must now go back and trace briefly the causes other than religious which had made and were making Scotland unhappy. The commercial grievances dated from the exclusion of Scotland from the benefits of the English Navigation Act, if not from the Union of the Crowns itself. The Scots Parliament did, indeed, pass a Navigation Act of its own at the beginning of the reign, and did impose heavy duties upon certain imports from England and Ireland; but, in the face of English jealousy, it had little means of enforcing its wishes, and the Scottish Kings were plainly told by their English Parliaments that Scottish competition would not be tolerated. Moreover, the Parliament at Edinburgh was not in any real sense free, being dominated by the Crown Committee of 'Lords' of the Articles.' It was, perhaps, this condition of affairs which led Charles II. to push on, in spite of Lauderdale's secret resistance, a scheme for a United Parliament; and when this failed (1669), to touch with the sceptre a great Scottish Act of 1681, heavily protecting a great number of nascent Scottish manufactures. By the date of the Revolution the constitutional spirit of the poor and proud country was definitely awake, and achieved a great triumph when, in 1690, after a year's debate, the Lords of the

Articles were for ever abolished. Scotland had at last got some real means of making its wishes known ; and the Government at once found itself face to face with a highly discontented Nation. William's Commissioners, who presided in Scottish Parliaments, had a sore task, for, though most of the honest Jacobites were in prison and remained there, there were few of the leading nobles who did not have an intrigue with the exiled Court. Not all of these were necessarily ' such a parcel of rogues in a Nation ' as Burns afterwards thought them to be. Some of them said to themselves, ' Well, if we've got to be Whigs, we may at least be rich, as riches and Whiggery seem to go together.' And this attitude was stimulated by the six years of starvation, 1696-1702, from which the country suffered. So great was then the famine that the Privy Council was obliged, like any French Revolutionist, to fix a maximum price for wheat and oatmeal ; the ' Causes of God's Wrath ' were indeed manifest, and Cameronian ranters did not spare to refer to them.

It was, as we know, an age of speculation, an age in which people believed they could create markets and manufactures by Acts of Parliament, an age of paper money. The Bank of Scotland was founded in 1695. An East India Company was established in the next year, for pushing the products of Scottish industries wherever an opening could be found, and such capital as there was in Scotland was largely invested in its shares. William Paterson, a Lowland Scot, who had already projected the Bank of England, conceived the idea of including in the enterprises of this Company the foundation of a Scottish Colony at Darien, on the Isthmus of Panama. There was, as there still is, a fine

'vagueness about the name 'Panama'; it smelt of gold and Spaniards. Our French friends have in recent years invented the verb *panamiser* (= to get up a swindle). Something like a quarter of a million, perhaps then half the available capital of Scotland, was sunk in the job. Scotsmen forgot that they had no fine manufactures to send to India or to Panama, no merchant ships to send them in, no Fleet to protect any merchant ships they might hire; above all, they forgot the intense jealousy of their Southern neighbours. And William, whose heart was either among his Dutch tulip-beds or in the first line of some desperate battle in Flanders, carelessly promised to suspend the English Navigation Act for ten years and to protect with the English Fleet all Scottish ships engaged in foreign trade—and that at the very time when it was most important to his European policy to conciliate the Spaniards by every means in his power. Of course the English Parliament laughed in his face, and asked him for what purpose he supposed himself to have become King of England? He was obliged to eat his words, and English and Spaniards joined hands to burst the pitiful bubble. Three expeditions, each duly accompanied by Presbyterian Ministers, Elders and stools of repentance, sailed to Darien in 1698-9, laden with heavy serges, tweeds, Kilmarnock bonnets, and other articles suitable to the bitter climate of tropical America; those who landed endured fearful sufferings, starvation, Spanish prisons, internal dissensions, and found barely even a pirate to trade with. The result was the temporary ruin of the nascent Scottish Commerce.

From the failure of this scheme it became plain to all reflective Scots that but two courses were open to their

country: separation from, or a commercial and political Union with England. Let us pause for a moment and see what Scotland had to ask and to offer in the latter case if England were to divert her from wilfully seeking her own salvation.

She was a country with a population of about a million—say one-fifth of that of England; with a Revenue one-thirty-fifth, with Customs one-forty-eighth those of England; with a currency of about half a million, whose standard pound, shilling and penny stood to the English pound, shilling and penny as twelve stands to one;¹ with an agriculture entirely mediæval and communal. Meat was half the price of wheat-bread, for the Highlanders did at least produce, sell and then steal back some sort of scraggy black cattle; these, like the sheep, were always cooped up in winter. There were a few little struggling manufactures of linen and woollen goods on the East coast. There was no timber trade, for in the Lowlands there were no trees; and there were no ships. Rents, wages and prices had been stationary or going back for half a century. If the Scottish system of Jurisprudence was superior to, it was also profoundly alien from the English. The Scottish nobility, famous for its turbulence and its treachery, had just stepped into possession of a Parliamentary system which it intended to work for its own benefit. The Scottish Kirk, though not legally independent of the State, was in spirit wholly bent on dominating the State, and was utterly hostile to all progress, all intellect, all free thought; it lived by denouncing the form of Church government established in England, and by persecuting those of its countrymen

¹ A 'Pound Scots' = $\frac{1}{12}$ of an English pound sterling.

who adhered to the English form. Finally, there was a numerous, powerful and recently beaten faction, both in Church and State, burning for revenge. And a Scotland thus ruined and soured by a century of neglect, civil war, faction and poverty, had to ask of England a Union on terms of equality!

You may well say, 'But what had Scotland to threaten if her terms were refused?' Well, she held one strong card. All her past greatness had lain in open hostility to England, and in the old French Alliance. Could she once find internal union again, even the England of Marlborough would never be able to conquer her. When in 1701 James II. and VII. preceded his son-in-law King William to the grave, Louis XIV., at the height of his power, the acknowledged head of European civilization, 'behaved like a gentleman,'¹ and recognized the child of misfortune as James III. and VIII. Just in proportion as that recognition offended the national spirit of Englishmen, it appealed to that of Scotsmen. For the English Act of Settlement of 1700, providing that after the death of Anne 'a wee, wee German lairdie should clap down in our gude man's chair,' had been passed without consulting Scotland at all.

England, then girding itself to avenge Louis' insult to itself in the biggest war it had waged since the Fifteenth Century, would be willing to pay almost any price to avert a French-Jacobite landing in Scotland. So William's last and Anne's first acts were to recommend to the English Parliament an incorporating Union with Scotland.

Commissioners to treat of this were in fact nominated

¹ But see above, p. 107.

in Anne's first month. But the Scottish Nation, Whig and Tory alike, took fire at once. Anne had very naturally suggested that, as Presbyterians were tolerated in England, 'piskies' might receive equal treatment in the North, and this was quite enough to set the Kirk 'blawin' and 'bleezin.' Could the Jacobites have utilized this irregular energy? Some attempts they indeed made, one as late as the autumn of 1706, to unite with the Cameronian remnant in the name of King James; armed Highlanders were observed dropping by twos and threes into Edinburgh. But they had no leader. Their figure-head, the fourth Duke of Hamilton, was a liar and coward who betrayed every cause. Lockhart of Carnwath, the only honest Jacobite who served on the final Commission of Union, was not of sufficient weight in the State. The ablest living Scot, Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, with his deep learning, his Odyssean experience of men and cities, and his lofty patriotism, was an aristocratic Republican of the old Roman type. On the other side stood the 'first Tory who turned Whig' at the Revolution, the Duke of Queensberry, pliant and able, unscrupulous and courteous; he was the real engineer of the Union; then there was the Chancellor Seafield, a turncoat too and a cynic, but a man of real ability and utter fearlessness; best of all, there was young John of Lorne, who became in 1703 second Duke of Argyll, Jeanie Deans' Duke, a brave soldier, a convinced and honourable Whig and yet a true patriot. Carstairs could be trusted, if not to muzzle the Kirk at least to prevent it from biting too hard.

Yet when the last Scottish Parliament met in May, 1703, it seemed as if the forces of disruption would win, and the next four years were full of stormy contradictions

in Church and State, during which the Edinburgh mob broke the windows of Unionists and threw stones at Ministers with a good deal of spontaneous patriotism. Acts were introduced called 'Acts of Security': our Successor on the death of Queen Anne shall not be the same as the English Successor, unless we get full security for our Parliament, Religion, Trade, Colonies (!) and Sovereignty. 'Limitations' of the prerogative of the said Successor were also introduced by Mr. Fletcher. England put on the screw by Bills excluding all Scottish products and making all Scots 'aliens' in England. The final set of Commissioners to draw up a Treaty of Union, thirty-one on each side, was nominated in 1705, Scotland consenting by a bare majority of two votes. Marlborough's victorious career quickened the steps of these gentlemen, and in April, 1706, they had come to an agreement on the main principles, viz. free trade and a single Parliament. The details took time, but in the details it is England on the whole that gives and Scotland that receives. In the adjustment of taxation Scotland is to be exempted from many English taxes, because she ought to bear no share in paying the interest of the English National Debt. Our bankrupt East India Company is bought out, and a sum of money paid in compensation to holders of Darien stock. Our share in the United Parliament is to be greater than our wealth, though less than our population would warrant, to wit forty-five Commoners and sixteen Peers—the latter elected for each Parliament by all the Peers of Scotland. Our Laws and our Law-courts we are to retain, without appeal to English Law-courts. Our Saltire, commonly called St. Andrew's Cross, is to be quartered on the flag of

'Great Britain,' and to be borne after Anne's death by, the Princess Sophia and her heirs being Protestants.

The terrible question of Religion was not mentioned in the draft of the Treaty presented in October, 1706, to the Scottish Parliament, which promptly insisted that complete security for the supremacy of the Kirk should be inserted not only in the Treaty but in the coronation oath also. Storm after storm rang through the walls of the old Parliament House, to the accompaniment of crashing windows and yelling mobs up and down the High Street and the Canongate; but Queensberry's tact and majority were equal to it all, and, when the Treaty of Union had been touched with the sceptre on January 16th, 1707, Lord Seafield locked the door of the House as he left it, with the bitter jest, "There's an end of an auld sang."

"Deil rax their thrapples that reft us o' 't," as Andrew Fairservice remarks; and fancy loves to linger over the 'Riding of the Scots Parliament' in procession up the stately street (cleaned for the occasion) from Holyrood House. May not a political philosopher also pause, and ask whether something in the nature of a Federal Union might not have been tried? It is the fashion to dismiss such schemes as 'whimsies,' partly because 'Home Rule' in the vulgar modern sense is merely the cry of self-seeking demagogues, partly no doubt because of the astonishing success of the United Parliament up to 1832 in making Great Britain the foremost Nation in the World. But is not the supremacy of a single House of Parliament just now the greatest of political dangers? Might not a Federal Council, which would *ex natura rerum* ultimately have included Ireland and the Colonies, have been equally successful as Empire-builder? Might

not a Federal Constitution have ultimately given us the very thing of which we now stand most in need, a bulwark against the unchecked supremacy of the uneducated classes?

That the Union should be unpopular in Edinburgh goes without saying; that Glasgow, then a town of 12,000 inhabitants, went solid against, it only seems surprising because we are apt to forget that it was not till thirty years after the measure that Glasgow seriously took part in the Colonial trade. There and everywhere else in Scotland the first results were the deaths of the infant industries, which had been so highly protected by the Act of 1681. In fact only the cattle trade benefited from the first; Rob Roy began to combine with his natural profession of cattle thief that of a drover.

Louis XIV., who had been very hard hit at Ramillies in May, 1706, had missed his best chance, but the Jacobites kept him stirring all the next year, and in the spring of 1708 a small French Fleet, with King Jamie on board, sailed from Dunkirk: but when it appeared off the East coast of Scotland there was Admiral Byng waiting for it, and it never even attempted a landing. Yet hatred of the Union grew apace. In the last half of Anne's reign many of the prophecies of Scottish patriots were fulfilled. The barbarous English law of treason was extended to Scotland, and 'traitors' might now be (and were) removed for trial into England. Legal toleration was established for such of the 'piskies' (they were very few) as would abjure King James and pray for Queen Anne; the patronage of Scottish livings, abolished 1649, restored 1661, abolished 1690, was now again restored to the lay proprietors: which of the two latter measures inflamed the wrath of the Kirk the more,

it would be hard to say. An attempt of 1713 to extend, in the teeth of the words of the Union-Treaty, the malt-tax to Scotland¹ almost produced a civil war; it did produce a motion in the House of Lords for the repeal of the Union, moved by Argyll himself, and supported by all Scottish Peers and many English Whig Peers, who wanted to tease a Tory Government. This motion was lost by only four votes.

'Repeal of the Union' was the most popular cry in Scotland for nearly a generation after its passing. But if the only hope of this lies in accepting a Papist King? Then, Heaven help us, our hearts will indeed be torn in half!

King Jamie was by this time twenty-five years of age, and the very worst possible head to conceive or to carry out a 'state-stroke.' His virtues, which were many, told more fatally against him than his vices, which vanish under the historical microscope. He has had hard measure in history and in fiction—nowhere harder or more unjust than in 'Esmond.' He was brave in battle, as he proved abundantly, on the French side, in Marlborough's wars; he was the soul of honour both in private life and in public, utterly refusing to barter his faith for three kingdoms, refusing even to hold out any diplomatic hope that he would do so—an attitude which exasperated even his most faithful friends. Yet he was quite free from intolerance; he promised full toleration for the several versions of the Christian religion to which his subjects professed to be attached; he kept Protestants in high favour at his exiled Court, and, when the Pope re-

¹ This was actually done in 1725, and the disastrous result was the substitution of whisky for ale as the national drink.

monstrated with him for doing so, told that gentleman that he was a King and not an Apostle; he even gave his son a Protestant tutor. In an age of immoral kings his life was pure. But against all this you must set the fact that he entirely lacked both enterprise and resolution, that the slightest mishap discouraged him; he was the 'child of misfortune,' and misfortune had entered into his soul. Though fairly well educated, he was not clever, and, while his kindness of heart led him to go on trusting men whom he should have known for traitors, his knowledge that there was treachery about him sometimes made him untrusting of those to whom he should have given his confidence.

But when Anne died, a year before old Louis, an insurrection on behalf of James was certain, in Scotland if not in England. On paper the 'Fifteen,' as this insurrection is always called, had better chances than its descendant thirty years later. It had, however, many subsidiary faults and one radical one; it ought to have been the 'Fourteen.' Anne's last Minister, Bolingbroke, had actually been preparing in the last week of the Queen's life for a peaceable succession of James, and James ought to have been in Scotland before George (who didn't hurry) had time to lumber across into England. But the movement was deferred for a whole year. Even then the chances were not bad. The Regent of France was not unfavourable; the warlike King of Sweden, Charles XII., had his own reasons for being cross with King George, and so had the King of Spain; one of the greatest living soldiers, the Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, was James' half-brother; one of the most astute politicians, Bolingbroke, had just fled from England and had become his Secretary. Ormond, who

succeeded Marlborough as Commander-in-Chief in England, 1712, was an avowed Jacobite and had begun to promote officers of his own opinions; true, Marlborough had again on Anne's death replaced Ormond, but he was personally a waverer and had no influence, even of a military kind, in the councils of King George. There were not 15,000 troops with the colours in Britain, and of these not 2,000 in Scotland, it being the singular habit of John Bull at the close of all his great wars to disband his best soldiers as if they would never be needed again; it was now to become his still more singular habit to buy Dutch or German troops to defend his Island for him.

The councils of the Jacobites were, however, fatally divided: James distrusted Berwick; Bolingbroke got drunk and blabbed secrets; Ormond, finding himself suspected, fled too soon to France. If on the military side the Hanoverian Government was incapable, on the civil side it was preternaturally acute: the Whig Earl of Stair had his spies all over Europe; the Whig soldier Stanhope was one of the best Secretaries of State England ever had, and the Whig Duke of Argyll, honoured and loved in Scotland as few Whigs were and fewer deserved to be, was himself worth an Army. Swift seizure was made of the notorious English Jacobites, who certainly let themselves be seized very tamely: and

The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,

where (as is well known) 'Tories own no argument but force.' A price of £100,000 was set on the head of the 'Pretender' (not a measure commonly employed in civilized countries), and Stair with great *sang-froid* set

paid murderers upon James' track both before and after the outbreak.

It was John Erskine, Earl of Mar, a man who had been and was to be again of doubtful fidelity, who on September 6th, without waiting for express orders, set up the standard of King James at Braemar, where he soon found himself at the head of eight thousand Highlanders gleg for a fight. He had with him fifteen of the leading Peers and Chiefs of great Clans, in Scotland, and practically all the fighting force of Camerons, Macdonalds and Stewarts. The Frasers, the largest of the fighting Clans, were led the other way by the astute Simon, Lord Lovat, who aspired to keep the balance in the North, and who now seized Inverness and declared for King George. Why did not King Jamie come? It was a fatal mistake to wait for supplies from France, Sweden or Spain; these countries would only be likely to declare themselves for him after a success, not before one. Meanwhile Argyll hurried to Stirling, took command of the few Government troops he could find, and garrisoned with them the line of the Forth from Stirling to Edinburgh. Mar ought instantly to have forced this line at the ford just above Stirling; instead of which he concentrated at Perth and occupied the East coast from Aberdeen to Fife, feebly squealing for his King and for gunpowder—as if Highlanders needed powder—without taking any steps to make the latter commodity. Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater rose for the Cause in Northumberland and joined hands with Lord Kenmure who did the same in Galloway. Mar detached some 2,000 men under Mackintosh to join them; between them the Jacobite Armies outnumbered Argyll by four to one, and ought instantly to have converged and crushed

him. Instead of this, Forster marched Southwards into Lancashire, dawdled his time away at Preston, and then capitulated to an inferior force under General Carpenter on November 12th. On the same day Mar, who had at last advanced, met Argyll at Sheriffmuir on Allan Water, where

Some say that we wan and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man.

Each right wing, in fact, chased the opposing left from the field, and Mar's right (his Highlanders) performed their task in four minutes. But then Mar fell tamely back on Perth, and so left the real victory with Argyll. The Duke, now largely reinforced (Dutch mostly), began to push his opponent into the sea; he was censured in London for doing it too slowly, the truth being that, great and humane man as he was, he wished to give time for the rising to fizzle out, and to give the gentlemen engaged a chance to escape to the Continent. Hopes of this were, however, much spoiled when James, too late for all but honour, landed at Peterhead on December 22nd. The King's melancholy resignation only added trouble to the hearts of his adherents, already turned to water by the incapacity of their leader; James "cared not," says an eye-witness, "to come abroad among our soldiers or to see us handle our arms"—he who had charged at Oudenarde and Malplaquet in Louis' finest Household Cavalry! In less than six weeks he had to embark again at Montrose, being barely a day ahead of the Whigs, who were steadily reoccupying the coast towns. The remnants of Mar's Army, long ago thinned by incessant desertions, were hunted into fastnesses of Highlands and Islands by General Cadogan

and the Dutch; most of the Chiefs eventually escaped abroad or made their peace. James took Mar with him, retired to Avignon, and finally took up his quarters at Rome. His last thought on Scottish soil seems to have been bitter regret that his troops had been obliged to destroy some crops and burn some cottages on their retreat, and his last act was to send some of his slender stock of money to relieve the sufferers. Some thirty English and Scottish prisoners were executed in Lancashire and in London—for no Scottish jury could have been trusted to convict them. Like the Tory courtiers in James II.'s reign, Whig courtiers had 'grants' made to them of prisoners, so that they might get ransoms from them, and those prisoners who could not pay were transported. Of the six Peers impeached in London, Derwentwater and Kenmure alone were beheaded, Nithsdale escaping in his wife's dress the day before that fixed for his execution. Bribery was rife in London, especially bribery to Hanoverian 'ladies.' Lord Nairn, after eighteen months' imprisonment, emerged a ruined man, and noted in his diary, "Paid to lawyers and b——s £1,500." The most startling result of the rising was a fierce Act against the Episcopalians in Scotland, for they had been almost to a man for King James.

The Cause was, however, by no means dead. Though France was for the next fifteen years practically an ally of England, the Scottish Jacobites were soon singing

Here's to the King o' Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head,
Shame fa' ev'ry sneaking blade
That winna do 't again.

The death of Charles XII. at the end of 1718 having shattered hopes from Sweden, they turned to Spain : James actually visited Madrid, and in 1719 a few Spanish troops were landed on the Inverness-shire coast, together with George Keith, Earl Marischal, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Seaforth and Lord George Murray ; they rallied a few clansmen and fought a battle, of about one thousand a side, in Glenshiel, and were defeated by General Wightman. More attainers naturally followed ; it had served to keep the flame alight in the Highlands, and that was all.

But Walpole's criminal indifference to the honour and fortune of England allowed the Navy and Army to rot and dwindle for twenty years ; he did, indeed, send Marshal Wade into the Highlands to make a couple of hundred miles of road and to build forts which he omitted to garrison. Wade, a slow but shrewd man, reported a circumstance which ought to have disquieted King George, namely that the rents of the exiles of the 'Fifteen and the 'Nineteen were being regularly collected and sent to their rightful owners abroad. Every one, in fact, knew perfectly well that the next time England was drawn into a European spulzie of any sort, the Jacobites would rise for the White Rose.

Meanwhile the White Rose had married in 1719 a Polish lady, whose nerves and groundless jealousies embittered all his middle life : Prince Charles was born in 1720 and Prince Henry 1725. The former grew up a tall, athletic, very naughty boy, badly educated and indifferent to religion, but quite a clean liver. Jacobites who were presented to him at Rome began to see that here was a young man made to their hands : and

certainly, from his early boyhood, the Prince had the Cause in his head to the exclusion of everything else ; he went into training until he should be called upon to lead it. When he was sixteen the Porteous Riot—really an outbreak against the English Excise Laws—shook Scotland from end to end, and the ‘sorrowfu’ Union’ was, perhaps for the last time, publicly referred to as the spring of all our woes. In the next year John Murray of Broughton visited Rome, and became a close intimate of the Prince : from 1741 he was organizing a regular Association of Jacobites in each district of Scotland. Negotiations were also begun with the well-affected in England, who however avoided committing themselves on paper. From the opening of ’43 Louis XV. was warmly favourable ; he was going to war with England in Flanders and Germany, but, before he committed himself to a landing, he naturally waited to see on what help he could rely in the Island of Great Britain. In the spring of ’44 he thought the prospects favourable enough to embark 10,000 troops at Dunkirk, with Marshal Saxe, the best soldier in Europe, at their head. They waited for escort from the Brest Fleet, which sailed up Channel to Dungeness ; there it met Admiral Norris with twenty-five sail of the line, and before a shot could be exchanged, a storm drove the French again to the Westward. The transports at Dunkirk were therefore useless, and Louis abandoned his plan of invasion.

On board that Dunkirk Fleet was Prince Charles. He had slipped away North without telling his father, and had travelled through France. James, though much perturbed at this ‘start,’ had sent a Commission of Regency after him. Louis had received him well, and

had promised his assistance. Murray, who must have known better, kept feeding him with hopes of risings, and travelled to and fro between Scotland and France. For a year and a half after the bitter disappointment of the Dunkirk Fleet Charles stayed in Paris or in Northern France in hopes of some fresh turn of the wheel. At last he declared that he would go alone and throw himself on the loyalty of Scotland. Two adventurous Irishmen, Sheridan and Kelly, joined him: Tullibardine, deprived of his succession to the Atholl Dukedom for his share in the 'Nineteen, also came to him; and in June, '45, we find him negotiating, on borrowed money, with a Mr. Walsh of Nantes for two ships and some broadswords, powder and muskets. The battle of Fontenoy had just been fought.

On July 23rd the piper of the Laird of Barra was walking along the rocks of Isle Eriska, at the tail of the Long Island, when he was hailed by an old acquaintance in a boat which had just put off from a small French ship. Such appearances were not rare, and probably suggested to Donald's mind a keg or two of smuggled brandy. He came aboard and piloted the vessel into the little harbour of Eriska. Among those who landed was a tall youth in a plain black coat, a plain shirt, not very clean, and a fair round wig, obviously a young clergyman who had heard much of the Highlanders and wished to converse with them. His speech had an Irish accent, but he quickly picked up a few words of the Gaelic, especially the words used in drinking of healths. On the next day the great man of Uist—a Macdonald, of course—came to see and converse with the young cleric, and advised him to go home, to which the cleric replied, "I am come home, Sir, and

"I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."

Now the Chiefs whom Murray had 'organized' during the last four years had all rightly stipulated for 'substantial French aid as the one condition of a rising, and they were therefore very much astonished when they found that Charles, who crossed to the mainland near Arisaig on the 25th, had only brought seven gentlemen with him. All were in fact shocked at the rashness of the enterprise, but the adhesion of the noble Cameron of Lochiel decided the rest. We don't hear of any 'fiery cross dipped in the blood of a newly slain goat' being sent round to summon the Clans, but the news travelled with lightning rapidity and we can imagine the joy with which it was received in many a Highland home, how the pipers would strike up 'Cock o' the North,' and how

Some gat them swords and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulree.

The bulk of the fighting Clans, Macdonalds, Camerons and Stewarts of Appin came in at once; these formed the best part of Charles' Army, and were with him throughout the campaign. The rendezvous was fixed for August 19th at Glenfinnan, and a good omen was acknowledged when some Macdonalds cut off two companies of Whig foot on their way to Fort Augustus, and brought them in triumph to see the Royal Standard raised.

The Government had information of the start from France, and put out the usual proclamation of a reward for the 'Pretender's' head (one-third the value of his

father's—a mere trifle of £30,000), and King George in his speech to Parliament talked of it as an 'unnatural' rebellion. As a matter of fact it was the most natural consequence of the Government's own neglect of its forces, as well as of its contemptuous treatment of Scotland. There were not 12,000 troops in Britain, of which Sir John Cope had 4,000 in Scotland, all, except one regiment, untried in war. After a short delay to collect provisions Cope started North from Stirling with 1,500 foot, intending for Fort Augustus. But Charles had the 'wind at his back,' his men marched two miles for one of Cope's, and they beset the Pass of Corryarrick, the critical place on the Great North Road. Cope avoided the shock and turned aside to secure Inverness and Aberdeen, whence he might, if necessary, ship his troops round for the defence of Edinburgh.

It soon became obvious that this would be necessary Charles pushed on by Perth, picking up Atholl men, Macphersons, Robertsons, with the Duke of Perth and his brother Lord John, and Tullibardine's brother Lord George Murray. Lord George was at once made Lieutenant-General, and, being a man of real ability, who had fought in the 'Fifteen and the 'Nineteen, he became practically Commander-in-Chief. But he had been pardoned after the latter fight, and till the very latest moment he had been in council with Cope. This made the Prince entertain a distrust of him which too often became visible. Lord George, however, having decided to join, was absolutely loyal; he thoroughly understood Highlanders, and was one of the best claymores in his own Army.

Right on they went by Dunblane to the ford of Frew, waded the Forth and shook their plaids at Stirling

Castle, which fired a few random shots at them. The two regiments of Dragoons, which Cope had left to guard the Forth, fell back before them in ever increasing panic. By September 17th Charles was outside Edinburgh, which was unfortified except for an old wall; he sent a summons to the town, and, while the bit Baillie bodies were trying to raise Whig Volunteers and sending procrastinating deputations till Cope should arrive, Lochiel with five hundred Camerons quietly walked in at the Netherbow, marched up the High Street, and grounded arms at the Cross. 'Johnnie Cope' had just landed at Dunbar and been joined by the flying Dragoons, September 18th.

He marched Westwards along the coast road with 2,300 men and six guns, and the Highland Army, perhaps two hundred men stronger, flew to meet him. Murray utterly outgeneralled Cope at Prestonpans, some twelve miles East of Edinburgh, forcing him to change front twice in succession, and finding his own way through a very nasty marsh quite unperceived at 4 a.m. on 21st. As the sun rose through the mist the Highlanders gave one volley and fell on with the claymore. Cope's six guns were fired once and killed one man; then the Gunners fled, then the Dragoons; the Infantry had little time left them to fly. As for the Volunteers, 'they were na worth a louse, man,' says Mr. Alick Skirving, who saw the field covered with loose heads and hands (the sword wounds inflicted by the claymore made an unusual and unpleasing impression on troops accustomed to be killed by decent bullets). It was all over in ten minutes, with 400 killed and 1,000 prisoners and Cope led the shameful race to Berwick. Charles was for following him up at once, for, though

troops from Flanders were hurried over as quickly as possible, only old Marshal Wade, with some 4,000 at Newcastle, lay between him and London. But he was overruled and fell back on Edinburgh, where his little Army rapidly grew to 6,000 men.

Then followed that mad six weeks of glory and apprehension, during which Edinburgh knew itself for a Capital again, and the ladies, Jacobites to the soles of their dainty feet, danced minuets in Holyrood House, while the portraits of a hundred and fifty kings (painted for King James VII. by a Dutchman at £1 13s. 4d. per king) looked down on waving tartans and white cockades. The 'Highland Savages' were the best behaved of troops: no single act of cruelty is proved against them, either then or during the whole campaign; and the Prince, as men complained, gave all his prisoners too easy parole and attended to the enemy's wounded before his own. A sort of French Ambassador, M. d'Éguilles, came to the Court, and the Lowland Jacobite Peers and lairds—alas! but a handful now—came too. There was old Balmerino, whose ancestors had accompanied James VI. to England; there were Nairn and Nithsdale, whose fathers had escaped as by miracle after the 'Fifteen; Kenmure, whose father had not escaped; Pitsligo, Ogilvy, Kilmarnock; the brave but cantankerous Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss; Lord Lewis Gordon of the house of Huntly; Tullibardine, one of the 'Seven men of Moidart' and rightful Duke of Atholl; good James Drummond, rightful Duke of Perth; Oliphant of Gask, the most dashing cavalier, and Ker of Graden, the heartiest fellow and best scout in the Army. Before the end of October a few Frasers had come in; but

the head of that Clan, the old rogue Lovat, who might have cut off Cope from Inverness last August, was still sitting on the fence—

Suspensus, ut felix futurum
Despiciat simuletque saltum.

But oh! what quarrels in the little Council! the rivalry of the most loyal Chieftains *inter se* often thwarted the best-laid schemes. Charles, they said, trusted only his French and Irish friends; he certainly mistrusted Murray, who was rough in tongue, and yet he constantly let Murray overrule him. He was, in fact, under no illusions, and he soon began to see that a political cause was utterly wanting to him; he could enlist all hearts but few reasons, and therefore few Lowland recruits. He might put out proclamations denouncing the National Debt and promising repeal of the Union, but it was about ten years too late for that, for the Union was at last beginning to bear solid commercial fruit. In the absence, then, of a political cause, he must trust to the sword alone, and that sword the Highland claymore; and this is why he was so right in desiring always to go forward to London at the highest possible speed. The proof of his helplessness was seen in his weak blockade of Edinburgh Castle (September 29th to October 5th), the Governor of which said, in fact, that if Auld Reekie didn't send up daily supplies to his beleaguered garrison, he would lay Auld Reekie in ashes (which he could have done in twenty-four hours), and Charles had to allow the supplies to be sent!

And France was more intent on following up her conquests in Belgium than on risking her troops in Britain. Saxe made far too little effort to prevent

'Billy' Cumberland from shipping a great part of the, Anglo-Dutch Army across the North Sea. Cumberland landed on the 19th; whoever else might be in a panic he wasn't, nor on the other hand did he make light of the affair. He made extensive and suitable preparations, which very nearly broke down from the apathy of the English people, who would neither rise for King James nor defend King George,¹ and from the utter absence, then as always, of proper defences against invasion. Wade, however, was strongly reinforced; Cumberland himself would march to meet the Prince, and attempts were made to raise a fresh Army to defend London.

For Charles had now overruled his Council into invading England, and on October 31st he started. His own view, almost certainly right, was to go by the East road and overwhelm Wade before his reinforcements reached him; but Lord George carried the day for the familiar Western route (of 1648 and 1651). He made, however, a feint at Wade which sufficed to keep him immobile, while the Highland Army, six thousand strong, sped swiftly by Moffat, Carlisle, Preston, Wigan, Manchester, always expecting English Jacobites to rise. At Manchester alone were recruited some two hundred men under Francis Towneley. Men and women came out and stared at the 'plaid-men' (from whom they caught the itch, for cleanliness was not among the Highland virtues), but few cried 'God bless them!' When they reached Macclesfield they learned that

¹ Some Whig nobles, *e.g.* the gallant Marquis of Granby, made efforts, not without success, to raise regiments. The City started a fund to provide the troops with blankets and gloves, and the Quakers offered them flannel waistcoats.

Cumberland, with 8,000 men, was in front at Lichfield, and Wade lumbering down to Doncaster on their flank. They did not know that it had become almost impossible to raise recruits for these Armies, though King George was offering £6 per man to any one who would join his Guards. Even then Murray outgeneralled the Duke by a feint to the West, and got between him and London; the Duke made frantic efforts to regain the road, but only succeeded in foundering his horse. When he reached Derby, but six or seven marches (126 miles) lay between Charles and his goal; there was a panic in London and a run on the Bank.

Then, December 6th, the victors suddenly threw up the sponge, and, after fighting almost alone against his Council a long winter's day, Charles consented to a retreat. All strategic considerations, said Murray, all common prudence pointed in that direction; it was but *reculer pour mieux sauter*. But this Army had not succeeded but by throwing prudence and strategic considerations to the winds. And now they were in excellent heart, well fed and even paid (the common story that the Highlanders had deserted in crowds during the march is now disproved);¹ they were five thousand strong to a mere trifle of thirty thousand, most of whom were already behind them. Besides, actual numbers of enemies mattered little; they were practically certain to wipe before them anything except really well-served Artillery, and of that the English had as yet little ready; London was (and still is) unfortified, and King George at Kensington was packing his portmanteau.

¹ Say they dropped on the way, at the outside, from speed, desertion or sickness, a sixth of their number; that was a very unusually small proportion in the Eighteenth Century.

"But," said Lord George, "once back in Scotland we shall double our numbers; France is really preparing to send aid": "Where," said Lord George, "are your English Jacobites? Who cries 'God save King James!'" "Or who cries 'King George?'" the Prince might have asked in return. "Rather than go back," he said, "I would be twenty feet underground." But go back they did

Up till now there had been the makings of greatness in this young Prince; from that hour they vanished. He who was wont to be the first astir in the morning, sleeping little, faring of the hardest, and ever on foot in the van, now became a laggard and indifferent, silent, suspicious and grumpy. Flashes of the old fire came out often enough, at Stirling, at Falkirk, on the morning of Culloden, and in his long wanderings after that battle; but gradually the night fell, and the hero of romance became in middle life an intriguer and a drunkard, in old age a dotard and a wife-beater.

That, however, was as yet far away. Eleven days after Derby his rear-guard killed at Clifton near Penrith a hundred of Cumberland's pursuing horse; his men cheerily waded Esk bank-high in winter flood; a garrison, doomed to axe and rope, was left at Carlisle as a proof that a return was intended. Neither Wade nor Hawley, who succeeded to Wade's command, made any attempt to bar the retreat, nor did Handyside, who now held Edinburgh for King George, try to hinder Charles' occupation of Whiggish Glasgow. And the reinforcements did come till the Army reached the number of nine thousand men; the whole Clan Fraser came in, as old Lovat had at last got down off the fence on the right side, and with them a lot of Drummonds

and Gordons. Even some Irish-French came, with an absurd person who called himself an engineer, and who tempted Charles to besiege Stirling Castle. When Hawley advanced to the relief of that Castle, Lord George swept his Dragoons with great loss from the field of Falkirk, as he had swept them from Prestonpans, and took many prisoners. But on February 1st a decision only less fatal than that at Derby was taken, again utterly against the Prince's will, to retreat to the Highlands; apart from the moral effect of such a retreat, it was a mere courting of starvation.

Cumberland, who had been in the South for a few weeks, came North again at the end of February and restored discipline in Hawley's terrified Army. He brought five thousand Hessian mercenaries to hold the line of the Forth, he occupied the whole East coast and was fed from the Fleet as he moved towards Aberdeen; and there he lay all March, training his Infantry to face the Highland broadsword. Lord Loudoun was busy raising the Whig Clans for King George. Charles chased Loudoun and the Macleods in wild panic out of Inverness and seized Fort Augustus, but failed at Fort William and at Blair Castle. When in April Cumberland with 18 pieces of heavy Artillery and 8,000 men,¹ began to move along the shore of the Moray Firth towards Nairn, the Highlanders, already starving, were scattered in a wide circle round Inverness searching for food, and about one-third of them had been despatched to meet a French convoy on the Pentland Firth.

So not more than five thousand men were present for the fatal 16th at Culloden. The ground on which they

¹ Including some 500 of the Whig Clans, mostly Campbells.

fought, the day on which to fight, were not of Lord George's choosing, and the battle was one of starvation *versus* a full belly. The Macdonalds were posted out of their accustomed place, and got sulky; the Artillery tore long lines in the other Clans before they could charge; yet even so they charged through the guns, sabred the gunners, broke through the Duke's first line, and their leaders reached his second before they were shot down. Cumberland gave little quarter, either now or in his subsequent 'pacification' of the Highlands; he shot or burned all the wounded, all who were found with arms. He was about the same age as Prince Charles, and his brutalities are, thank God, without parallel in the history of the British Army. One cherishes a hope that the worst of these cruelties were committed not by honest English ploughboys, but by the countrymen of King George, Hessians purchased from their 'natural' Prince at five pounds per year per Hessian.¹

Did Charles leave the field too soon? Who knows? Certainly he gave the fatal order, after the battle, 'Let every man seek his safety as best he can.' A fatal order indeed, for, though we had lost 1,000 out of 5,000 we had hit the Hanoverians pretty hard in return.² Culloden was no Naseby, and the spirit of the fighting Clans had not been broken by the loss of one battle; on the 18th nearly 4,000 rallied at Ruthven under Lord George, Tullibardine, Perth, Ogilvy and the sore wounded Lochiel. But the Prince had fled; none as yet heard whither.

¹ Probably also by the Highlanders of the Whig Clans, Campbells and Macleods, who had the old scores of Montrose's days to pay off.

² The 4th and the 37th Regiments suffered the worst

Every one knows how he wandered and lurked in caves and bothies to and fro between the Islands and the Western mainland for five wonderful months. Every one has heard of Flora Macdonald of Milton, and the tall spinning-woman called 'Betty Burke from Ireland' whom Miss Flora brought with her to Kingsburgh's house in Skye on June 29th: 'a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife' Betty seemed to be. Betty-Charles in fact bore, during those five months, a good deal more than his father's uncle had borne during his flight from Worcester, and honestly confessed that he had learned during his skulking to take a hearty dram when he could get it; unfortunately drams were easier to come at in the Highlands than bannocks or beef, and the habit remained with the Prince in climates where he needed it less. Thirty thousand pounds (sterling, not Scots) was the price upon his head; this was well known to a population of 200,000 persons, habitually living on the verge of starvation. One-thousandth part of that price would have been wealth untold to ninety-nine in every hundred of that population. His secret and his whereabouts must have become known to, and his hairbreadth escapes must have been aided by well over a hundred of these poor people; they must have been suspected by many hundreds more. Every pass was beset, every cave smoked out, every corrie and hilltop scoured by red-coats burning for the reward; flogging and torture were freely applied to every one who was supposed to have an inkling of the secret. But the loyalty of Scotland was proof against all trials; Donald remained as dumb as Ailsa Craig. The Prince was hiding in a hole on the side of Ben Alder when he learned, on September 13th,

that a St. Malo privateer was in Loch-na-nuagh; a week later he was aboard of her, and on the 29th he landed at Roscoff in Brittany. Forty-two years of exile and degradation lay yet before him. The present writer was carried in his infancy to see an old lady, then hard upon a hundred years, who had kissed his hand in Florence or in Rome. The story of the 'Forty-five' has been the theme alike of the loftiest romance and the most pitiful drivel; but, when the plain facts are put down, it is hard to say that the reality does not vie in interest with any romance that could be written.

And so it was all over, and the heading and hanging began—mostly at Carlisle and London, with all the ghastly accompaniments of the English punishment for treason; and the name of Murray of Broughton, once Prince Charles' right hand, became for ever infamous as that of a perjured traitor who turned King's evidence. This time the Government would make a full end; Balmerino, Kilmarnock, old Lovat (who really only got his deserts) and Francis Towneley were the most distinguished sufferers; there were about eighty victims in all. Few pardons were granted, and few forfeited estates ever restored. Highland dress was proscribed and the heritable jurisdictions were abolished. This was a really good job; these 'Courts of Regality,' over a hundred in number, had put the poor tenants too often at the mercy of their Chiefs; we all know the story of the woman who said to her husband, "Come awa' and be hangit doucely, and dinna anger the Laird." And the Highlands were depopulated.

And 'it was far better'? Oh yes! it was 'far better' (because it came to pass) that Britain should be governed by a German boor than that we should 'suffer

Popery and arbitrary power and wear wooden shoes'; we should, of course, have suffered and worn these things if King Jamie, the most gentle, tolerant, honourable soul who ever threw away a crown, had been restored. It never seems to occur to any one who argues thus that it is an insult to the British aristocracy and to the all-powerful British Parliament to suggest that, in full Eighteenth Century, it could not have kept in order any King who ever strutted. King George was an infinitely more 'arbitrary' man than King James; he damned and cursed his Ministers to their faces; he stole his father's will in order to cheat his sister of a legacy, and he treated his son with infamous cruelty. He would have entirely subordinated English to German interests; but Parliament kept him and every other King in order as soon as it put its foot down.

With the close of the 'Rebellion' Scottish history is finally merged in British. The Episcopal Church was, by Acts of 1746, 1748, practically proscribed; though few of its ministers had taken overt part for the Prince, all had been at heart on his side; the only two who followed his Army were executed. Some Non-Jurors kept a feeble flame alive till the death of Prince Henry, who died a Roman Cardinal, in 1807; all had been steadily coming to use the English Liturgy, or a Prayer Book closely resembling it, since the death of Anne. Yet the Kirk, whose triumph seemed more complete than ever, reaped little fruit from it. Secessions had begun, largely in protest against patronage, as early as 1737; they were multiplying rapidly, and all were in the conservative direction, all were made because the Kirk was becoming too moderate, too reasonable; because ministers were ceasing to hold forth for a

hundred successive sabbaths¹ on the same text, as the old practice had been; because the tyranny of the Elders in Kirk Session was being relaxed. While the Seceders stood for the pure old Kirk of dogmatic Calvinism and the Covenant, the change in the spirit of those who remained went on apace, and the last half of the Eighteenth Century was intellectually and socially the golden age of Presbyterian Scotland, in which she produced her really great men—Principal Robertson, Blair, Alexander Carlyle, Beattie, Reid, Dr. John Erskine, men to whom dogma meant little and lofty morality much. It would no longer happen to any printer, who printed a work of any of these men, to come across 'God's Wrath' so frequently as to exhaust his fount of the letter 'W' and be at last obliged to print 'God's VVrath'. The last capital sentence for witchcraft was executed in 1727, and the Acts against that 'crime' were repealed in the year of the Porteous Riot. Education, it is true, was still backward, and the Act of 1696 was a dead letter in many remote districts; the salaries of parish schoolmasters were infinitesimal. But the passion of all classes for education was strong and growing. Most burghs had grammar schools, where excellent Latin was taught; the Universities, which taught no Latin except by lecturing in it, monopolized Greek. Social life was, and long remained, curiously simple; the friendship between rich and poor dwelling on the land, or in flats in the same house in cities, was maintained until the Industrial Revolution at the close of the century. Crime was remarkable by its absence; there were no

¹ Five years of Sabbaths on the same text is believed to be the record.'

highwaymen—indeed they would have earned a poor living. Years passed without an execution in Edinburgh; there was seldom a week without one in London. By Scots law seventeen crimes were death-worthy, by English one hundred and sixty-four. People hardly ever locked their doors, even in towns. Poverty and beggary were before every one's eyes, but pauperism was all but unknown; the first rate for it was raised in Glasgow in 1770, elsewhere not till about 1800; in England, where wages were double, every fifth man was a pauper. The reason of the difference lies in the kindly feeling between all classes which was such a marked characteristic of old Scottish life.

From the accession of George III. material prosperity increased too rapidly not to foreshadow some change in these beautiful conditions. The development of agriculture, forestry and commerce went on with giant strides. Banks were established in country towns. Rich East India merchants and Glasgow-Virginia traders bought land and cultivated it scientifically, and Scottish farming and gardening began to be held up as an example in England. Linen, woollen and thread manufactures flourished apace, the famous Carron ironworks, where grew the 'carronades' for Nelson's fleets, were opened in 1760, the Forth and Clyde Canal was opened in 1778. A few years before this James Watt had patented a noisy machine which he called a 'Steam-Engine'; it was a more successful one than Prince Rupert's. In such a society as this Adam Smith, the father of Free Trade, wrote his 'Inquiry into the Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' and into such a society Robert Burns and Walter Scott were born. At the end of the century Glasgow counted 90,000 souls; the population of the

whole kingdom of Scotland was one and a half millions, and the revenue had risen in a hundred years from £160,000 to £8,160,000.

Much, however, was going to pass away; the frugal, stern life, the homely 'Lallan' tongue (the purest Teutonic dialect in the world), would vanish as riches and intercourse with other Nations increased. The new landlords in the Highlands grew sheep and beasts rather than men, and the men had to go. Sergeant More Macalpin, returning covered with glory from forty years' service in George III.'s wars, was very apt to find, on his return to his native glen, 'the fires quenched on thirty hearths, and of the cottage of his fathers but a few rude stones.' He turned his eyes longingly towards Canada, whither all of his race seemed to have gone; he even started on the journey, but, as we know, he never got farther than Gandercleuch; and there, on many a Sabbath morning, we may believe that his heart, and sister Janet's beside him, swelled to the noble words of the Second Paraphrase.—

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of Grace,
God of our Fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

CHAPTER VIII

THE LOSS OF AMERICA

KING GEORGE'S III.'s character has gained, perhaps, some favour in history from the fact of his coming between his shocking old grandfather and his quite unspeakable son. But the fact remains that, except where politics were concerned, George III. was an honest man; unfortunately this is, in the case of a King, a big exception. Speaking and thinking wholly in English, with a passion for violent exercise, George had in private life something in him of the typical John Bull; his tastes were simple, economical, domesticated, and he was sincerely pious and religious; he loved, and to some extent understood farming, and he liked to make a good bargain over his pigs; he loved hunting, and, even when he became blind, loved long rides about Windsor Park with a groom and a leading-rein; he loved patronizing the poor, and he loved laying down the law to every one he met. In public, unless vehemently excited, he had some natural dignity; in private life none whatever. Unfortunately, both in public and private, he was often vehemently excited, and then he became rude or sullen. The history of his illnesses is obscure, but it is certain that his excitability often bordered on mental derangement; on at least two occasions, perhaps on four, temporary insanity fol-

lowed, and in 1811 he became finally insane. But always he had the oddest manners, the most absurd habits of inquisitiveness, of rapid talk and repetition of his words, with a 'hey? hey?' or 'what? what? what?' at the end of each sentence.

His mother, fearing corruption for his morals, had kept him very close to her side, and his education had been much neglected; he could speak French and German, but knew nothing of the classics, of literature, history or art, though after a fashion he tried to patronize them all; 'Handel's music he knew and loved, but it was his only elevated taste; one is glad to think that he could solace himself with this when he was old, blind and insane. Once on the throne he set himself to be an industrious King, in which capacity his natural stupidity made him pay absurd attention to trifles; he wrote with his own hand numerous and very ungrammatical letters to his Ministers on matters that would better have been left to them. Yet in the course of his long reign he picked up a very considerable knowledge of mankind, and often, especially in matters concerning the Army, astonished the said Ministers by sensible suggestions and criticisms. He believed his own distinguishing characteristic to be firmness; others said that it was obstinacy. His personal bravery was undoubted, and was splendidly shown on the several occasions on which his life was attempted by fanatics. And when, in June, 1780, all his Ministers and magistrates quailed before a 'No Popery' riot, which put London for three days in the hands of a fierce mob, the King saved his Capital by calling out the troops and bidding them shoot.

He was just twenty-two at his accession. He and

his Queen Charlotte, a Princess of Mecklenburg, whom he married in 1761, set a noble example of purity at Court, but they brought up their children both stupidly and sternly; the family circle at Windsor or Kew or Buckingham House was so dull, the rooms so bitterly cold and so Spartan in furniture, the family dinners so invariably consisted of roast mutton and rice pudding, the family prayers were so awfully regular, that nearly all the seven of their sons who attained maturity escaped whenever they could, got drunk and ran after actresses. And both father and mother were cruelly unforgiving.

When we turn to the *Rex politicus* we find a very different picture; the stupidity remains visible, but the honesty has disappeared. It is commonly said that George proposed to himself the laudable end of breaking up the system of government by parties, and that he very largely succeeded. The truth is rather that he set himself to break up the most powerful party in the State, that of the Whigs, which was already breaking itself up into sections and family groups; and he expected to succeed to the influence possessed in Parliament and in the country by that party. In fact, he set himself to be a party leader and to create a party for himself. In this latter aim he had for about eleven years, 1770-81, some measure of success, and a kind of new Tory party came into existence;¹ but the net result was that after his effort was spent, parties came back worse

¹ It must be remembered that until, and indeed long after the French Revolution had begun, all sections of English political leaders still called themselves Whigs; the name 'Tory' was revived, as a stigma for the party of the Government, about the year 1794. But historians generally now speak of the 'King's friends' of 1770-82 as Tories, of North as a Tory, and, almost always, of the younger Pitt, from 1793 onwards, as a Tory.

than ever, have been getting worse ever since and do get visibly worse every day. The means by which the King proposed to attain his end were the same means by which Walpole and Newcastle had purchased for themselves majorities in Parliament and the good things of office—to wit, distribution of patronage in Church and State, in Army, Navy, Civil Service and Court, even direct bribery in hard cash; all of which means it is bad enough for a Newcastle, but unspeakably bad for a King to use. George III. did, in fact, at the very time when the better part of the aristocracy was revolting against this system, stereotype and rivet it upon the necks of Englishmen; for the Opposition, having nothing else to fight him with, fought him with his own weapons. The only difference between then and now is that party leaders now bribe with other people's money instead of with their own. George spent in jobbery of this sort all his own Civil List (which accounts for the homely diet of his family as well as for the fact that his tradesmen usually went unpaid), and as much more as Parliament, which he repeatedly asked to pay large debts for him, would grant; and so, in spite of his frugality, he was one of the most expensive Kings in history.

What contemporaries in the first twenty years of the reign saw, and saw often with a good deal of sympathy, was a dogged effort of the King to get Ministers to his mind, and to choose them independently of party connections. The disinterested part of the Nation was decidedly with the King against the great Whig houses. Not that the great Whig houses had governed altogether badly, but that they were becoming ridiculous; there were Russell Whigs, Grenville Whigs, Wentworth Whigs,

Pelham Whigs and Cavendish Whigs; just so many family groups. Each said, "I can't take office without my Friends"—with a big F. People looked at Mr. Pitt and said, 'Ah! he was the man, he was independent of family connections.' It was true indeed that Pitt hated Newcastle and the old Whig family groups; but he too had a family group of his own, the Grenville group, headed by Earl Temple. Whenever he was offered power, Pitt was obliged, like every one else, to say, "I won't come in without my Friends; if your Majesty won't 'make room' for them, I must involve myself in my virtue" What the Nation often, and the King at first failed to see, was that his choice of Ministers must be determined by the willingness of Parliament to support them; the King turned to man after man, to group after group in vain, until at last he began to see that he must buy a majority in the Houses to support the man of his choice; and from about '67, when the idea seems to have been suggested to him by Henry Fox, he set himself to do this. But, even when he had got some sort of majority, and had got the Minister to his mind, he never seems to have been able to trust him, and continually intrigued against him or bullied him into acting against his own judgment. Lord Shelburne said that he 'excelled in the art of obtaining men's confidences and then availing himself of his knowledge to sow dissensions between them.' In the last resort he could always threaten to go mad if his wishes were thwarted. So, as for his methods, they were as detestable and as mean as they could be.

But as for his ends? his political opinions? and his prejudices? One is bound to confess that, good or bad, these were based upon the opinions and prejudices of

the bulk of his English subjects. He and the Nation, wanted to coerce America; we cannot wholly blame either for losing it instead. He and the Nation were against a licentious press, against mob rule, against 'Wilkes and Liberty,' against a sweeping Parliamentary reform; we cannot wholly blame either for having thereby called Radicalism into existence; he and the Nation were against justice to Roman Catholics; but neither was clever enough to foresee that the refusal of this would make Irish disloyalty permanent. And occasionally he and the Nation were most gloriously right. A weaker King and a weaker Nation might easily have coerced their aristocracy into making a degrading Peace with the French Revolution.

Complex as the ministerial and parliamentary history of the reign is, the great outstanding features of it are simple and few. In the first twenty-three years come the loss of America and the last war with Old France; in the next ten the epoch of financial reform; while, of the remaining twenty-seven, twenty-two are occupied with the struggle against New France and the Spirit of Revolution. Through the whole sixty years that other Revolution is going on which was to change England from a self-supporting agricultural country into the workshop of the modern World. Of politicians and their intrigues I shall say as little as possible, except in so far as they affect these great subjects.

We have seen, in discussing the close of the Seven Years' War, at the end of a previous chapter, how Pitt had gone off in the sulks and how Newcastle had been contemptuously dismissed. Bute, the 'favourite' who succeeded to the Treasury, was a failure, and resigned in April '63, and so George's first serious Minister was

Pitt's brother-in-law, George Grenville, a conceited, industrious, solemn fellow, without a spark of imagination, but a sound financier. The King probably thought that Grenville would prove a tool, but found that he had got, instead, a master who gave him long lectures on his duty. Grenville and the other Ministers managed to put themselves technically in the wrong, in the year '63, by issuing a warrant of doubtful legality against a very clever and unscrupulous libeller called John Wilkes, Member for Aylesbury, who was a friend of Pitt's ally, Lord Temple. Wilkes denounced Lord Bute, the Ministry and the Peace in a newspaper called the *North Briton*. The King took up the question hotly, and insisted on the prosecution of the libeller. At first it was mainly a couple of legal questions that were involved—whether the publication of a seditious libel is a 'breach of the peace,' or merely 'an act tending to a breach of the peace,' and whether a 'general warrant,' *i.e.* a warrant to arrest an unnamed person or persons, is legal. But from a pamphleteer Wilkes, who caught the ear of the Opposition, rapidly developed into a demagogue, a champion of unlimited press-licence and a 'martyr for liberty'; all this probably somewhat against his own natural inclinations, for, though a man of profligate life, he had some of the instincts both of statesmanship and patriotism in him. Successive Houses of Commons, each more and more under George's influence, persecuted and expelled Wilkes; and their legal right to do this was more than doubtful.¹ In '74 they gave up the struggle

¹ The House had perhaps the legal right to expel a Member; but it went further and passed resolutions declaring Wilkes incapable of being re-elected.

and Wilkes was allowed to sit for Middlesex, and in '82 all the proceedings of the House against him were expunged from its journals. The only real importance of the quarrel, apart from the legal questions involved, is that the excitement of the populace in his favour, culminating in '68 in very serious riots, was one of the symptoms of the birth of modern Radicalism. In the height of the Wilkes fever, London was in a condition of fearful disorder; strikers assembled in Palace Yard and threatened members of both Houses, and there were furious fights between sailors and coal-heavers on the river. "Mr. Green's house," says Horace Walpole, "was besieged by the coal-heavers for nine hours, but he killed eighteen of them." From this time onward attempts to coerce the Houses by 'monster petitions' and by mob violence have never wholly ceased.

But the real interest of Grenville's Ministry is the beginning of the quarrel with the Colonies of North America. The prosperity of these thirteen 'Plantations,' now that they were freed from the fear of the French, naturally increased at a great rate; and the almost virgin field of Canada was just freshly open to their 'pushfulness.' And the richer they grew, the more absurd appeared the restrictions which the Navigation Acts laid on their trade. Grenville, however, was resolved to enforce these restrictions, and in particular to put down the extensive system of smuggling to foreign countries on which the New Englanders, especially those of Boston, were growing so rich. He also considered, and in this he was by no means singular, that the Colonists ought to be made to contribute, if not to the expenses of the late war, which had been fought argely on their

behalf, at least to the cost of their own defence in future. Accordingly he proposed to raise in British America a small sum of £100,000 by a tax on contracts called a 'Stamp Act.' There was nothing new in a proposal to tax America; Walpole had rejected it; the great lawyer Hardwicke had said long ago that he believed it to be legal, the greatest living lawyer, Mansfield refused to give any legal opinion on it. Some of the Colonial Charters mentioned self-taxation as a special right; others did not. The able young Lord Shelburne, at the head of the Board of Trade in 1763, had been occupied with schemes for raising some contribution from the Colonies; but there was no special Secretary of State for the Colonies until 1768.¹

The Colonists would probably have refused and rebelled in whatever form the proposition was put to them. They never pretended to be grateful to the Mother Country, and they had never been really loyal to her. "Forty years ago," wrote John Wesley in 1780, "when my brother was in Boston, the general language there was, 'We must throw off the yoke of England; we shall never be a free people till we do so.' " If they had been left alone Americans might have gone on grumbling and absorbed in their own interests; their politicians might have continued to breathe their lungs in petty quarrels with their Governors until some new grievance gave them their handle. But at the first grievance they would have been up in arms. As for a permanent garrison of British soldiers, which Grenville wished to maintain in America, the Colonists would none of it; it would be used, they thought, to put down

¹ In 1782 this office was again abolished, and was not recreated until 1801. In the interim it was annexed to the War Office.

smuggling, and to strengthen the very weak hands of the Government. The proposed tax, they cried, violated the 'first principle' of government, which is 'no taxation without representation.' Now this is certainly not thus a 'principle' of the British or of any other government, still less is it a 'Law of Nature'; it is, however, a very good working basis of politics, and any glaring violation of it is sure to raise an outcry. But there were plenty of so-called Whigs, both in the Old and New Worlds, who were beginning, unlike their ancestors of the Seventeenth Century, to appeal broadcast to 'principles of government' rather than to Common Law rights. Yet if any real principle was involved it was that enunciated, in the very crisis of the rebellion, by Adam Smith, that Colonies ought to contribute to the revenue of the Mother Country, and ought not to be retained if they don't.

The majority of the Americans had certainly no wish to break the tie of Union; but a majority whose loyalty is wholly inert is always at the mercy of a minority which speaks and acts with decision. The baleful skill with which the leaders of the revolt played their cards has seldom been equalled. The most disgusting hypocrite of the lot is perhaps Benjamin Franklin, the Pennsylvania printer, who, with loyalty ever on his lips, patiently undermined in both Worlds the cause of the loyalists and of the Government, seduced Chatham, whom he visited in '74, with his glib phrases about the 'old Whigs of 1688' and the like; swore that his countrymen had no thought of separation at the very time that Congress was in the making; and, finally, negotiated the Treaty with France. The rant and froth about Natural Rights were left to Patrick Henry and

Jefferson ; the Machiavellian intrigues to Samuel Adams. Every molehill of maladministration was magnified into a mountain, and artfully shown off on a broad background of 'principle.'

The Stamp Act, passed in '64, was not to become law till '65, and the year of suspense let loose the flood of opposition in both Worlds. George was already in bitter quarrel with Grenville over a Regency Bill, and was trying to get rid of him ; the great French Minister, Choiseul, was watching England 'going to pieces in anarchy,' and praying that the anarchy might continue till the French Fleet should be rebuilt. The Assembly of Massachusetts led the way in remonstrances against the Act, and the smuggling populace of Boston led the way in riots and sacking of Custom-houses. The Assembly of Virginia, more temperate but not more loyal, proceeded to organize 'constitutional resistance,' in the shape of a Central Assembly at New York, to which nine of the Colonies sent members, for the despatch of petitions to the British Government. They did not, we observe, ask for representation in the British Parliament, which would have been the true solution of the difficulty ; indeed it is not strange that they did not, for their politicians would have been drowned and isolated in that Assembly. But it is strange that British statesmanship paid so little attention to this plan, which was known to be in the air even before it was definitely proposed by Adam Smith, for it was a plan which would have made the Britain of our own days the centre of a world-wide Federated Empire, without the farce of 'self-governing Colonies,' which are in reality bound to her only by the weakest tie of sentiment—a tie incapable of standing

the strain of conflicting interests for any serious length of time.

Dis alter visum. Pitt, who had already in most unworthy fashion denounced the Peace of 1763, went back at once to the factious attitude of his earlier years and thundered out a lot of splendid froth about 'chains' and 'slavery'; but refused to take office when George dismissed Grenville. In despair the King turned to the Wentworth section of the Whigs, under the tame and stupid Lord Rockingham, who was perhaps bullied and perhaps frightened into repealing the Stamp Act, while passing an Act declaratory of the 'right' of King and Parliament to tax the Colonies. This was doing the maximum of mischief with the minimum of good. To the King this 'Old-Whig' Ministry was merely a stop-gap; it included the detested and now quite effete Newcastle (who didn't die till '68), the honest and shrewd Duke of Grafton, whose real insight was rendered useless by fatal indecision of character, and the highly honourable soldier, General Conway, as Leader in the Commons. But all the time the King was intriguing against them and trying to set them at variance one with the other; all the time he was making overtures to Pitt, at last (July, '66) successfully. Rockingham and Newcastle were dismissed; Grafton became nominal head of a Ministry in which Pitt, as Earl of Chatham, took the Privy Seal and was intended to take the real lead. The King had been alternately repelled by and drawn towards Pitt, but on the whole rightly believed the latter to be as much averse to Newcastleism as himself. He also thought that Pitt would find some means of conciliating America, but in this he was deceived. The new Ministry included Grafton, Shel-

burne and the great lawyer Camden, all of them, to some extent, political pupils of Pitt, and a brilliant but rash Chancellor of the Exchequer called Charles Townshend.

Now it is true that the Colonists erected statues and named cities after Pitt and professed to adore him; true also that his lofty imperialistic imagination would have prevented him from passing a Stamp Act or any such folly. But, when it came to finding remedies for the existing tension, he was as much at sea as any one else. In his speeches he went very near to denying the Sovereignty of the Mother Country; and he did actually deny the right to tax. But, on the other hand, his utter ignorance of law, logic and economic principles led him to maintain, in the same breath, the right to impose Customs-duties and to regulate American trade. The Whigs were on sounder ground when, by the mouth of their great political philosopher, Burke, who had entered Parliament as a protégé of Rockingham, they upheld the right, but denied the expediency of all taxation. Once in office Chatham seems to have neglected American affairs altogether, and to have devoted his attention to grand schemes, such as the assumption of the sovereignty of India by the Crown and the further humiliation of his old French enemies by a triple alliance with Prussia and Russia. When the latter scheme was spoiled by the cold astuteness of Frederick the Great, who had had enough of alliances with English party governments, Chatham simply took the gout and sulked. In fact, except in the crisis of a great war, this man was never fitted for office at all; he flouted his colleagues, even when they were his devoted friends, quite as much as he had flouted Newcastle; he would be sole Minister

or nothing. So he became nothing, and wouldn't even answer letters. George kept him till '68 because of the magic of his name, and poor Grafton bore the brunt of the work without any authority over his colleagues. The King got hold of Townshend, or Townshend got hold of The King, and, as '66 had been a bad financial year, they proposed a whole row of new and irritating little taxes on America. Grafton, who had opposed these taxes in the Cabinet, ostentatiously dissociated himself in Parliament from such measures; but the growing party of 'King's friends' rallied to them and they were carried. The flame of agitation in America blazed up again, and the Assembly of Massachusetts sent a circular letter to all the other Colonies. The Governor dissolved it, but, like the Scottish Assembly of 1638, it continued to sit, and this was an act of flat rebellion. Soldiers were drafted into Boston, and, in March, '70, after enduring for eighteen months every imaginable insult and cruelty from the lawless mob, they shot in one of the daily riots no less than three persons. Boston gravely put on mourning and called it a 'massacre.' Meanwhile, Townshend had died in the autumn of '67, and Chatham had resigned a year later, the Wilkes riots, both in and out of Parliament, being then at their height; gout and depression vanished as soon as Chatham was relieved of responsibility, and the House of Lords soon rang with his thunders on the old theme of chains and slavery. Well might Choiseul congratulate himself on the endemic anarchy of Britain. His Fleet was nearly ready. He grabbed at Corsica in '69, in the teeth of British protests, just in time to enable Napoleon Bonaparte to be born a French subject; and in the autumn of '70 he was

preparing to support the claims of Spain to oust Great Britain from the Falkland Isles, far away by Cape Horn. Chatham, reckless of consequences, cried out for war; but for the moment we were saved from war by the timidity of Louis XV., who dismissed his great Minister and erected peace-at-any-price into a system for the remainder of his reign.

Grafton resigned in January, '70, and Frederick, Lord North, a descendant of Charles II.'s Tory Chancellor, was promoted from the Exchequer to the Treasury. He held office for just over twelve eventful years; a man of charming wit and unfailing tact and temper, perfectly disinterested and fearless, and perfectly indifferent to popularity, but continually yielding his own judgment to that of King George, and to that of the now compact body of 'King's friends,' who formed his best supporters in Parliament; and it must be at once admitted that he had also at his back the bulk of the Nation. But the best cards in his hand were supplied by the unscrupulous violence of the Opposition; America, Wilkes, the City of London, the East India Company, Chatham, Burke, Shelburne, Rockingham, Old Whigs and New Whigs, all but a few of the Russell section—were soon in full cry at his heels, and their factious music disgusted all sober persons. Fox thought North 'the most accomplished speaker that ever sat in Parliament,' and the Minister had the happy gift, of going to sleep during the long, dull speeches of his opponents, and of waking up to answer them from notes taken by an Under Secretary. He 'faced the music' session after session with great courage, and we may set down to his credit in home affairs the first 'Relief Bills' in the direction of religious toleration for the

Roman Catholics (1778), and a further measure in favour of Protestant dissenters (1779). North was also the first Minister to profit by the lessons of Adam Smith, and he began the readjustment of the basis of taxation by his Inhabited House duty (1778), his Stamp Duty and his tax on men-servants.

But the American business was beyond him altogether ; personally he disbelieved in coercion, and would rather have let the Colonies go than fight a Civil War ; but the King and the bulk of the Nation thought otherwise. North began by taking off all Colonial taxes except one on tea ; had he removed that too, it is just possible the fire might have died down ; the years '70-'73 were comparatively calm in America, though Adams and Chatham, on their respective sides of the Atlantic, assiduously blew the flame. But in '73 came North's 'Quebec Act,' which was designed to extend the boundaries of Canada to the whole 'hinterland' of the Ohio and to the upper waters of the Mississippi ; a territory which the Colonists of New York and Pennsylvania already considered, and with some justice, to be their natural ground for expansion.¹ And, in the same year, the East India Company was allowed to export its tea direct to America. This, which was really a benefit to the Colonists (for they got the tea ninepence a pound cheaper than if it had paid duty in England), was seized on by Adams as a 'mean attempt to bribe us into paying the tea tax here.' In Boston harbour the Indiamen were boarded, and the tea thrown into the sea (December, 1773). North answered by Bills closing the Port of

¹ North's Act was also denounced because it protected the Catholic religion in Canada.

Boston, revoking the Charter of the Colony, and empowering its Governor to send the rioters for trial to England. The American leaders forthwith summoned all the Colonies to send delegates to a central Congress in New York; this met in September, '74, and at once attempted, though in vain, to incite the Canadians to join in open revolt. Agreements were largely signed throughout America against the importation of British goods; and, but for the fact that the very men who signed them had taken care to 'dry up' the British market first, by buying enough woollens and iron goods to last for many years, our trade would have suffered a very severe blow by these agreements.

From that hour dated the suppression of free thought in America. A Radical has been well defined as a person who talks most loudly about the rights of the Sovereign People but is always most violent in preventing the majority of the said people from exercising those rights. The large majority of the people of America did not want separation, and did want British goods; the Radical leaders would compel them to get the former and go without the latter. No loyalist who dared to express his opinions was safe from having his house burned and his naked body tarred and feathered. All through the struggle, and for ever after it, the American leaders showed their true nature by steadily refusing compensation to the sufferers by these outrages. Both in '74 and '75 strongly conciliatory measures were brought forward in Parliament, North himself carrying a motion that any Colony which would agree to make a voluntary contribution to the defence of the Empire should be for ever exempt from taxation. The Congress

utterly refused to listen even to this; it was, in fact, busy collecting arms and powder. North, though he had the country behind him, as the large Government majority returned at the elections of '74 had proved, and though he had been plainly told by General Gage, who was in command at Boston, that 20,000 men was the very lowest figure he would require, shrank till the last moment from any step towards war. Not until the beginning of '75 did he reluctantly send out Sir William Howe with seven battalions, to reinforce our slender garrison at Boston. Before Howe arrived the first blood had been shed, and our first repulse at the hands of the American Militia had been suffered at Lexington (April, '75).

Howe, when he landed, found that a fresh Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was assuming Sovereign authority, calling on Ireland to 'throw off the yoke' of England and enacting coercive measures against any Colony that refused to join in the struggle. Under Howe were John Burgoyne and Henry Clinton; all three had served with distinction in the late war, but Howe was a bad selection for the Commandership-in-Chief. The only way to end a Civil War is to fight it out like any other war; but Howe, like some of the Parliamentary Generals in 1643-4, seems to have dreaded 'beating the enemy too much,' and he had too much political sympathy with the Colonial cause. North had, in fact, none of the capacity of Pitt for choosing men; his appointment of Lord Sandwich to the Admiralty, and his infinitely worse appointment of Lord George Germaine (once, as Lord George Sackville, too well known at Minden) to the Colonial Secretaryship, would alone be enough to prove this. The man whom Congress

selected for Commander-in-Chief of the American Army was of a different temper from these persons. George Washington was no theorist, no ardent Whig (the rebels still called themselves 'Whigs of 1688'), but simply a patriotic gentleman of good Virginian family who considered the Colonists to be right in resisting by force. He had the unselfish temper and the personal bravery of a hero of romance; and to these he added a patience and a tact quite marvellous in the face of endless difficulties and disappointments.

When he arrived at Boston in July, '75, the war had already begun in earnest; Howe had been thrice repulsed in an attempt to clear a height that dominated the city (Bunker's Hill), and had only succeeded when the ammunition of the American riflemen was exhausted. Early in '76 Howe was obliged to evacuate Boston and to fall back on Halifax, whither he was followed by streams of loyalists and British officials flying for their lives. But on the other hand, an American attempt to invade Canada in considerable force under Benedict Arnold had been repulsed from the walls of Quebec by a mere handful of British sailors and French gentlemen, to the immortal honour of General Carleton.

Meanwhile the 'third Continental Congress' at Philadelphia issued the Declaration of Independence of the 'United States of America' on July 4th, '76. Discussions tending in this direction had been going on in pamphlets, pulpits, Assemblies and Congresses, ever since the Stamp Act; and in the main they turned upon four points: (1) What is the origin of the 'Rights' of a People? (2) Do we Americans derive our rights from 'Nature,' or from the Common Law of England,

or from the original Charters granted to the Colonies? (3) If these Rights are violated, have we the corollary Right to renounce our allegiance to the Crown? (4) Have these Rights been violated? In the Declaration we decide in favour of a 'Natural' origin of our Rights, fortified by some assistance from Common Law; we decide unhesitatingly that King George has violated these Rights in eighteen specified points; and we invoke the action of the Convention of 1689 to justify our Right of Resistance. On these grounds we renounce King George and proceed to pull down his statues. We do not mention his repeated attempts at conciliation, nor the savage acts of the recent reign of terror against loyalists and officials in Boston or elsewhere. The publication of this Document made war on a serious scale inevitable. Let us consider the respective chances of success on the British and American sides.

The peace establishment of our Army was in 1776 somewhat under 50,000 men, inclusive of garrisons in Ireland, West Indies, Gibraltar and Minorca; that of the Navy, about 20,000 sailors. In time of war it was reckoned that we could just about double the Army and rather more than treble the Navy.¹ We could also hire considerable numbers of Hessian troops. But to this last, as well as to the increase of our native Army, the Opposition in Parliament continually raised the old cry about an 'engine of despotism.' Even really intelligent Whigs, like Horace Walpole, surprise us by writing in their private letters, that they have no doubt that King George intends to

¹ As a matter of fact, by the end of the war, the number of Seamen and Marines in the Service had increased sixfold, from 18,000 to 110,000.

abolish the liberties of England by means of a Standing Army—in fact, that the liberties of England are already as good as abolished; whereas the truth is that, if these liberties were in any serious danger, it was from Horace's friends in Parliament rather than from poor stupid George. Recruits might also be raised, and were raised, among the loyalist Americans, and did good service; but, on the whole, we never had at any epoch of the war much above 40,000 British soldiers across the Atlantic; brave men, led by officers decidedly superior, on the whole, to the American leaders. Clinton, Rawdon and Burgoyne were all men of real military merit, and Cornwallis afterwards proved himself a man of talent; their plans of campaign, though constantly thwarted by the incompetent Colonial Secretary, who was continually sending them self-contradictory instructions, were well drawn; *e.g.* Howe's plan of holding the line of the Hudson, and so cutting off New England from the Centre and the South, was perfectly sound. But the lessons taught in the late war by the elder Howe, by Forbes and by Bradstreet, were wholly thrown away on the British War Office; Thomas Atkins was still an amorphous lobster, loaded with all the horrible rigidities of an intolerable uniform, and only a few independent companies, raised in the South during the later years of the struggle, were brave enough to insist on clothing themselves sensibly. Finally, the British Army, with all its valour, was the constant butt of one of the fiercest campaigns of factious opposition ever heard in Parliament. Even Chatham and Burke went, and as far as one can see entirely from party and selfish motives, quite beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism, while young Charles Fox, son of the arch-

jobber, Henry Fox, and himself once a Tory and follower of North's, spouted sheer treason and rejoiced over every drop of British blood that was spilt like any modern Irish M.P. Fox, 'a short, gross, fat man, with something Jewish in his looks,' was the ablest debater of his own or any other day. "Burke's mind," says John Courtenay, "was electric, and on the least friction poured out a stream of intellectual light; but he took fire by his own motion, and was often consumed by his own splendour," and hence the bad taste which disfigured many of his speeches. Is it to the credit of the Whigs that they adopted for their ordinary party colours the 'buff and blue,' which was the uniform of the American rebels?

America was hardly better equipped for the struggle. Her two best generals were, in fact, General Space and General Time; it took three months to get question and answer across the Atlantic. Her three millions of people were scattered over an area so vast that no European Army could conquer them, and still less could one hold them if conquered: their bases of resistance were everywhere; our basis of attack was on the sea alone; if for a moment the control of that was lost our Armies must be cut off in detail. That was what eventually happened. Of the American generals, Arnold, the ablest, turned traitor, Lee was at heart a traitor, Gates was wholly incompetent, Nathaniel Greene alone was a considerable strategist; all perpetually intrigued against Washington. The heart of the Colonists was not in the struggle at all; the thirteen States had no bond of union, and wished for none. Congress did not show itself worthy of the authority it assumed; it was an assembly of selfish jobbers and ranters, and would

neither feed, clothe nor pay its Army properly ; it was profoundly jealous of the great man whom it had placed in command of its troops ; it would not allow him to enlist men for the whole period of the war lest ' a military spirit ' should spring up. Each State, moreover, raised a little Army of its own for local defence, and the chief aim of each was to keep the main American Army far from its borders. When that Army was victorious the local Militia swarmed to its aid ; when it was likely to be defeated the local Militia dispersed. To the Colonial side belongs the discredit of first calling upon the Red Men to come to aid (April, '75), and the pious missionaries of New England were the agents in the job ; but in July England followed suit, and the employment of the savages was soon quite avowed on each side. The British reaped the greater benefit therefrom (and therefore the greater obloquy in history) because the Indians knew well that it was the British Government alone that had tried to protect them against the Colonists. Probably at no time did the whole American forces seriously outnumber the British, though they were nearly always in greater force at strategic points. The danger really was lest the revolt should collapse of itself, and it was very nearly doing so in the last moment of the war when victory was at hand.

Now it seems to me that the British Government might well have listened to Chatham upon one point. That mighty hooked nose of his was for ever snuffing the tainted gale that blew from Paris ; that France was about to take advantage of our extremity was to him a certainty. If she should do so the whole plan of campaign in America would have to be modified, and our true policy would then have been to confine ourselves to a naval blockade

of the Colonial coast and to the occupation of one or two strategic points on that coast. But in grasp of foreign politics North, and in the direction of warfare Germane, were Ministers of, let us say, almost Gladstonian incompetence; and they not only turned an entirely blind eye to France, but proposed to involve the British Army in at least three separate sets of operations in America. The main effort was to be made, and rightly, on the line of the Hudson river, which was to be occupied both from New York and from Canada; but at the same time naval expeditions were to be sent to raid the coast towns, and, before either of these had borne fruit, the Southern Colonies were to be occupied in great force. Howe indeed began well, and compelled Washington, early in the autumn of '76, to evacuate New York; this accomplished, he ought to have thought only of effecting his junction with Burgoyne, who was to come down the Hudson from Canada as quickly as possible. Instead of keeping his eyes on this, Howe spread himself widely into New Jersey, and began to threaten Pennsylvania, with the idea of frightening away the members of Congress. Washington hung all the winter on his flank in New Jersey, and in December defeated him at Trenton; and it was not till the following August that Howe succeeded, after beating him at the Brandywine river, in occupying Philadelphia. Meanwhile Burgoyne had started from Canada in July, '77, and recaptured Ticonderoga, Gates and Arnold slowly retreating before him. Lo and behold! when he got into American territory, there was no Howe to meet him. In such circumstances Burgoyne, harassed by clouds of Militia at every step and accompanied by a preposterous baggage-train, could barely make fifty miles

a month; when he reached Saratoga he found his communications cut behind him. On October 6th he decided to retreat; ten days later he surrendered with 4,800 starving men.

The effect of this disaster was far greater in Europe than in America, and it was greatest of all in France. Louis XV. had been dead over three years; and French society, released from his leaden weight, was all alive with the anticipation of a golden age. The dull and amiable young King was a cypher, but Vergennes, the last statesman of Old France, was at his elbow, a man with a talent for Coalitions. The charming Queen was for ever asking news of 'our good Americans,' 'our dear Republicans,' and dancing on a volcano, beneath which the grim dwarfs were even then forging republican blades for that queenly neck. The darling of Paris society, Beaumarchais, in the intervals of writing comic opera, was going round, hat in hand, for subscriptions for the dear Republicans; and these, with arms and volunteers, were being secretly smuggled across the Atlantic. In June, '76, Silas Deane arrived in Paris as an agent of Congress, and, though officially refused, was secretly given 200 cannon and 25,000 stands of arms. In December Franklin himself arrived, and became the lion of the hour. "What a spectacle!" as Mr. Carlyle says, "the sons of the Saxon puritans, sleek Silas, sleek Benjamin, here on such errand among the light children of Heathenism, Monarchy, Sentimentalism and the Scarlet Woman!" All through '77 English ships were sporadically picking up contraband French cargoes on their way to America: in July Vergennes demanded their restoration, and began to man his ships at Toulon and Brest; and, at the news of Saratôga, France hastened to conclude (February, '78)

a Treaty of Commerce and a defensive Alliance with the United States of America. If England shall declare war on France, this Alliance shall become offensive. America shall in future live on French manufactures instead of on English ('a splendid stroke for us,' thought the woollen weavers of Rouen and the silk weavers of Lyons—they little knew the wily Yankee!).¹ America shall not touch the French West Indies; but France shall touch as many of the English West Indies as she can get. There shall be no truce or peace with Britain without consent of both parties to this contract. In the same year France published to Europe a Declaration in favour of the rights of Neutral Powers trading at sea. Why should England, because she happens to have a big Navy, stop you Dutchmen, you Swedes, Russians, Prussians, from trading where you please even if you do carry gunpowder to Boston? Why should she call ship-timber, pitch and even corn 'contraband of war'? And to Spain Vergennes said, 'Come! quick! let the house of Bourbon present a solid front to the insolent Islanders.' And, in '79, Spain, who perhaps might have remembered that her own vast Colonies were not without commercial grievances against her, and that those who live in glass houses would do well to refrain from stone-throwing, lumbered into war;

¹ After the Peace of 1783 Adam Smith's predictions were largely verified. He had strongly denounced the *monopoly* of the Colonial trade which Britain reserved to herself, and said that, without that monopoly, we should probably retain all the American trade; and so it proved. No Commercial Treaty was concluded between Britain and America till 1794, and the Treaty of 1778 with France was not actually annulled till 1800, but after 1783 it was a dead letter. The Americans naturally turned to their old correspondents in Bristol and London and bought British goods as before the war.

and in 1780 Holland followed suit, and the Northern Courts signed a document called the Armed Neutrality, declaring that they agreed with Vergennes and would no longer permit Great Britain to search their ships at sea.¹

Sick as the old Sea-Queen was of an acute attack of inflammation of the Parliament, this Coalition woke some of her leaders to their better senses. Chatham's last breath was expended (1778) in denouncing France as the one foe to be fought by land and sea, and the task of openly supporting the enemies of his country lay thenceforth almost wholly on the shoulders of poor Fox. The actual assistance afforded by France to her Allies on the American Continent was, in mere numbers of men, not very great. Twice the French Admirals succeeded in throwing at critical moments on to the coast a few thousand excellent troops, who, by the way, behaved throughout the struggle with a discipline and a self-restraint which contrasted very favourably with that of the British at this period, and still more favourably with the behaviour of French soldiers in Europe during the wars of the Revolution. It was, however, rather by diverting the British Fleet to home waters, and, in company with their Spanish Allies, to the West Indies, that France really saved the situation for America. If at the beginning she had also sent a powerful Squadron to the East Indies she would have done even better, but this she omitted to do till 1781. And, long before

¹ Little came of this. Katharine, Czarina of Russia, knew the value of British markets for her Empire, and after some diplomatic fuss the other Northern Powers danced to her piping. Holland was more dangerous to us as a Neutral than as an enemy; she had been the main carrier of American produce during the first part of the war.

any French Fleet arrived in American waters, Washington had passed through a terrible winter (1777-8) at Valley Forge near Philadelphia, where, bulldog-like, he held out against cold, starvation, desertion, intrigue and neglect, while Howe was idling away his time in such gaieties as the Quaker City could afford. In May, '78, Clinton took over Howe's command, and fell back upon New York with the intention of trying the Hudson Valley plan again; and, while collecting forces for this purpose, he kept his men awake by frequent raids to his left in the direction of Virginia. Then the French Admiral d'Estaing, who ought never to have been allowed to escape from Toulon, was skilfully prevented by our Admiral Lord Howe (brother of the General) from forcing an entrance to New York, and was obliged to sail away to the West Indies. Lord Howe had really done well; he was in force considerably inferior to d'Estaing, and he 'saved the situation' for two years to come. But then Germaine's orders induced the fatal mistake of a division of strength. In the autumn a fresh British force arrived by sea and seized Savannah, the Capital of the Southernmost Colony, Georgia; Clinton went in '79 (also by sea) to strengthen it, and captured Charleston early in 1780; he then returned to New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis and Rawdon to reduce the vast and hot provinces of the two Carolinas, where they had to meet in Greene a strategist of great merit. The British won a victory (over Gates, not over Greene) at Camden, but suffered serious reverses at King's Mountain and Cowpens—the latter in January, 1781. But the permanent occupation of the South would have done little to crush the Northern centres of revolt unless Virginia also could be subdued, or unless Clinton

could keep touch all along the coast line with Cornwallis; and Clinton, having never abandoned the idea of reoccupying the Hudson valley, found himself unequal to the dual task. Yet, while Clinton was absent in the South in 1779, Washington's Army was so shockingly neglected by its paymasters that it was able to undertake no serious operation in the North; the cleverest of his lieutenants, Arnold, was preparing to betray the key of the Northern position (West Point) to Clinton, when his treachery was detected and Clinton was forced to look Southwards again.

The end was not far off. All '79-'80 the British Fleet was more and more called away to the West Indies, and was soon to be called away to the East Indies too. Six thousand more Frenchmen had escaped the unvigilant Admiral Graves and landed on Rhode Island, that is, in Clinton's rear. A glance at the map will show how the great estuaries of the Delaware and other mighty rivers cut up the coast, how protracted any march along that coast must be, how easily defensible are the lowest possible points of river-crossing, and therefore how completely the Generals depended upon instant and intelligent co-operation of the Navy. Twice Cornwallis started Northward to get in touch with Clinton; on the former occasion (March, '81) he just won a desperate battle over Greene at Guilford, but had to fall back to recruit; at last a junction with one of Clinton's raiding parties was effected in Virginia, but the Frenchmen, Fleet and Army together, were hanging on their flanks, while our Fleet was 'refitting' in New York. De Grasse brought three thousand fresh French troops; Washington and the French General Rochambeau hurried to join them with every man they could levy. The result was

that Cornwallis, with 7,000 men, was blockaded, on a narrow peninsula at Yorktown, both by land and sea. Hood from the West Indies and Clinton from New York strained every nerve for relief, but Graves' Fleet, after being once beaten off, found itself, on its second arrival, a week too late. After less than a month's siege Cornwallis capitulated on October 19th. "Oh God! it is all over," said Lord North when he heard the news; it was indeed a disaster almost unparalleled in British history. We hastened to evacuate the Southern Ports, and in 1782 New York alone remained in British hands. Hardly another shot was fired in America, and only the pledge that Congress had given to France prevented the immediate conclusion of a Peace between England and the United States. England had in fact missed her one chance in 1778. It was then that Lord North vainly implored George to allow him to resign, and to substitute Chatham; and it is just possible that Chatham might have saved to us a nominal tie with our Colonies by withdrawing all troops from America, beating France into complete surrender at sea, and then turning to the Americans and abolishing all vexatious laws, even the Act of Navigation. But even so he must have given, or procured compensation for the loyalists, and to that the rancorous American politicians would never have assented.

Lord North's Government had been tottering long before the Yorktown disaster; of his East Indian and Irish troubles I shall write in other chapters; the 'Irish Question,' which has wrecked so many Governments, now first became a burning one, and was of itself enough to upset a stronger man than North. The Whigs, New and Old, were also raising a fierce cry for 'economic reform'; they profoundly resented the successful cor-

ruption of their darling electorate and their darling House of Commons by King George, for they naturally wished for a monopoly of that corruption for themselves. One of their cleverest leaders, Mr. Dunning, produced and actually carried in 1780 a motion "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished"; very plain speaking. Their great orator Burke thundered in many like words. The slender Catholic Relief Bill of 1778, which freed British subjects who said Mass from the penalties of high treason, produced in 1780 an outbreak of mob violence in London, which was headed by a madman called Lord George Gordon. The mob and even the authorities had got a strange notion that the employment of troops was illegal until the Riot Act had been read; it takes an hour to read this invaluable document, and no magistrate could be found to risk his life for an hour. The King was probably as ignorant of the real law of the case as his mob or his magistrates; but he had undaunted courage, and he bade his soldiers shoot, law or no law.¹ And so, after four days, the mob was dispersed at the cost of several hundred lives, twenty-nine ringleaders were hanged, and 'more people were found dead in the streets near empty brandy casks than were killed by the musketballs.' When a mob next occupies helpless London, perhaps with a more specious and 'philanthropic' cry than 'No Popery,' let us hope a King will be found as plucky and as sensible as stout Farmer George.

¹ We know at last, from Professor Dicey's explanation of the case of *Rex v. Pinney* (1831), that it is the legal duty of every subject, whether civilian or soldier, to maintain order at all costs, if necessary by gunpowder, whether the Riot Act has been read or not.

And, besides these disagreeable interludes, North had, got a league of Spain, France and Holland against him in the Old World as well as in the New. The maritime war that ensued has one great interest from the fact of its having been purely a maritime war. A lesser statesman than Vergennes might easily have allowed European complications to tie his country's hands to her Eastern frontier; and perhaps a greater statesman than Lord North might have stirred up troubles there for France. The French Fleet now numbered eighty sail of the line, ship for ship of deeper draught, better model and greater weight of broadside than the nominal hundred and fifty of the British; Choiseul had set on foot a special force of ten thousand 'seamen-gunners,' and there was no difficulty in manning the French Fleet with excellent sailors and skilled superior officers; what it lacked was good lieutenants and ensigns. The Spaniards, when they joined in, could contribute sixty ships, by no means in a state of high efficiency. The numerical superiority of the British counted for very little in view of the enormously wide distribution of our forces that was deemed necessary.¹ Apart from the East Indies, which had little influence on the rest of the struggle, though the fighting there was most fierce and glorious on both sides, there was the American coast to hold, the West Indian trade to be protected, Gibraltar and Minorca to be defended, the home waters to be guarded against

¹ As the war went on it became increasingly difficult to man the British Navy, in spite of the fact that the pressgang was continually at work. An amusing instance of its methods is noticed in the shape of a fully rigged ship on land at Tower Hill; the simple countryman visiting London is invited to walk on board and inspect it, and immediately finds himself pressed for the Navy (1782).

invasion, and, after 1780, those tiresome Neutrals in the Baltic to be watched. Although we practically withdrew from the Mediterranean and left Minorca to its fate, we tried to keep to all the other points, and the result was that our strategy was from the first both defensive and defective. And for this Lord Sandwich must be held mainly responsible. We should have done better to abandon America, withdraw our Squadron from the West Indies and follow Hawke's old plan of watching for the big Fleets in the Bay of Biscay and at the entrance of the Straits. On the other hand, the Allies, strategically on the offensive, made in the execution of their strategy a series of shocking mistakes, which ultimately left us victorious. Over and over again—in the Channel, off Gibraltar, in the West Indies—they were in considerably superior force to detachments of the British Fleet, but the more they looked at each detachment the less they liked the task of attacking it. Every battle they fought was a defensive one. Every French Admiral, d'Orvilliers, de Guichen, d'Estaing, de Grasse, committed this fault, and it was not a fault that could be committed with impunity against men like Hood, Rodney and Howe; against a Hawke or a Nelson it would have spelt utter ruin and annihilation. On the other hand, they did immense damage to our commerce; they picked up West Indian isles with surprising skill and vigour, and, at the critical moment, as we have seen, they saved Washington's Army and the independence of America. As for the Spanish Admirals, they hardly counted at all; and the objects of the Allies, though they combined bravely to besiege Gibraltar, were by no means one. France preferred to seize Windward Islands, while Spain naturally

thought most of recovering Jamaica, and also busied herself with overrunning her old possession of Florida, which had little effect on the campaign as a whole.

The war began with an indecisive battle, between Admiral Keppel and the Frenchman d'Orvilliers, off Ushant in July, '78, in which neither side took a single ship; and from that time for nearly a year there was no serious fighting in European waters. War was declared on Spain in June, '79, and a powerful French and Spanish Fleet appeared in the Channel shortly afterwards; but, though a real coast-terror was established and prizes made of many merchant ships, neither battle nor landing was attempted; it seemed rather as if France had anticipated Napoleon's idea of wearing England down by striking at her commerce. Spain, however, at once began to blockade Gibraltar from the land side, and, as the Government had neglected to provision it adequately, the Rock underwent, in this, its fourth siege, great hardships. One thing, however, was done; a real hero, George Eliott of Stobs, afterwards Lord Heathfield, a born engineer, a man who had been in every fight since Dettingen, and withal a Scot, a vegetarian and a water-drinker, was sent to defend it, and his three years' defence is one of the most glorious events in our history. The first relief was afforded to him by another hero of the late war, Admiral George Rodney, who, on his way to the West Indies in January, '80, took or sank nine out of eleven Spanish ships in a fearful storm off Cape St. Vincent, threw large stores on to the Rock, and even managed to send a convoy through the Straits to revictual Port Mahon in Minorca, to which also Spain was now turning her attention. Again, a year later, a great combined

Fleet under de Guichen failed to intercept a much smaller force under Admiral Darby, who brought a second relief to Gibraltar, then being heavily bombarded. De Guichen thereafter showed himself off Torbay, fifty strong to Darby's thirty; it was madness on the part of the Frenchman not to use this superior force; yet, after cruising in the entrance to the Channel for some five weeks, he withdrew without even having cut off our West India trade-ships, which had been his avowed objective. So passed the year '81; and, though Minorca, after a strait siege of six months and a long blockade, fell in the following February, the undaunted Elliott still kept his flag flying. The greatest efforts were, however, made by the Allies in the summer; and in September an immense and miscellaneous armament was gathered all round Gibraltar—a mighty battery of three hundred guns on the Isthmus, ten great rafts or floating batteries firing red-hot shot (a new invention) from a hundred and fifty mouths, three and thirty thousand men, eighty gun-boats and sixty ships of the line—all against a starving garrison of seven thousand, and all in vain. Elliott contrived to set fire to the floating batteries, and they blew up with fearful loss all in one day; the moral effect of his resistance was tremendous, and in October Lord Howe, by superior seamanship and superior daring, reinforced and revictualled Gibraltar, under their very noses. This last relief practically closed the war in Europe, and Rodney had already practically closed it in the West Indies.

You will remember that in the summer of '78 Howe had frustrated d'Estaing's attempt to take New York by sea; by November the Frenchman had gone to the West Indies, just in time to see the English Admiral

Barrington seize the very important post of St. Lucia, yet not too late to fight him, had he been minded to do so. But d'Estaing preferred to pass on, and to add St. Vincent and Grenada to Dominica, which had already been seized for France by Marshal Boullé. This occupied most of the year '79, and, early in '80, de Guichen succeeded to d'Estaing's command, while Rodney, fresh from his triumph over the Spaniards, came with a loose sheet to the theatre of war with which he had been so familiar in 1761-2. Rodney at his best was one of the most naturally brilliant seamen England ever produced, and utterly fearless as to assuming responsibility and as to acting without orders, but he was sixty-seven years old and in shocking health, a bitter enemy of the First Lord (Sandwich), and only appointed to a command thus late in the war by the personal insistence of King George. De Guichen did indeed escape him in the spring of '80, but it was because Rodney's captains failed to understand his signals, which were for concentrated action on a particular point of the hostile Fleet—a manœuvre to which our Navy was not then accustomed.

On receiving the news that Holland was now included among our enemies, Rodney fell upon the rich Dutch islands of St. Eustace and St. Martin, and seized enormous booty there; they had been the great depot of contraband goods.¹ He also sent Sir Samuel Hood (afterwards Lord Hood) to blockade the greatest of the

¹ "St. Eustace," said Rodney, "did England more harm than all the arms of her enemies, and has alone supported the American Rebellion." But he committed a grievous mistake in staying too long at this Island instead of flying at de Grasse when he arrived on the station.

French Windward Islands, Martinique, which had always been a nest of privateers. Early in '81 appeared a new French Admiral, de Grasse, who, after skilfully effecting the relief of Martinique, passed on, without attacking Hood, and seized Tobago. On receiving news of the dangers threatening his American Allies the Frenchman hurried, in July, to Chesapeake Bay, and was absent from the West Indies between July and October, helping to finish off Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.¹ Rodney's health had obliged him to return to England for a few months, but, when de Grasse returned to the West Indies, Hood, though in far inferior force, managed to keep him busy till Rodney reappeared in February, '82. The French and Spaniards were now making great preparations for the reduction of Jamaica, and Rodney was resolved to prevent their junction at all costs. It was off the little Islands called 'the Saints,' between Dominica and Guadeloupe, that the two Fleets at last met in a pitched battle. Rodney on April 12th repeated his novel and daring tactics of breaking the enemy's line at two separate points, took the French flagship with de Grasse on board, and four more first-rates, crippled the rest very severely, and then, most unaccountably, omitted to follow up his victory.² Hood thought, and said openly, we ought to have taken twenty instead of five ships. But the French West Indian efforts were spent, and there could be no more

¹ De Grasse had twenty-eight sail of the line off Yorktown.

² 'Our Chief he lay quiet, with good ships around him,
Some willing to move, but—the devil confound him—
He made no signal to chase, nor would let others go':—

So wrote one of Rodney's captains, Cornwallis, who afterwards kept the great watch at Brest for two years before Trafalgar.

thought of attacking Jamaica. Then, a Whig Government having come into power, Rodney was recalled, not for letting de Grasse escape him while he dallied at St. Eustace in 1781, not for failing to take twenty Frenchmen in this last battle, but for being a Tory !

And the war came to an end, not because the French Navy was destroyed, for, except in the last battle it had hardly suffered at all, but because the French Exchequer was empty, and because North was quite ready to give the Americans their independence. It was not, however, North but a new Prime Minister that began to treat for Peace. General Conway, an 'Old Whig,' successfully carried, in February, '82, a motion in the House of Commons against continuing the war in America, and, in March, North, in spite of the King's entreaties, resigned. George made no allowance for his difficulties, roundly told him he was deserting his post, and then vainly tried to induce the 'New Whigs,' or followers of Chatham, to form a Ministry under Lord Shelburne. But Shelburne was averse from this for the present, and told the King that he must take all the Whigs he could get, New and Old, and that of such an Administration only Rockingham could be the head. Rockingham, Shelburne, Camden, Dunning, Grafton, Conway, Fox and Burke, with Keppel as First Lord of the Admiralty, did indeed represent a powerful combination of Whig groups, but the King kept in one Tory, the intriguing Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and by his means sowed abundant discord among his servants. And, like other 'broad-bottom' Ministries, this one was singularly weak in action, especially after the death of its nominal head, the stupid Rockingham, in July, '82. Indeed its main efforts were concentrated, not on making Peace either with France or America, but

on Irish and East Indian affairs, and on economic reform. Mr. Burke brought in a Bill for abolishing a lot of sinecure offices and other means of corruption, but, in effect, the whole thing was whittled down to a saving of £70,000 a year, mostly by mean economies in the King's Household. Rockingham was succeeded as Prime Minister by Shelburne, whom, in spite of his abilities and his plausible manners, no one, and least of all King George, really trusted. Fox and Shelburne had already quarrelled badly over the terms of the coming Treaties with France and America; each in fact had appointed his own negotiator at Versailles, and Vergennes and Franklin had cajoled them both. So, on Shelburne's appointment to the Treasury, the leading 'Old Whigs,' including Fox and Burke, resigned, and, at the age of twenty-three, William Pitt, second son of the late Lord Chatham, became Shelburne's Chancellor of the Exchequer; two other young men, Henry Dundas of Arncliffe and William Grenville, subsequently to be Pitt's right-hand men, were comprised in the Ministry.

It seems to have been an honest Ministry, and one which might have concluded a satisfactory Peace. Shelburne was at least a man of ideas, a free trader and a reformer of all real abuses, without being at this time in the least a Radical; even in after years he defended Warren Hastings, whom Tories and Whigs alike immolated on the altar of party; he fought tooth and nail, in the American negotiations, for the cause of the loyalists against the unctuous rancour of Franklin; and it was he¹ who now once more prevented the cession of Gibraltar

¹ At least, so said Shelburne, but there is some evidence the other way. Pitt certainly fought hard against the proposal to cede the Rock.

in exchange for some trumpery West India island or other ; the King had been quite ready to cede it. But what is the use of an honest Ministry if two political parties, not a month ago bitter enemies, suddenly coalesce against it in the House of Commons ? This was what happened, to the amazement of the world, in the spring of '83, before any definite Peace had been signed. On February 14th Fox, out of mere personal spite to Shelburne, suddenly asked for a private interview with Lord North ; and, to the eternal disgrace of the latter, the two laid their heads and their followers together, and carried a vote of censure on the Ministry. No principle whatever was involved ; only the most barefaced want of principle on the part of both the criminals. King George's fury may easily be imagined, but Shelburne was obliged to resign on February 24th, and, as the King refused for two months to have anything to say to the conspirators, there was, until April, no Ministry in England. Then at last George gave way ; under the nominal headship of the Duke of Portland, Fox and North, as Secretaries of State, divided the spoils of office and the fruits of bribery ; and it was this Government that concluded the final ' Treaty of Versailles ' in September, 1783. By this Peace Great Britain ceded three of her gains of 1763, namely Florida to Spain, Senegal (on the West African coast) and Tobago to France ; two of her recent acquisitions, Goree and St. Lucia, also to France ; and, worst of all, one of her precious gains of 1713, Minorca, to Spain. She recovered the other West Indian isles that France had taken—Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica and St. Kitts. She allowed Dunkirk to be fortified. With America a provisional agreement had been concluded nine months before, and this was now incorporated

in the Treaty; England renounced the policy of North's Quebec Act, and gave the whole Ohio and Mississippi district to the United States; she admitted the Americans to a share in the Newfoundland fishery, and accepted a vague unguaranteed promise that Congress would restore their landed property in America to 'such British subjects as had not borne arms'; this was all that was promised to the suffering loyalists, and not an acre of this was ever restored. A charming story, current at the time, may fittingly close the history of the Thirteen Colonies. Vergennes was entertaining at dinner, on the night of the signature of the Treaty, Mr. Richard Oswald and Mr. Benjamin Franklin, the plenipotentiaries for the respective Governments of Great Britain and America; and he, as in duty bound, proposed the health of his own sovereign "Louis XVI., who, like the Sun in Heaven, illumines, etc, etc." Finding the rôle of the Sun occupied, Mr. Oswald, in proposing George III., could only compare him to the Moon (who rules the tides and so rules the sea); whereupon Franklin rose—and one can forgive even Franklin much for it—and added, "And I give you the health of George Washington, who, like Joshua of old, said to the Sun and to the Moon, 'Stand ye still,' and they obeyed him." In truth the best laurels reaped in this unsatisfactory contest were those which adorned the brow of George Washington.

CHAPTER IX

THE PILOT

KING GEORGE'S popularity with his people dates from the years 1783-4. The Coalition of Fox and North was such a manifest attempt to secure the spoils of office for mere personal and party ends that its leaders were rightly held to have forfeited all claim to honour and consideration, and the King, by refusing them all private audiences, by refusing to create any Peers for them, and by limiting himself to the barest official communications with them, took a line that commended itself to all reasonable men. If he took advice from any one at this time it was from Lords Temple and Shelburne, and perhaps from Lord Thurlow, who still remained Chancellor, as he had been under North, Rockingham and Shelburne. George made, however, at least one overture to young Mr. Pitt.

The Coalition, when in, did nothing even ostensibly Whiggish; it had come in on a vote of censure on Shelburne's Peace negotiations, but then proceeded to conclude Peace, as we have seen, exactly on Shelburne's lines. As for 'Economic Reform,' the old cry of Fox and Burke, it did absolutely nothing, and the only great measure it produced was a Bill for the better government of India, which we shall discuss in another chapter. On this Bill it was wrecked. Its great majority in the Lower House enabled it of course to carry anything there, but the King used his personal influence to procure the rejection.

tion of this India Bill in the House of Lords. In doing so he undoubtedly violated a 'Convention of the Constitution' and one of the oldest Privileges of Parliament, according to which the Sovereign may not 'take notice of any proceeding depending in either House,' *i.e.* not until such proceeding is presented to him in the form of a Bill for his acceptance or rejection. 'Conventions of the Constitution' are, however, matters liable to variation, and to various interpretation from age to age, and most of the Privileges of Parliament are mere 'Conventions.' George violated no Statute; and, as he 'could do no wrong,' it would have to be presumed that some other person had done the wrong by advising him to act as he did. Fox ought to have impeached some person—say Temple, Shelburne or Thurlow—for giving the King advice to violate Privilege of Parliament; had he felt strong enough he would probably have done so. But, directly the India Bill was rejected by the Lords, the King contemptuously dismissed his Ministers and gave the Treasury to young William Pitt (December, 1783).

Pitt took office in that month with a large majority of the House of Commons against him, and did not dissolve Parliament until the following March; in doing so he and the King violated, in the most open manner, another Convention of the Constitution,¹ and showed thereby that such Conventions can be successfully violated. It

¹ Namely that a Minister who has a clear majority of the House of Commons against him ought to resign office. There are, it is true, two recent instances of a newly appointed Minister confronting a hostile majority in the House of Commons without at once dissolving, but in each case the dissolution has been deferred only to suit the convenience of the electors, not that of the Ministers. Perhaps it may even be argued that, in 1784, no such Convention existed.

is always a dangerous game to play, for the electorate may refuse to condone the Minister's action at the next election. It was a very dangerous game to play then ; though he was Chatham's son the Minister was quite unknown outside Parliament, and the King was mainly known to his people as a jobber of Parliaments. But the Coalition was detested ; and it played its cards very badly in trying to prevent a dissolution, the very thing which at first, when the unconstitutional action was fresh in men's minds, it ought to have courted. Pitt, on his side, played the hand superbly ; the majorities against him diminished day by day as the fury of their leaders grew more fierce ; and, in March, a general election not only condoned but endorsed in the heartiest manner the violation of the two Conventions. One hundred and sixty followers of Fox and North lost their seats, and the Prime Minister entered, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, on his seventeen-year-long tenure of power with a vast majority at his back. The Whigs by their factious conduct had condemned themselves to an exclusion from Office that was to last for almost half a century.

To pass judgment on William Pitt is, for a writer so ill-equipped with knowledge as myself, a frightful task, especially when I reflect that the history of his times yet remains to be written. To criticize him severely, in view of what he did for Britain, would be like attacking the character of Queen Victoria. Perhaps no man ever gave his life so wholly to his country and gave his life so wholly for his country. And the tragedy of that life is awful ; he seemed born to lead us in the pleasant paths of peace, retrenchment and moderate reform, in which shepherding he showed a skill that has never been equalled ; when we were at the acme of the prosperity

which he had given us and he at the height of his fame, the French Revolution burst upon him and us, blew all his plans to the winds, drove him to be a reactionary in spite of himself, and killed him at the age of six-and-forty, in the darkest hour of the fortunes of Europe, which he had thrice armed against it in vain.

In private life and to his few intimate friends Pitt was the most lovable and playful of companions; in public life the coldest and haughtiest of colleagues and Ministers; in both public and private *integer vitæ scelerisque purius* beyond all other statesmen. How with his upbringing he escaped being a prig and a molly-coddle it is difficult to understand. Chatham had trained him from his infancy to be a parliamentary leader, and above all an orator; his earliest pleasure was listening to his father's sonorous declamations in the Lords. But his natural gifts and his devotion to duty took him far beyond the scope of any training which Chatham could have devised for him. He went to Cambridge at fifteen with a tutor and, for he was very delicate, a nurse. He became a finished Greek and Latin scholar, one of the best of his age; he became an orator far less dramatic, but, because of his rooted common sense, infinitely more persuasive than his father; a parliamentary leader of unrivalled power and grip, a past-master of all legal and constitutional lore, and, above all, a financier of supreme ability. Yet, as Machiavelli would have said, the 'times were such' that a year of Chatham—Chatham the reckless spendthrift, the turgid declaimer, the impossible colleague, Chatham the King-tamer,¹ the France-hater, the galvanic inspirer of subordinates—

¹ That Chatham was always ostentatiously humble in the King's presence cannot blind us to the fact that he tamed George II.

might have annihilated the hydra of the French Republic in its infancy and saved England twenty-three years of war and six hundred millions of debt.

From his first entry as Premier Pitt towered above his colleagues. And in truth they were not very tall men. Lord Rosebery speaks of them as 'a procession of ornamental phantoms,' mostly in the Upper House. They were untried, if not wholly unknown men. Pitt very wisely would have nothing to do with Shelburne, a political Jonah whom no one trusted, though many of Shelburne's brilliant ideas remained with him. Henry Dundas, though he 'enjoyed the singular felicity of not speaking English,' was an able debater and Pitt's best supporter in the Lower House. William Grenville was an able man, a scholar even superior to Pitt himself, in middle life a true patriot and a real European statesman, but cursed with fearful pride, with still more fearful temper and with a Whig family connection and tradition, which obliterated, at the most critical moment, every dictate of faith and gratitude to his leader. Thurlow remained Chancellor till '92 and was an element of weakness in the Cabinet, as he was always ready to intrigue with the King or with his lesser colleagues. It must not be supposed that George, on taking Pitt as his Minister, turned over a new leaf and gave up jobbing; far from it; he kept a party 'of King's friends' in the House as long as he kept his reason, and he spent at every general election large sums in bribery. He thwarted Pitt on many occasions, and we can well believe that he never appreciated or liked his great Minister. But he kept him in office simply because the one alternative was the detested Fox. As Lord Rosebery well says, George's letters to Pitt resemble 'those of a man in embarrassed

circumstances to his family solicitor.' So, on nine occasions out of ten, the King's friends received their orders to support Pitt and obeyed them. As for Pitt himself, not only was his whole life a protest against parliamentary corruption, but he had no need of its aid.¹ If he was on the whole not ill supported by George, he was infinitely better supported by all the enlightened classes of Great Britain. This is not to say that he was uniformly successful in carrying his measures. His majority was by no means a united body. On several great questions, such as his prescient dread of the growing power of Russia, his excellent measure for a better scheme of representation, his wise commercial policy towards Ireland and America, and his zealous advocacy of the abolition of the Slave Trade, he sustained defeats, or only received lukewarm support. But these defeats would only have been temporary, and this support would no doubt have become sufficient, had the fifteen years of peace, to which in 1792 he so confidently looked forward, been granted to him. For the Nation, under his wise guidance, was becoming more enlightened every day.

His financial policy was extraordinarily successful, and may be briefly summed up. As Adam Smith's scholar—"we are all your scholars," he said to him at a dinner party in '87—he realized that a greater revenue may be obtained from a low duty upon any given article than from a high one, for this will not only increase consumption but will cut at the roots of smuggling, which only the high duty makes profitable. The smuggling trade was then at the height of its prosperity, and Pitt's systematic reduction of duties on every import of luxury,

¹ Indeed his financial reforms destroyed the most potent of its original sources, the enormous number of sinecure offices,

especially upon tea, wine and tobacco, swiftly ruined it. He carried with ease the substitution, in the case of these articles, of an Excise duty for a Customs duty, the effort to carry which had so nearly upset Walpole in 1733. He carried with equal ease the great Customs Consolidation Act, providing that all payments of duty should be made on one set of schedules and to one Account at the Bank of England; and thus he enormously reduced the cost of collecting the revenue. He continued to widen the basis of taxation on the lines on which North had begun to widen it, *e.g.* by his introduction of duties on probate of wills and legacies, and by his numerous little and little-felt taxes, such as those on men-servants, hair-powder and the like. He instituted a Sinking Fund on a far sounder basis than Walpole's, for the reduction and ultimate abolition of the National Debt. Finally his great Treaty of Commerce with France in 1786, by which England was to admit French wines, oil and brandy, and France to admit British woollens and hardwares, on the lowest possible scale of reciprocal duties, marked the first step towards open Free Trade; and the Treaty was accompanied by wise political provisions for the protection in each country of property belonging to subjects of the other.¹ The result of all these great measures was that in eight years Pitt saw the 'Funds' go up from 57 to 96; the Debt of 250 millions reduced by 10 millions; an annual deficit of three millions converted into an annual surplus, increasing at compound interest and devoted to the further

¹ Fox of course denounced the Treaty, and, by an astonishing *volte-face*, called the French, now that they were the friends of his own country, 'our natural enemies'. However, they soon went to war with us, so that he was again able to regard them as his friends.

reduction of that Debt ; the accounts of the Nation, for the first time in history, properly kept and properly audited ; the revenue increased from twelve to sixteen millions, and both exports and imports increased in the same proportion. All this represented a prodigious amount of labour over statistics, in which he was well assisted by William Eden, Lord Auckland, Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, and his own cousin William Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

Among his successes the great East India Bill of 1784, mainly the work of Henry Dundas, will be treated elsewhere ; elsewhere also will be treated the greatest of all his measures, in which, owing to the jealousy of English merchants, he suffered a cruel defeat—his scheme for perfect free trade with Ireland. With America too he desired perfect free trade, and this he might have carried but for the jealousy of the West India merchants, at home, who refused to open the West Indian markets to the United States. We can hardly reckon his Slave Trade policy among his failures, for, though he failed to abolish the infamous traffic, he never ceased to look towards that goal ; the Bill of 1788 was the first Bill that regulated and mitigated the horrors of the trade ; he was defeated on the motion for immediate abolition in 1792, but gradual abolition would have undoubtedly been carried a year or two later but for the war, which adjourned all reforms ;¹ the wisest of the ‘ abolitionists,’ Wilberforce, believed in him to the last.

He was defeated also upon another great subject

¹ It must be remembered that the French Republicans tried to excite slave insurrections in our West Indian islands, 1794, and that the massacre of the whites by the slaves of San Domingo, 1791, was not calculated to soften the feelings of white men towards blacks.

upon which his heart was set—such an improvement of the representative system as is commonly called a ‘Reform Bill.’ This he had twice brought forward in his first years in Parliament, and he moved it again in 1785. It was a hereditary task; Chatham had prophetically talked about the necessity for the House of Commons reforming itself, ‘or it would be reformed with a vengeance from without.’ No more fitting task could be conceived for a peace Minister in quiet times. The anomalies of the old representative system were ludicrous, and were a fruitful source of corruption. The ancient and honourable Borough of One-vote returned, on the nomination of the Duke of Rottenburgh, and by the mouth of its free, fat and dependent burgess Mr. Christopher Corporate, two Members to Parliament; and hard by was the populous City of No-vote. The Borough, as readers of Peacock will remember, stood in the middle of a heath, and consisted of a solitary farm, of which the land was so poor that it would not have been worth the while of any human being to cultivate it, had not the Duke found it very well worth his to pay his tenant for living there, in order to keep the honourable Borough in existence. Mr. Christopher Corporate, in giving his vote for his two Members, did, in fact, elect a three-hundredth part of the Legislature; and was the ‘quintessence and abstract of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six people.’ Such anomalies were perfectly well known; there was Gatton, and there was Old Sarum, for which last the elder Pitt himself

Peacock’s figures were slightly out, both as to population and as to numbers of the House of Commons, even at the date at which ‘Melincourt’ was written (1817), but I have not thought it worth while to vary them.

had once sat, and for which the extreme Radical, John Horne-Tooke, was one day to sit. More than one-third of the Lower House was returned on the nomination of a few territorial magnates. Recently the King had acquired a substantial number of boroughs. Instances of bribery and corruption, as flagrant as those of some Guardians of the Poor in modern London, had occasionally been exposed; the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford had been in prison for it in 1768, and, while there, had effected a successful sale of their votes. Sudbury had put itself up to auction to the highest bidder. In England there were about 300,000 electors in a population well over seven millions; in Scotland the proportion was even more ridiculous—e.g. in the County of Bute there was the one famous elector who elected himself. One does not need to multiply instances, but it is obvious both that the Members failed to represent their constituents and that the Constituencies failed to represent the Nation. The system has been defended upon various grounds, never more strangely than by Burke on the ground of its 'sacredness,' and by Canning, in later days, on the ground of its 'elasticity.' But the best defence, and it is, in fact, a sufficient one, is that it secured, as no democratic system ever can secure, the representation of the *intelligence of the Nation*. The nomination boroughs afforded the only chance for young men of ability without family connections to enter Parliament. Burke, both Pitts, Canning and Gladstone, were all nominees of great men. The last of these maintained, in the hearing of the present writer, that England was never better governed than in the last age of the old unreformed Parliament. People are too apt to forget that all real

substantial reforms proceed from intelligence alone, that intelligence is always in a minority, and that Democracy sacrifices not only intelligence but all the reforms that can only proceed therefrom, in order to maintain itself and to split political power into fragments more and more minute.

A great impulse had been given to the idea of a reformed system at the time of the Wilkes riots, when it became the fashion to petition Parliament, on this and other subjects, on a great scale. Wilkes himself had brought forward a very sensible Reform Bill. All sorts of kindred ideas were in the air—*e.g.*, could constituents interfere to control the votes of their elected representatives? Mr. Burke had lost his seat for Bristol for protesting against the novel and disastrous doctrine that they could. But Burke, great political philosopher as he was, was a bad advocate of a cause, and had gone out of his way to defend even the rottenest system of rotten boroughs; "touch not," he said, "the venerable fabric of the Constitution"; and the Old Whigs followed Burke at this time, for they well knew that their strength lay in the rotten boroughs. Publicity or secrecy of debate was another much vexed question. In 1772 the House had embarked on a long quarrel with certain printers who published accounts of the debates. There was a 'Strangers' Gallery,' to which shorthand writers occasionally got admission by paying the doorkeeper a guinea per session, but it was always liable to be closed at the demand of any member. Another favourite subject for discussion was the duration of Parliaments; Chatham had thought that corruption would be mitigated by a Triennial Bill; the Duke of Richmond was always moving for Annual

Parliaments. The franchise was another such subject ; was the ' forty-shilling freeholder ' to be for ever the sole depository of it in the Counties ? were the strange anomalies, according to which it varied in almost every Borough, to continue ? Even the want of gravity in that august assembly the House of Commons, was a frequent subject of criticism ; an intelligent German visitor was shocked, in 1782, to see honourable Members stretched out on the benches, cracking nuts and eating oranges. Clearly ' Reform ' was in the air.

Pitt, whose Bill of 1785 was defeated by seventy-four votes, seems to me to have got the thing by the right end. His immediate proposal was to disfranchise thirty-six of the rotten Boroughs, and to add their members to the County constituencies and to London. With the franchise he did not propose to deal at present, except that he would admit copyholders, still a fairly numerous rural class, on the same footing as freeholders. But the real merit in his scheme is that it included a system for a gradual, almost an automatic transfer of representation from the less populous to the more populous constituencies. Had this been carried, accompanied by an equalization (not a lowering) of the franchise,¹ the greatest evil of the nineteenth century, ' Reform with a vengeance from without,' the baleful *nostrum* of every agitator and demagogue, would have been

¹ The franchise was already too low ; a freehold worth forty shillings a year had meant something adequate in the reign of Henry VI. ; it meant very little now. All the Reform Bills and Redistribution Bills of the Nineteenth Century would have been harmless, and even beneficial, had they not been accompanied by successive lowerings of the franchise, each of which necessarily meant more and more the supremacy of the ignorance over the intelligence of the Nation.

avoided. But Whigs and 'King's friends' combined to defeat the measure; no one in the Cabinet except Dundas shared Pitt's views, and Pitt was never able to bring it forward again. "One does not rebuild one's house," said Mr. Windham, "in the hurricane season"; and, from 1793 till death, Pitt was trying to erect temporary barricades against the worst hurricane in history. The Cause of Reform, with a big C. and a big R., passed into the hands of the very people who were trying to aid the French in pulling down the house about Pitt's ears—Fox, Grey, Bedford, Norfolk, Erskine—blind and deaf to all considerations of national defence and national honour, if only they could glut their vengeance on the hated Tories. In season and out of season they insisted on it, as they insisted on every measure that could hamper Pitt—and they never could get fifty votes in their favour.

Pitt has been freely blamed by many writers for not resigning office when he sustained this and other defeats, for not making them, as would now be said, 'Government questions.' He has been accused of truckling to the King, as North did, of clinging to Office for its own sake. Those who argue thus forget that the old 'corrupt' and aristocratic House of Commons was a body with a far more independent will of its own than a modern one; independent both of the Minister who led it and the electors who elected it; its majority ardently wished Pitt to continue to lead it, but did not, therefore, bind itself to accept all his measures. They forget also the temper of the Nation.

Ask the Nation what it felt and feared in the crisis of the Regency Bill—November, 1788, to March, 1789. On Guy Fawkes' day George III. had an attack of insanity; it might or might not be permanent, but the worst was

feared. The only possible Regent was the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., a man of scandalous life, reckless extravagance and bitter enmity to his father and his father's friends. It does not speak well for Fox and some other Whig leaders that they were hand-and-glove with this abandoned young man, whom they had taught to gamble, race and drink, Fox had been, in fact, his first corrupter; Lord North had stood, even after the Coalition, steadily aloof from him. It was certain that if the Prince became Regent he would dismiss the present Ministry, and instal Fox, if for no other reason, at least to spite his father. Pitt, therefore, proposed to create him Regent with certain restrictions. These restrictions were that he was to create no Peers and grant no pensions or places except during the King's pleasure, and that the Queen was to have control of the King's person and household. Obviously this did not mean that the Prince might not dismiss Pitt and instal Fox, or any other Minister he pleased; indeed, Pitt made full preparation for his own dismissal, and intended to resume his practice at the Bar. But the restrictions would ensure that, if the King recovered, he would not find all Pitt's work of economic reform upset, and the old jobbery of the Oligarchy restored. Fox took the line, extraordinary in a professed 'Old Whig of 1688,' that the Prince of Wales had an inherent hereditary right to the Regency as, in the case of his father's death, to the Crown. Pitt, exclaiming that he would 'un-Whig' Fox for the rest of his life, showed that the Crown alone is hereditary, the Regent a person for the Houses to appoint and to limit as they pleased. Fox shifted his ground, and declared that the Prince was willing to wait till the Houses nominated him Regent, but fought

hard against the restrictions. The City of London, and indeed the whole country, was in utter terror at the prospect of losing its darling Minister, and of seeing the 'corrupt 'old gang' revelling in the spoils of office and putting the clock back. Thurlow betrayed Pitt and intrigued with Fox and the Prince. By mid-February the Bill was all ready, and a Commission had been prepared to affix the Great Seal to the Act creating and limiting the Regent; Fox thought 'we should be in in a fortnight.' But already the King's symptoms were better, and by March 10 he was well; the joy of the Nation was almost frantic. George had never done anything half so popular as to come to his senses at that crisis; and he professed and occasionally showed a good deal of gratitude to Pitt; but it was not till '92 that the latter was able to dismiss the traitor Thurlow. The year '91 was marked by an excellent Catholic Relief Bill, which went a good deal farther than that which North had accepted in 1778, and by the 'Quebec Government Act,' granting a moderate measure of representative government to those loyal colonists, the Canadians. In the spring of '92 Pitt, in moving his Budget, which greatly reduced the expenditure on the Army and Navy, made the astonishing statement that 'there had never been a time at which Great Britain could more confidently look forward to fifteen years of peace.'

An astonishing statement indeed. For, alas! the picture of this golden age has another side. Pitt's foreign policy had hitherto been as wise as his domestic. His great Treaty with France had buried, it seemed for ever, the tomahawk which his father had been so fond of wielding against our 'natural enemies.' Our intercourse with these dear foes had never been so close and

so affectionate as between 1786 and 1789, and was not to be so again until the reign of Edward VII. In spite of that intercourse Pitt had rescued Holland from being towed in the wake of France, and, by the clever diplomacy of Sir James Harris, had concluded with her and Prussia a Triple Alliance, which was making its weight felt all over Europe. The absurd pretensions of Spain to maintain her *mare clausum* in the North-West corner of America, whither a Spanish ship had hardly ever sailed, were defeated in 1790 by Pitt's instant armament of a Fleet; as in 1770, Spain now again appealed, but appealed in vain to France, was obliged to 'climb down' and allow the English occupation of a trading station at Nootka Sound, which we now call Vancouver. Only in the Near East Pitt had suffered a defeat. Here, too, he was ahead of his age and was probably right, but he could carry neither Cabinet nor Country with him. He wished to interfere decisively to prevent the extension of Russian power on the Black Sea (1791) at the expense of Turkey; a British Squadron sent to the Baltic could undoubtedly have checked this, and Pitt knew well that Russia already had designs not merely on Constantinople but on India as well. But no one else in England would believe this, and the Russian trade was reckoned far too valuable to be risked on such grounds.¹ The rebuff was a serious one for British prestige and Pitt felt it acutely, but it was certainly not a cause for him to resign office.

Meanwhile the real Storm was brewing in Paris.

¹ Fox, according to a story often denied but never disproved, went the length of sending a private friend, Sir Robert Adair, to St Petersburg, to intrigue with Russia against the British Ministry, and thereby incurred the guilt of high treason.

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